

THE CHRONICLE XMAS ANNUAL



Smith Brothers & Co., Ltd.,

- FOR VALUE -

THE LARGEST DEPARTMENTAL STORE IN THE WEST INDIES.



WE are here to serve your interests **FIRSTLY**, to sell you goods **SECONDLY**. The Policy which has made many thousands of chance customers into permanent friends. Our object is to add You to the rapidly growing number.

WE CATER FOR ONE AND ALL.

SMITH BROTHERS, The Great Demerara Supply Stores, and Universal Providers for British Guiana, sell at **DEMERARA'S LOWEST PRICES—ALWAYS**. The lowest in Georgetown.

"SELL CHEAP AND EVERYBODY WILL BUY."

Under one roof customers can buy everything.

FROM A NEEDLE TO AN ANCHOR.



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Gives special attention to Post Office Orders for convenience of our friends living in Country districts. **SHOP BY POST.**

Great Bargains can be found at

SMITH BROTHERS' CHEAP SALES,

Everyone looks forward to these Sales. "A chance of a lifetime."



SOLE AGENTS FOR
JONES' SEWING MACHINES
AND
MAX'S DEMERARA BITTERS.

SMITH BROS. & CO., LTD.

Born 1820
— still going
strong.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "What do they say?"
BLUEJACKET: "'In Splendid Condition—Still Going Strong.' Any reply?"
JOHNNIE WALKER: "Just say, 'Same with me!'"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

Full Stock always carried by
BAYLEY & Co.,
Sole Agents for British Guiana.

CLAUDINO DEABREU,

Wholesale Provision Merchant & General Importer,
19, WATER STREET, GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

English and American Foodstuffs.

WINES:

The Celebrated Port Wine "*TONIC NUTRITIVE*,"
direct from Oporto. MUSCATEL of Various Brands.

MATCHES:

The Favourite Brands—THE FLAG & THE CROWN.

XMAS 1916.

De WEVER'S CANDY & TOY SHOP,
CAMP STREET,

(Opposite Blank's Dental Parlour.)

PATRONS, FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS,
Greetings!

My memory takes me back to August, 1914, the month when I commenced business and by the way the commencement of the much regrettable War now pending.

You will appreciate that my business has grown bigger and stronger and I am resolved to continue doing my work as well or better if possible in order to merit the same good feeling of confidence from you in the future.

I have pleasure in asking you to accept my best thanks for your patronage, because I know that I could not make any progress without that effectual support you gave me all the time. I thank you again for your support and awaiting to serve you further.

Believe me, my Patrons, Friends and Customers,

Yours truly,

V. A. De WEVER, PROPRIETOR.

CITY CASH CHEMIST STORES, LTD.,

21, WATER STREET,
(Opposite Messrs. Ferreira & Gomes.)

HAVE A SPECIAL SELECTION OF

Christmas Goods,

JUST IN AND TO ARRIVE INCLUDING:

Dates, Raisins, Almond, Walnuts, Fancy Biscuits in great variety, Sweets, Chocolates Creams, Morton's assorted Fruit Syrup in Pint Bottles, Calf's Foot Jelly, Pickles, (Lazenby's and Heaton's), Sauces of all kinds, also novelties for the Festive Season.

A Fresh Assortment of purest Drugs just Arrived.

A visit to our Store will convince you that goods are A. 1 both in quality and price.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY AND ACCURATELY PREPARED.

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On the List of
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"A.B.C." Code, 5th Edition.

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Wholesale Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists,

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"ZINYL"

("STEVENSON.")

A **DISINFECTANT** which is non-caustic, forming with Water a milky, opalescent mixture which will remain without separation. Carbolic Acid, on the contrary, sinks to the bottom and thus exerts but a limited effect.

"ZINYL" contains 16/17% of Tar Acids,

much of the cheap rubbish sold does not contain 3% and is practically worthless.

"ZINYL" is claimed to be one of the Best and cheapest Disinfectants and Germicides on the Market, and is supplied to Home and Foreign Governments, and other large buyers.

"ZYNIL" is an excellent remedy against all Infectious Diseases, such as Small Pox, Yellow Fever, Typhoid, Bubonic Plague, &c.

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The House of Refinement and Excellence!

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FEATURE FILMS ALWAYS ON THE PROGRAMME.

Resident Representative in London choosing always THE BEST FILMS. No expense spared in pleasing Patrons.

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Universal Verdict: "DEMERARA'S BEST THEATRE." Exclusive & Select.

Best Concert Programmes. Best Local and Foreign Artistes always.

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OLYMPIC THEATRE, Middle Street.

Belt Line Cars run past Entrance. Cars on all Lines wait for Closing of Theatre each Evening.

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TO THE FRONT MY BOYS—IN ACTION.

Fighting against great odds—then shout aloud for *YOUR TAILOR*, who is the Best Man to please You and your Friends, I can assure you; so don't fool around any more. Buck up and get you to

95, KING STREET,

where you will see the man you want,—for

He is "SOME TAILOR."

**Motto: PRINCIPLE, PUNCTUALITY
AND PERFECTION.**

JOS. H. WALDROND,

Georgetown,

Demerara.

BE WISE,

LIKE THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

FOLLOW THE STAR,

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“ROYAL EXTRA” STOUT,

THE STOUT THAT SATISFIES.

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The Beers of Quality.

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DRESSING LUMBER OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. TURNED WORK, A SPECIALITY.

SASH WINDOWS, HOODS, SCREENS, NEWELS, CART FELLOES, CART NAVES, BALUSTERS, COLUMNS, JALOUSIES, etc.,
Made to Order.

Workmanship Guaranteed. Orders Executed Promptly & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Thanking our Customers and the Public in general for their kind Patronage, we solicit the continuance of same.

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BARROWFIELD OIL AND COLOUR WORKS, GLASGOW.

WHITE LEAD, PAINT, COLOUR, VARNISH AND GREASE MANUFACTURERS, OIL BOILERS, REFINERS AND MERCHANTS.

**Storer's "EAGLE" Brand Genuine Snow White Zinc,
Storer's "EAGLE" Brand Genuine White Zinc,
ARE BRANDS WHICH GIVE UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION.
THEY ARE GENUINE.**

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KING GEORGE HOTEL,

Lot 9, Corner of Commerce and Longden Streets.

THE management at the outset begs to extend to the Hostelry's patrons during the year a hearty XMAS GREETING, and remind them that for the holidays there will be provided on the usual satisfactory scale, a bar of liquor which will lack nothing, a cuisine which will be first class, with efficient catering and courteous waiters, and a set of bed-rooms, whose coolness has made a name for

THE KING GEORGE HOTEL.

The charges will be in no way increased for the XMAS and NEW YEAR holidays, while on XMAS EVE a special hot dinner will be served for those who order it and who find themselves out late on a roystering and shopping expedition.

Catering will also be undertaken for patrons who do not care to be worried with unnecessary house keeping.

Visitors from the Country and abroad will receive all attention.

M. L. PESTANA, Manager.

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THE School is founded on Modern principles of Educational Science, its aim being preparation for life, by the harmonious development of the moral, intellectual and physical powers through the self-activity of the pupil. The School is recognised as an efficient secondary school by the EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF BRITISH GUIANA, therefore Primary, BLAIR, MITCHELL and Government Junior Scholarships are made tenable.

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BY OUR DISTINGUISHED SCHOLARS.

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College of Preceptors' Prize for highest Senior Divinity Distinction, 1912—	C. I. Rodrigues.
Government Junior and Mitchell Scholarships for 1914—	Miss M. H. L. Rockcliffe.
Mitchell Scholarship for 1915—	Miss E. I. Craig.
Mitchell Scholarship for 1916 (bracketed first)—	Miss L. D. G. Glasgow.
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Government of British Guiana \$50 Prize for First-class Junior Cambridge Honours, 1916—	Miss M. H. L. Rockcliffe.

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10 Distinctions in various subjects, thus: Latin, 4; French, 3; Algebra, 2; English, 1.
297 Cambridge University Locals and College of Preceptors London Certificates of all grades; 30 First, Second and Third Class Senior, Junior and Preliminary Honours; 86 Distinctions, including Applied Mathematics, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Divinity, English Language and Literature, English History in Senior Grade; also Latin, French, English, Algebra, Arithmetic, History, Divinity, Music, etc., etc., in other grades.

PROSPECTUS, REFERENCES, Etc., Etc., apply to

E. E. STANISLAUS BLACKMAN, PRINCIPAL,

Holder of Teacher's Diploma.



The Novelty Warehouse,
LIMITED.
COLLIER'S CORNER.

For Xmas and for the New Year
CARRIES A MOST EXTENSIVE SHOW OF
NEW GOODS,
Specially selected for the Holiday Season.

FOR THIS IS THE
RIGHT PLACE
FOR THE
RIGHT THING
AT THE
RIGHT PRICE.

Can Never be Beaten.

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& INSTALMENT COMPANY.**

Importers and Sales Agents.

English Bedsteads, Furniture, Carpets,
Jewellery, American Mirrors, Clocks
and Notions, French Oil Paintings and
Novelties, Canadian Chairs, Bags, and
Trunks.

ARTISTIC COLONIAL MADE FURNITURE.

TERMS: Cash deposit on delivery,
Balance in easy monthly instalments.

COURTEOUS ATTENTION TO ALL CALLERS.

Patronage Solicited.

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WHOLESALE PROVISION MERCHANTS,

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SOLE AGENTS FOR

The "Sailor Boy" Safety Matches.

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First Impressions Mean Much.

As You Enter No. 4, Robb Street,

You experience an atmosphere of Business Refinement on every hand.

A willing Service, and an anxiety to please is always apparent. Then, we have the lines, correctly selected for the Trade, and Prices Right from the buyers' point of view.

Your interests are always respected and protected, for we book orders from *bona fide* Importers only.

Our connections in Europe, Canada, and the United States are the best, and when you place your orders with us, they are always given the most prompt and satisfactory attention.

A LIVE AND ENERGETIC SALESMAN ALWAYS AT YOUR CALL.

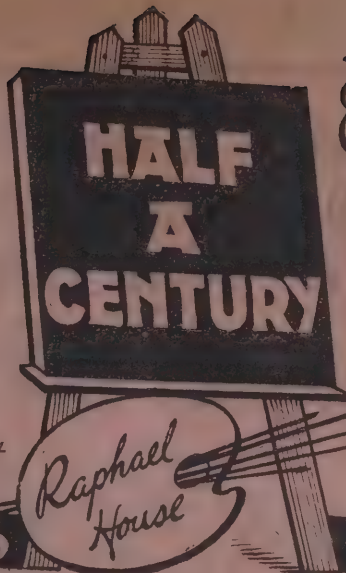
OUR SPECIAL INFORMATION BUREAU SERVICE:

Information regarding any lines you may need for the asking.

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THREE REIGNS

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TUCK'S

Art Productions

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**CHRISTMAS
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**CARDS
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ANTISEPTIC WOOD TOOTH-
PICKS STILL ON HAND.

Wicker Work of all Descriptions—

Including FLOWER BASKETS,
MARKET BASKETS, SETTEES
and CHAIRS.

CLARET and PORTUGUESE CHAMPAGNE.

1st December, 1916.

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Sole Agents: FLETT, SMITH & Co.

FLETT, SMITH & CO.,

*Cordially Wish their Friends and Patrons, and the
Public generally,*

The Compliments of the Season

- AND -

A Bright and Prosperous New Year.

FLETT, SMITH & CO.,

The Store with The Best Goods and The Best Values.

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER

STICK—POWDER—CREAM

Whichever method you prefer—Stick, Powder, or Cream—you find in Colgate's the fullest measure of both comfort and economy. They all give the same creamy, "smartless" lather that softens the beard while being worked up with the brush.

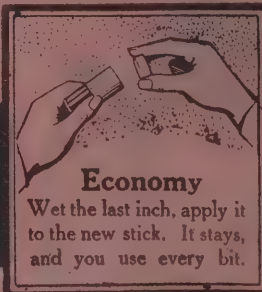
There is no waste. Shaken on the wet brush, the last particle of Powder is as good as the first.

The cream can be squeezed out to the very end of the tube.

Those who favor the Stick also find economy as shown below.

At all good Chemists and Stores. If you prefer, send us 2d. in stamps for a trial size of stick, powder or cream.

COLGATE & Co.



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YOUR

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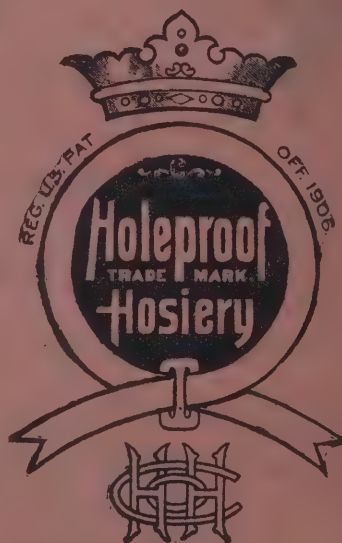
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SOLE AGENT,

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IDEAL FOR SUMMER WEAR.



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Complete Milling Outfits from 5 to 40 H.P. Supplied.

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Every kind of Pumping Outfit.

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The most Economic, Simple and Successful.

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Time and Labour Saving.

EUREKA PACKING.

Once Tried, Always Used.

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Motor Spirit Oils and Greases—Good Value, Low Prices.

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Ant-killer and Wood Preservative.

DEVOE'S PAINTS.

Fewer Gallons—Wears Longest.

PAGE'S WIRE FENCING.

Strong, Cheap, Attractive.

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Simple and Durable—Second to None.

ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY—A SPECIALITY!

A PLOW for a few Dollars, or a MOTOR TRACTOR for a few Thousands.

GEORGETOWN,

DEMERARA.

EAST BANK,

BRITISH GUIANA.

January 11th, 1911.

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PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

DEAR SIRs :—

During the past five months, I have been troubled with a very bad cough for which I tried several remedies in the form of cough mixtures but all to no purpose. Being advised to try your Extract of Cod Liver Oil, I acted on the advice and I am glad I did. I felt a difference and great relief after taking only three doses. Not only the cough subsided, but the whole system underwent a change for the better. In fact, your medicine has made a new man of me. I was thoroughly run down and my nerves all gone, but a few doses of your medicine have started me far on the road to complete restoration of health.

I am free to confess that broadly speaking I have not much faith in the medicines so widely advertised to-day, but in your Extract of Cod Liver Oil, my confidence is firmly established by pleasing experience. Hereafter I shall always keep on hand a bottle of your medicine, as I know its value. It gives me very great pleasure to be able to thoroughly endorse every word you say in favour of your preparation; or, if it is of any advantage, you are at liberty to make what use you please of these few words of mine.

Being a clergyman with plenty of talking to do, you can imagine the difficulty I have been labouring under during the past five months, from the strain of a VERY BAD cough. You can perhaps more easily imagine my gratitude to your most excellent preparation for the immediate and permanent relief it afforded me.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully and gratefully,

ARTHUR D. PRICE.

CHRISTMAS CHEER!!

No Christmas Complete without either

MACKIE'S WHITE HORSE WHISKY,
McLEAY DUFF'S—Special Liqueur Cream Whisky

AND

SPECIAL FOR CONNOISSEURS:

McLEAY DUFF'S—Imperial Liqueur Cream Whisky.

WEBB'S INDIAN TONIC

WITH THE ABOVE

IS

THE IDEAL DRINK.

Beer & Ale:

HOSTER'S CELEBRATED LAGER.

REID BROS. DOG'S HEAD BASS ALE.

NICHOLSON'S OLD TOM GIN.

NOILLY PRATT'S FRENCH VERMOUTH.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS AND OLD & MILD GIN.

AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT.

Christmas must be Cheerful and Merry with such Pure and Wholesome Drinks.

GARNETT & Co., Ltd.,
AGENTS.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

The Demerara Ice House & Commercial Hotel.

The Proprietors have also recently added a

First-Class Family Hotel,

where Families visiting the City will find all the comforts and privacy of a private house.

IN THE DINING SALOONS.

The Cuisine and Attendance leave nothing to be desired.

RECHERCHE DINNERS.

UNSURPASSED WINES.

Commercial Travellers will find this Hotel

IDEAL AND CENTRAL.

SAMPLES CLEARED.

SPECIAL RATES AND CHARGES.

THE BEDROOMS HAVE BEEN ERECTED ON THE WINDWARD SIDE AND ARE COOL AND WELL APPOINTED.

LADIES' BOUDOIR AND PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS—ALL COOL AND COMFORTABLE.

Electric Cars to every part of the City pass Hotel entrance every five minutes.

AGENTS for the well-known OLD BEN LEDI WHISKY and the famous NY. CARLSBERG BEER—Bottled expressly for this Hotel.

D'AGUIAR BROS.,

Proprietors.

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Telephone 81.

The Curiosity Bazaar Store,

THOS. FERREIRA, Proprietor.

Sole Agent for

WICKER WORK, ETC.,

Xmas Cards, Crackers, Special Brands of Chocolate and a Nice selection of Wicker Work Baskets and Chairs,

ALL AT REASONABLE PRICES.

BOOK YOUR ORDERS EARLY AT

CORNER OF MURRAY AND CARMICHAEL STREETS.

NELSON CANNON,

AUCTIONEER, AGENT.

VALUER, STOCKBROKER

AND COMMISSION AGENT.

PERSONAL AND MOST CAREFUL ATTENTION GUARANTEED.

45, WATER STREET, (OVER SCOTTS LIMITED.)

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GLADDEN YOUR HEART.

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Fogarty's Stationery and Book Store

THIS SEASON, WHERE YOU CAN GET THE BEST VALUES IN

Xmas & New Year Cards,

Presentation Calendars, Diaries & Almanacks for 1917, Reward Books, Picture Books, Painting Books, Useful Presents, Framed & Unframed Pictures, Crinkled Paper—plain & fancy designs—Japanese Paper Serviettes, Patriotic Decorations in Streamers, Flags, Pennants of the Allies, Paper Fans, Holly & Mistletoe Bells, Jack Frost, Japanese Lanterns, Coloured Candles for Japanese Lanterns, Silver Vases, Ink Stands, Pipe Racks, Leather Purses—Gent's & Ladies'—Ladies Leather Bags in beautiful designs, Gent's Pocket Books & Pocket Diaries, Cricket Bats, Cricket Sets, Tennis Bats from 5/- to \$10; Tennis Racquet Bags—quite new, Net Bags—very strong and useful, School Bags, Coloured Crayons in boxes for children, and the Largest, Best & Cheapest Selections of

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We sell to sell again.*

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And even

Father Christmas tells you so!

For anything in Our Line,

Ask HACK'S—

**"THE PREMIER HOUSE IN THE
CYCLE TRADE."**

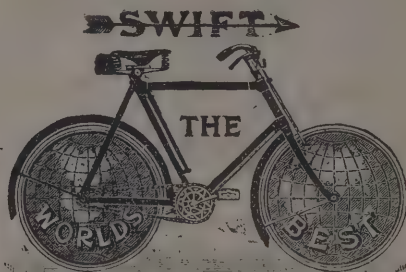
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SOLE AGENTS for SWIFT, CHEYLESMORE, ROBIN HOOD, FARADAY, and B.S.A. CYCLES. Also B.S.A. MOTOR CYCLES—Ask us for full particulars.

We also carry Children's Tricycles, Go-carts, and Motor Cycle Accessories.



Not only at this Season but at all times we have complete Stocks of Cycles and Accessories to meet the needs of our Clients.

Talks on Bicycle Buying—No. 1.

**LOOK FOR THE
TRADE MARK!**



THE B.S.A. Trade Mark—the three piled rifles—has always been associated with all that is best in cycle construction—it is your protection against the substitution of any so-called "cheap" machine, and is a guarantee of freedom from trouble.

**RIDE A
B.S.A.
BICYCLE**

Full particulars from

HACK'S—

Sole AGENTS

for

**BRITISH
GUIANA.**

B.S.A. List Free.



COLUMBIA

GRAPHOPHONES AND DOUBLE DISC RECORDS.

HEAR THEM AT HACK'S!

The Latest Hits, whether in Songs, Dance Music, Instrumental or Patriotic Pieces, Columbia has them all!

MAKE THIS A COLUMBIA CHRISTMAS by completing your family circle with a Columbia Grafonola from \$15 up, and a set of Records at 65c., 75c. and \$1 each up.



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PHONE 581.

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TRICENTROL PETROL—

This comes first in importance as it is the premier petrol in the colony. It gives the most miles to the gallon, gives the least carbon and costs less to buy than any other brand, 50 cents per gallon to Motor Car Owners, 56 cents per gallon to Motor Cyclists and 48 cents per gallon wholesale.

GOODYEAR TYRES—

These are now the acknowledged best Tyres imported in this colony. I have Mr. Fred. Bascom's permission to publish the fact that none of the Goodyear Tyres sold to him have given less than 10,000 miles service. I have records of over 12,000 miles on Ford Cars.

BRISCOE CARS—

The perfect car. It is a car that in two years' service has called for no new parts except one or two due to accidents. This car is the only fully equipped made to sell in Demerara, for \$875. It rides like a car twice as expensive, there are positively no badly designed and made parts that grind and groan like the gears in its competitors. The Mighty Briscoe is of French design and the Motor cost \$500,000 to bring to perfection in France.

SAXON ROADSTERS \$543. BOSCH MAGNETO \$25, SELF STARTER OUTFIT \$57.

REPAIRS—

Whitney's Garage is famous for high grade repairs at Reasonable Prices.

MANSELL'S REDOUBTABLE BAKERY.

NOTED FOR

HIGH-CLASS BREAD;

AND

FORT BRIDGE

FOR

CREAM BISCUITS AND TENNIS ROLLS.

Fort Bridge, Telephone 405, and
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The King Street Livery Stables.

HORSES, CARRIAGES, LANDAUS

(The Best in the City),

MOTOR CARS,

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.,



CARRIAGES AND MOTOR CARS

Hired on Monthly Contract.

CHURCH CARRIAGES

can be supplied at \$3 Monthly.

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WEDDINGS, CHRISTENINGS, DRIVES, CONCERTS, BALLS, FUNERALS, ETC., ETC., ETC.,
CAN BE SUPPLIED AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT—

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DECEMBER, 1916.

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The Best; the best Cakes in Camp
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Yours,

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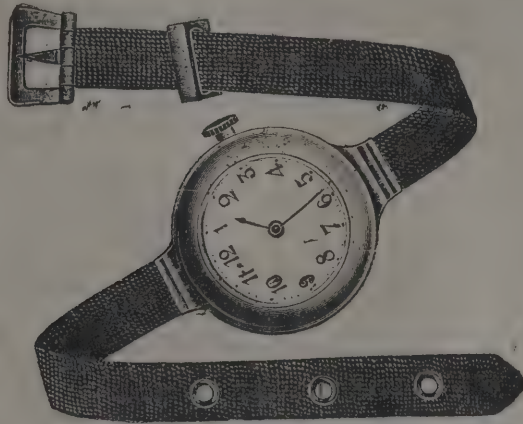
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YOUR
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Maggi's Soups.

PENNY
A PLATE.

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VOILES, NINONS, CREPONNES,
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BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, GOLOSMES—

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FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

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A second grade Cylinder Oil.

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For Roller Journals of Sugar Mills.

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For Rice Mills and Lumber Mills.

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For general lubrication, where Light to Medium
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The Daily Chronicle

CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

PRICE: 8 CENTS.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA, DECEMBER, 1916.

FOREWORD.

IN placing before our readers this, the second number of the *Chronicle Christmas Annual*, we have endeavoured to make it better and brighter than the first number which had such a magnificent reception last year. The success of that number encouraged us to introduce the innovation of a Summer Annual, which also met with an excellent reception. That endeavour to supply the large reading public of this colony with a local mid-year magazine, based on the lines of the popular *Christmas Annual*, was much appreciated.

The object of the editor of this number has been to provide such a variety of reading matter as will appeal to all tastes in the colony. As usual, we have provided a full budget of stories by famous English authors and authoresses. Annie S. Swan, ever a favourite in magazines of this description, contributes one of those little cameos for which she is so deservedly famous. "The Spinster's Christmas" by Jessie Pope will be found a winsome little story, with an ending that will appeal to the least sentimental amongst us. Guy Thorne, that popular and ubiquitous writer, in "Love at Hertford's, Ltd.," writes a story well attuned to the season. Mabel Quiller Couch bears a famous name and in "The Captor Captured" proves that there is much in heredity. J. J. Bell gives us a story in his best robust humorous vein in "The Second Bump," and Flora Masson with "The Tangle" completes a sextet of stories that will be hard to beat in a magazine of this character. Amongst the articles by well-known writers will be found "What Dickens Meant by a Merry Christmas," by J. Cummings Walters. Dickens was the greatest literary exponent of the true spirit of Christmas, and this article will be appreciated by Dickensians, as well as those who are not Dickensians. Holbrook Jackson gives us the benefit of a special interview he has had with Santa Claus, and he strikes a note that should appeal to all of us at this glad season, sad as it will be for some of us. The Christmas Play for Children entitled "The Sleeping Beauty," by Marion Adams, is a charming feature, new to an Annual of this description, and we are looking forward to seeing some of our talented trainers of the young in this colony making use of it upon a public platform. The conjuring tricks that we published in last year's Annual proved to be

so popular that we have secured another feature of this character, for this number. Prof. Jules Leroux' "Tricks that Tickle" will be found amusing and fascinating. All these articles and features are illustrated, an innovation which we introduced last year and which was very popular. Increasing the cost of production though it does, we were rewarded by the increased measure of approbation that it brought, and we have no doubt that we shall receive a similar reward this year. The illustrated poem in humorous vein, illustrated by one of England's most famous humorous artists, "An Ice Romance," by Jessie Pope, greatly enhances the value of the magazine, and we have no doubt it will be as warmly appreciated as were our insets in the last Annual.

As during the past eighteen months we have demonstrated with our Annuals and our Story Competitions, there is no lack of local talent in our midst and this year we have secured as fine a selection of local stories and articles as it would be possible to secure we think for a magazine of this character and published at the price at which the *Chronicle Annual* is sold. Mr. W. A. Mittelholzer contributes "His Largest Creditor," a pathetic little story with a happy and seasonable ending. The story by Tachira which recently appeared in the *Sporting Chronicle* created much discussion amongst local litterateurs as to the identity of the writer. We are not at liberty to disclose that at present, but we think it will be conceded that the article he has contributed for this number, "How Cudjoe Saved the Guns" is a *tour de force*, brilliant and vigorous, that would do credit to magazines with a world-wide reputation. We secured from Mr. G. W. N. Thornett, who has now left the colony, two stories, "An Eye for an Eye" and "Bilked." We may mention that these stories were written whilst Mr. Thornett was still a member of the staff of the *Daily Chronicle* and it will be seen that he has lost none of his power as a short story writer of merit. "An Eye for an Eye" is a dramatic little episode that is horribly realistic. "Bilked" in an entirely different vein, is equally powerful. In "The Ways of Our Speculators" Mr. E. N. Woolford writes with that sureness of touch which his extensive knowledge of our local peoples and conditions enables him to do so well. We consider ourselves particularly fortunate in having secured the co-operation of Mr. H. A. Verrill, the famous American naturalist, in the production of this number. Mr. Verrill has allowed us to publish a

chapter from his forthcoming book "Among the Indians of the Guiana Hinterland" and, as in his other books dealing with this colony, it will be seen that he describes our hinterland with vividness and unerring accuracy. Miss Lavinia Gray has proved herself to be, in previous stories published by *The Daily Chronicle*, remarkably adept at characterisation and in her short story "When Miss Marillia Dressed" she gives us another faithful picture of a character we have all met at some period or other in our lives. Mrs. G. F. Messervy, who used to write for the *Daily Chronicle* under the name of Miss Annie Steele, writes a powerful story entitled "Murder Will Out." Miss Annie Sykes' story "His Problem" is a psychological effort of surpassing skill. Mr. A. R. F. Webber's writings are well-known, and our opinion that his imaginary interview with Father Christmas is certainly one of the finest contributions he has ever made to a local publication, will, we think, be shared by our readers. To some extent this article overlaps Halbrook Jackson's interview with Santa Claus, and it is interesting to note that Mr. Webber evolved his contribution in complete ignorance of the fact that a similar article was appearing in another portion of the magazine. Mr. Webber's contribution can stand side by side with that of the famous Halbrook Jackson, and need not blush to find its fame. Mr. J. Van Sertima resuscitates the inimitable Sarah, who soliloquises upon the topics of the moment, and in doing so makes many a shrewd hit. In the poetry section we have again enlisted the services of our poet Laureate, Mr. S. E. Wills. It is Wills at his best, and that is all that need be said. Mr. Alfred Reis contributes a Christmas Poem that is charming and dainty, and Rev. H. W. Grant contributes some powerful verses.

In this number we have made a more pronounced feature of a photographic supplement, and we have done this in response to public demand. Whilst receiving many congratulations upon the excellence of our last Christmas Annual, we were told by many people that its value would have been greatly enhanced by the introduction of such a photographic supplement. In adopting this feature this year we have appropriately enough confined ourselves to the subject of "Our Boys in Egypt." It will be conceded we believe, that the magnificent panel measuring 15 x 5, portraying the whole of the 1st Battalion of the B.W.I. Regiment on Parade is a triumph not only of the photographic art, but also of the printing art. Very popular will be, we anticipate, the photograph of some of the Artillery Sports Club boys, including our old friends, Vivian Woolford, Harrison, N. Smith, A. Wight, C. Brumell, R. B. Craig, Parsley, Chalmers, Inspectors Irving and Cressall, S. G. Wishart, F. Abraham, P. R. Veacock, and L. S. Davis. Whilst few people of this colony have had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Barchard, Capt. Hibbist and Major Jenkins, they are names that have been made familiar to us in letters from "our boys" that have been published from time to time in the *Daily Chronicle*, and it is good to have an opportunity of looking upon their photographs, together with those of the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants, and Sergeants of the E.E.F. For similar reasons the photograph of the Officers of the 1st Service Battalion of the B.W.I.

Regiment will prove intensely interesting. The photograph of the back view of the Sultan's Palace, the Hospital Block, the Bathhouse for Ladies of the Harem, depict for us some of the scenes which have now become common to our boys. The photograph of L. S. Davis "With nothing to do and all day to do it in," catches him in a striking pose and will be much appreciated by his wide circle of acquaintances in this colony. For having the opportunity of publishing these photographs we have to thank our good friend Mr. J. Wood Davis who placed them at our disposal giving us with free-handed generosity *carte blanche* to do with them as we wished. We take this opportunity of tendering our best thanks to Mr. Wood Davis for this and many other tangible indications he has given us of his good-will towards the *Daily Chronicle*.

We have broken new ground in a *Chronicle Annual* with another feature, namely, a puzzle, taxing the ingenuity of our readers, who are provided the opportunity of winning a prize of \$25 as a reward for the labour they will expend upon it. The puzzle is a very ingenious one, but it is one which may be attempted with confidence by everyone of our readers. This feature also we have introduced in response to popular demand, and we hope it will provide our patrons with as much pleasure in the solving of it as it has given us to introduce it into this number. Another new feature is the art cover accompanying this number. It will be remembered that in our Summer Annual we had a competition offering a prize of \$25 for a design of a cover for this Annual. Out of a number of very excellent designs sent in, Mr. E. A. V. Abraham, who kindly judged the competition for us, selected that of Mrs. Dare. We have had blocks cast from that design and have by the three-colour process printed a cover which is appropriate and exceedingly tasteful. We are confident that in these stirring times it will make an instant appeal to all our readers.

We take this opportunity of expressing our cordial thanks to the mercantile community both of Georgetown and New Amsterdam for the very liberal support they have given us for this venture. The advertisement section of the last *Chronicle Christmas Annual* created something in the nature of a record in this respect. This year our advertisement section is bigger and brighter than ever, and so important a section of the magazine has this now become that we have introduced the innovation this year of printing the advertisements on coloured paper, in contradistinction to the white paper on which the literary features are published, in order that our readers may readily find this very fascinating portion of the magazine. We can assure them that there is quite as much interest and perhaps more profit to be derived from a careful perusal of these pages even than there is in the literary pages.

Thus taken in all its aspects the *Chronicle Christmas Annual* of 1916 is even a bigger and better number than that of 1915. That number achieved a record in local Annuals and the public was quick to recognise it with such an instant demand for copies that the whole edition was very quickly sold out. That similar good fortune awaits the number we have the pleasure now of presenting to you is our happy and confident belief.

WHAT DICKENS MEANT BY "A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

BY J. CUMING WALTERS.

(Author of "Clues to the Mystery of Edwin Drood," "Phases of Dickens," etc.)

"Time was with most of us, when Christmas Day encircling all our limited world like a magic ring, left nothing out for us to miss or seek; bound together all our home enjoyments, affections, and hopes; grouped everything and every one around the Christmas fire; and made the little picture shining in our bright young eyes, complete."—"What Christmas is as we grow older."

It is a good plan to read Dickens's Christmas stories twice over, each time in a different mood; first, for sheer enjoyment, and secondly, for reflection upon their significance. He wrote each of his stories with a distinct purpose. Thus, when he was planning "The Chimes," he explained to John Forster that he was engaged in "striking a blow for the poor." His tale of Gabriel Grub and the goblins was designed to show that happiness comes to all who bear in their hearts "an inexhaustible well-spring of affection and devotion." The "Christmas Carol" is the most potent sermon ever preached on unselfishness and goodwill to all mankind. So we might proceed, but the meaning in most cases is so obvious that further instances are not necessary. But why, it may be asked, seek for moral and doctrine when Dickens wrote to entertain? My answer is that it is only justice to the author to do so, for entertainment was only one portion of his design. In his various prefaces he carefully explained the real object he had in view. We do not mar his stories, but enrich them, by our discovery of the wise and wholesome teaching he cunningly blended with them. If we take the series of his Christmas sketches and tales we find that they exercise an influence and stimulate us to mercy, justice, charity, toleration, the abolition of abuse, and the desire for reform. It is part of Dickens's praise that he conveyed his benign lessons so adroitly that we scarcely realise, until the sudden flash of illumination comes, that he has done more than excite us to tears or laughter. And just as he was never dull in telling his story, so we need not be dull in extracting the moral he enshrined in it.

Dickens has sometimes been proclaimed the "maker of our modern Christmas," but that is not correct. Merry England had known centuries before what a Merry Christmas should be, and Sir Walter Scott in ringing lines had recalled the frolic and festivity of the season. But Dickens found Christmas a rather colourless affair, shorn of a good many of its ancient ceremonies, and limited to a day's celebration. His desire was to restore it, to revive its pleasures, to enlarge its scope, and to make its beneficent effect permanent. To accomplish this he had first to represent the season in all possible outward attractiveness, to describe it in such fashion as to make the blood glow and the eyes glisten—and this is exactly what we find him doing in his

own inimitable fashion. The earliest Christmas picture he gives us is among the "Boz" sketches, and it fascinates us at once with its joyous and exhilarating vision. "Draw your chair nearer the blazing fire, fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter, and empty it off-hand, and fill another, and troll off the old ditty you used to sing, and thank God it's no worse!" And then followed one of the most spirited of all his short sketches—the Christmas party, the well-to-do man and his family meeting their friends, the jolly clerk, who sings and dances and makes speech after speech, the festive meal, the toasts, and—(don't be afraid!)—the moral of it all—a better understanding between man and man, a closer relationship, and the casting down of the barriers of class and convention. This, indeed, was the favourite and the constant theme. No matter what form the story took, human brotherliness was the teaching. "I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round," said one of his characters, "apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin,—(if anything belonging to it can be apart from that)—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys."

Dickens's first Christmas sketch was among the Boz papers of 1836: his last will be found in chapters of the unfinished Edwin Drood of 1870; and so we may say from first to last that as an author his thoughts were on the subject. But it is a mistake to suppose he was always writing on Christmas. There are long intervals without an allusion; and half the number of his books are without a single reference. The fact is, the very ardour he put into the subject produced the effect on many minds that he was constantly dealing with it—his resounding words doubtless reverberated in men's memories. Then there were the annual Christmas numbers, and though the very name of "Christmas" does not appear in several of them, they served to keep the thought alive, and the spirit of the season was there.

The zest with which he had written of Christmas in his early days was reproduced by his personal enthusiasm in celebrating the Day. There are many records of Christmas as it was spent at Devonshire Terrace and Gad's Hill. He certainly practised what he preached in making it a time of equal enjoyment for all his household. His family, his neighbours, his friends, and his servants, all shared alike in the revels and participated in the feast. He himself became a lord of misrule. The Fezziwig spirit dominated the pro-

ceedings. Who cannot perceive the results? It was "Christmas all the year round" in sentiment and goodwill, and was not for a day only.

On no fewer than three occasions Dickens made use of that phrase that Christmas should not be celebrated once a year, but all the year round. In this repeated thought we have a clue to the underlying motive of his Christmas Stories. Take each of them in turn, and you find that, while he describes with infectious gaiety or with touching pathos the manifestations of Christmas sentiment, he always impresses upon us permanent results. Gabriel Grub and Ebenezer Scrooge, to take two of the most familiar examples, were "altered men"; that is, having learnt the lesson of Christmas on one great occasion, they acted on the Christmas principle for the rest of their lives. They were true converts to charity and goodwill, to friendliness and human feeling, to the idea of brotherhood and mutual service. Dickens would have us understand that the Christmas spirit which was awakened in these men gave a new purpose to their lives, and that henceforth—"all the year round"—they acted according to the Christmas principle, understanding its beneficent meaning, recognising its true significance. Deeds must follow faith—good works, unselfishness, the casting-off of enmities, readiness of reconciliation, and practical service. Here we have the real Dickens creed—nothing subtle about it, perfectly elementary, and yet as finely Christian as the Churches teach or as idealists desire. The Merry Christmas of Charles Dickens was more than a season's greetings, a season's gambols, and a season's banquets. It went far beyond Scott's pleasant but limited idea that the memory of its happiness would "last the poor man half the year." In Dickens's mind Christmas brought in a new era from which men could date back their higher and nobler impulses.

Good old Fezziwig with his "Yo ho, my boys," and his "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here" was the type of man Dickens liked to put before his readers in order that they should perfectly comprehend that at Christmas time employer and apprentices, master and servants, were all to be brought together and to commingle. "In they all came," we are told of the famous party, "some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow." Mrs. Fezziwig was there, "one vast substantial smile"; the daughters were there, and the six young men whose hearts they broke; the housemaid with her cousin the baker, and the cook with her brother's particular friend the milkman and the picture fades away as Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are "shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, and wishing them a Merry Christmas"—the finishing touch to a scene of universal harmony and goodwill.

It was the same at Dingley Dell when the Pickwickians spent their memorable Christmas with that fine old English gentleman, Mr. Wardle. The descriptive chapter is one

of the most infectiously happy that even Dickens wrote—it makes the heart glow and bound to follow in fancy the stirring events—the morning drive, the festive meal, the rubber at whist, and the speeches. "Call in all the servants," cried old Wardle, "and give them a glass of wine each." If further evidence of community of feeling were needed, it is provided by the account of the general assembly in the large kitchen, "according to annual custom, observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial," where Mr. Pickwick saluted the oldest lady under the mistletoe, and found his example immediately followed by everyone high and low, the visitors and the family, the poor relations, and the whole band of retainers, the while "Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction." The mighty bowl of wassail followed, and Wardle explained that the invariable custom at Dingley Dell was that "everybody sits down with us on Christmas Eve, as you see them now, servants and all, and here we wait, until the clock strikes twelve, to usher Christmas in." The fact is that the Dingley Dell custom was Dickens's custom, and in his home the preacher put his precepts into practice. Whether he trolled out his ballad is not recorded; but all who spent Christmastide with him are agreed that he acted up to its sentiment:

We'll usher him in with a merry din,
That shall gladden his youthful heart;
And we'll keep him up, while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good, we'll part.

That felicitous word "fellowship" is worth noting, for it has a special significance in the celebration of Christmas on the Dickensian plan. What it meant in reality must be judged from the description of the feast to the Seven Poor Travellers at Rochester, and the supper party at Trotty Veck's.

Nor must we forget or omit one other feature in the Merry Christmas of Dickens's conception—the special and outstanding place in the scheme accorded to children. It was not only a time for old men's memories and young men's dreams, but was an occasion for showing the tenderest regard for the young whose very innocence and purity were symbolical of the season and its gospel. "What children could I see at play," wrote Dickens in describing his Christmas walk to Cobham, "and not be loving of, recalling Who had loved them?"

To sum up this too short and too rapid survey of a vast and many-sided subject, we find that Dickens made of Christmas a mighty factor for human betterment, representing it as a time of hope and love, friendship and forgiveness, redress and reconciliation, charity and fraternity. And above everything it was to be lasting—"Christmas in our hearts all the year round."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY:

A CHRISTMAS PLAY FOR CHILDREN.

BY MARION ADAMS.

CHARACTERS.

KING—QUEEN—PRINCESS MAY (The Sleeping Beauty)—NURSE—PAGE—Court Ladies and Fairies. Five fairies may take the part of the Court Ladies, if necessary.

SCENE I.

The Audience Chamber. (Enter King and Queen, followed by Nurse, carrying the royal baby.)

QUEEN : It is our darling's christening day.

NURSE (fussily) : Have all the guests arrived Ma'am, pray ? Haven't the fairies come ?

KING : Not yet.

NURSE : Well, I do hope they won't forget.

KING : They've made a note of it. Don't fret ! I sent them each an invitation. (Aside). It's most important for the nation, that the dear child should be well-dowered.

QUEEN (taking the child from the Nurse's arms) : Ah ! May their choicest gifts be showered upon my dearest one to-day.

PAGE : The Fairy of the Spring ! Make way ! (Enter Spring.)

SPRING (waving her wand over the baby) :

Good health and happiness I bring.

These are the brightest gifts of spring.

PAGE : The Summer Fairy !

(Enter Summer.)

SUMMER : She shall be

As fair a child as one can see

The dower of summer-time is beauty.

NURSE (rocking the baby) :

There, there, my pet ! She's done her duty !

PAGE : The Fairy of the Autumn.

(Enter Autumn.)

AUTUMN : Gold is mine to give or to withhold. Wealth is the gift which autumn brings.

NURSE : But wealth, I've heard sometimes take wings.

AUTUMN (gravely) : What I bestow she shall not lose.

KING (bowing) : Such bounty we shall not refuse.

PAGE : The Winter fairy, (enter Winter.)

WINTER : Bleak and chill.

The wind blows over vale and hill.

'Tis then the warmth of love we need;

Unselfish thought, and kindly deed.

I give the child a loving heart.

(Each fairy waves her wand over the baby in bestowing her gift.)

KING : Kind fairies—you have done your part, and we sincerely thank you all.

NURSE : Your gifts are neither few nor small.

If she has happiness and health,
Beauty, a loving heart, and wealth,

(Someone strikes an iron tray with a hammer, off the stage. They all start.) Mercy !

KING : What's that ? Who's coming now ?

(Another bang. Enter Fairy Bitter-Frost, angrily. The other fairies shrink away.)

QUEEN (aside) : Who is she ?

WINTER FAIRY (in frightened tones) : Fairy Bitter-Frost,

If she's offended, all is lost.

BITTER-FROST (pointing scornfully to the fairies in turn) : Health ! Beauty ! Wealth ! A kindly heart ! (laughs derisively.) Ah ! Ha ! Now for my magic art. (Waves her wand over the baby.)

Which brings their gift to nought—for I—Doom your beloved child—to die !

(The tray is struck again. The Queen and Nurse step back trying to hide the baby from her.)

SUMMER : Oh, why are you so angry ? Why ?

BITTER-FROST : I am a guest—but uninvited. I have been scorned, ignored, and slighted.

KING (hurriedly) : No, No ! We never meant to slight you.

BITTER-FROST (waving her hand) :

Enough ! In future count the cost

Before you anger Bitter-Frost.

I'll spare the child for sixteen years.

(The Queen throws herself at her feet.)

QUEEN (sobbing) : Have pity ! Pity on our tears ! Take anything—but let her live.

KING : Half of my kingdom I will give
Or any favour gladly grant.

BITTER-FROST (slowly) :

No use ! Revenge is what I want.

When the Princess is sweet sixteen,

The fairest maiden ever seen,

She'll prick her finger—I foresee

And with a spinning-wheel.

NURSE : Not she !

We'll banish spinning from the land,

Nothing shall hurt her pretty hand,

We'll burn the spinning wheels.

BITTER-FROST : And still

Her destiny must she fulfil

Through one forgotten spinning wheel.
One scratch which she can hardly feel,
One little drop of blood,
One sigh,
An easy death, Princess, to die!

(Enter Fairy Sunshine.)

FAIRIES (stretching out their hands): Oh spare her!
Spare her!

BITTER-FROST: I have spoken. (Exit.)

QUEEN: Oh, fairies, dear! My heart is broken.
(Sinks into a chair, sobbing.)

FAIRY SUNSHINE: But I am here, Your Majesty.
And I've heard everything, you see.

QUEEN: Sunshine! Alas! What can you do?

FAIRIES (crowding round her). Please, Sunshine, say
it isn't true! The Princess will not die!

SUNSHINE: No, no! (pauses.)
She'll prick her finger (pauses) then—I know!
She shall not die, so dry your tears!
But she shall sleep a hundred years,
And wake with her true lover's kiss

(Waving her hand over the baby.)

To life and love, to youth and bliss.

KING (sadly): When we are dead and gone!

FAIRY SUNSHINE: You too.
Shall soundly sleep the long years through.
And when a hundred springs are o'er
Wake just as youthful as before.

(Waves her wand over the fairies.)

Fairies, meanwhile 'twill be your duty
To safely guard the Sleeping Beauty.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

The Spinning Room. (Fairy Bitter-Frost, disguised as
old woman in a long cloak, and hat, sits at her spinning-
wheel.)

BITTER-FROST (stopping to listen):
I think I hear the Princess coming,
I'll set my spinning wheel a-humming.
(Begins to spin.)

Lately, it is her little way
From books and play-fellows to stray
And wander all the place o'er
She wants, she tells them, to explore.
She peeps in every dusty room
Where spiders weave their webs in gloom.
She climbs the broken turret stair,
The naughty child goes everywhere.
(Listening.)

I thought I heard her step. (A tap at the door.) She's
here!

Come in! (enter Princess May.)

A happy birthday, dear!

PRINCESS (laughing): My birthday? Why, how
did you know?

BITTER-FROST: Well the rejoicings told me so.
The bells are ringing, flags are flying—

PRINCESS (touching the wheel): What's this?
(eagerly.) Oh, do you mind my trying?

BITTER-FROST: It is a spinning wheel, Princess.

PRINCESS: And could I learn to spin?

BITTER-FROST (rising): Oh, yes! I'll teach your
Highness. Take my chair. (Princess sits down.) Put
one hand here—and one hand there—(shows her how to
work it.) Now set it going. (Princess turns the wheel
with her foot.)

PRINCESS: Is that right?
I'll make a dress to wear to-night
At my first ball.

BITTER-FROST: A dress would take
Quite a long time, my child, to make.

PRINCESS: At all events I can begin it. Oh! Oh!
(draws her hand away.) It's nothing—(looks at it.)
Wait a minute!

BITTER-FROST: You've crushed your finger.

PRINCESS: Very nearly!
Oh, no! I've only pricked it, really.

BITTER-FROST: (taking her hand): What a mis-
fortune! Let me see.

The Queen will lay the blame on me.

PRINCESS (sleepily): It . . . was . . .
Do please excuse me yawning. I've been . . . so
sleepy . . . all the morning. It was . . .
my fault. You're not to blame.

BITTER-FROST: A pity that you ever came! You
must lie down and rest. (Leads her to couch.)

PRINCESS: Ah! No! They will be anxious. I must
go. (Falls asleep on the couch. The door flies open.
Enter King, Queen, court ladies, and Page.)

KING: Where's the Princess?

BITTER-FROST (flinging off her disguise): Sir!
She is here! (points to the couch.) The Queen throws her-
self on her knees beside it.)

QUEEN: She's dying! Dead! My dear! (sobs
bitterly.)

BITTER-FROST (waving her wand over the Prin-
cess):

Your rescue party comes too late,
The Princess May has met her fate.
Upon her sixteenth birthday, I
Doomed her long years ago—to die.

(Enter Fairy Sunshine.)

SUNSHINE (waving her wand over the Princess and
then towards the others):

Upon her sixteenth birthday, I
Will her to sleep, and not to die.
Her slumbers share—Oh! King and Queen,
Sleep, ladies! Be your dreams serene.
Dream, little page, of happy things
The time shall fly on rosy wings.

(They all fall asleep.)

BITTER-FROST (angrily): So you once more have
shown your power, And my revenge is incomplete.

SUNSHINE: Kindness and love are better far, Al-
though they say revenge is sweet.

(Exit Bitter-Frost.)

(Sunshine waves her wand dreamily over the sleepers.)
A hundred times the rose shall bloom

The summer rose.
A hundred times shall winter bring
The winter snows;
A hundred times the autumn leaves
Fly far and fast,
But on a fair May morn the prince
Shall come at last.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.

Outside the Palace. (Enter Prince Fearless and four Fairies.)

WINTER FAIRY: Brave prince, the wood is dark and drear.

PRINCE: But of the dark I have no fear.

SPRING FAIRY: And through the trees gleam fiery eyes.

PRINCE: Wild beasts, perhaps? That's no surprise.

SPRING FAIRY (nodding): Lions and tigers, wolves and bears——

PRINCE: They all have fiery eyes. Who cares? What lies beyond the wood?

AUTUMN FAIRY: Briar rose
Hides all the palace, grows and grows.
Oh, it has grown a hundred years,
And all the thorns are sharp as spears.
Brave you may be, but, Prince, alas!
That thorny brake you cannot pass.

PRINCE: Then all the doors are locked, you say?

SUMMER FAIRY: They are; now will you wend your way back to your own fair sunny land?

PRINCE:
Dear fairies, you don't understand.
Were the wood twenty times as long,
The locks a hundred times as strong,
Were every thorn a flaming spear,
I should go forward without fear (softly.)
Beyond them all I hope to see
The Sleeping Beauty wake for me.
(The fairies consult together.)

WINTER:
Oh, prince! We only wished to prove
You worthy of your dear child's love.
Now—since you are both brave and true,
Accept the gifts we offer you.

AUTUMN (giving him a sword):
I give you an enchanted sword,
The fiercest beast that ever roared
Will by its magic be subdued,
You shall win safely through the wood.

SUMMER (throwing a cloak over him):
Wrapped in this cloak, the sharpest thorn
You can afford to treat with scorn.
No spear can pierce, no thornbush prick it,
You shall win safely through the thicket.

SPRING (giving him a key):
This golden key unlocks once more
The palace gates and every door.
Let in sunshine! Banish sleep,
Arouse them all from slumber deep.

WINTER:

And bid the Sleeping Beauty reign
In love and happiness again.

CURTAIN.

SCENE IV.

The Spinning Chamber. (The Princess is lying asleep surrounded by the sleeping King, Queen and Court. Enter Prince Fearless and Fairy Sunshine.)

SUNSHINE: Prince, greet her with a birthday kiss.

PRINCE (kneeling by the couch):

Ah! I had sought her long ere this.

But that the evil spell held sway

Until this year, this month, this day.

Is it her birthday? (kisses the Princess.)

Thus I greet her!

My darling! She is fairer, sweeter

Than any dream of mine. Awake!

And love me for love's own sweet sake.

(Princess opens her eyes. The King yawns. The page stretches himself.)

KING (sleepily): I wonder what the time can be?

PAGE (getting up): Why, dinner-time! Your Majesty.

KING: I almost think I've been asleep.

SUNSHINE: You have. Your slumber long and deep, has lasted just a hundred years. (Waving her wand over Queen and ladies.) Oh, Queen, you fell asleep with tears, But now you shall awake to joy. (They all awake.)

KING (rising): It must be dinner-time, my boy—Just go and hurry up the cooks. (Aside, looking at Prince.) Now who is this? I like his looks.

SUNSHINE: This is the Prince who broke the spell, they call him the Prince Fearless.

KING: Well?

SUNSHINE: He made his way through bush and brake, All for the Sleeping Beauty's sake. (Leads Princess forward. The Prince takes her hand.) Awoke her with a kiss—and then——

PRINCE (kissing Princess May's hand): Asked leave to kiss her once again.

SUNSHINE: She loves him——

KING: You are going too fast.

PRINCESS:

Ah, no! The weary years are past.
And now my fortune has come true.
The fairies long ago foretold it.
Give your consent, please, Father do!

KING (putting his arms round her): If 'tis your wish, I'll not withhold it.

SUNSHINE (stepping forward):
And thus our tale, begun in sadness,
Ends on a note of joy and gladness.
Ah! fair princess! The birds shall sing
The songs you used to hear in spring.
For you the summer fields shall flower,
The gold of autumn be your dower.
And when the world is wintry white,
Love's warmth shall keep your heart alight.

CURTAIN.

THE OPINIONS OF SANTA CLAUS.

(SPECIAL INTERVIEW.)

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON.

(Author of "Southward Ho," "All Manner of Folk," etc.)

I was down at Duneton for a week end's golf when the brief but peremptory wire came from the Editor ordering me to interview Santa Claus and supply "copy" at the earliest possible moment—or sooner.

"Bit thick—that," I said, tossing the wire over to old Wilcox of "The Gazette," who had come down with me, and was finishing an after-breakfast pipe on the Club House verandah before taking to the links.

"What are you going to do about it?" he replied.

"Oh, see it through, I suppose," And I asked the waiter for my bill.

"You're not going before the foursome?" said Wilcox aghast. But I was adamant. There was no time to be lost if the interview was to catch the Christmas Number, so almost before you could say Jack Robinson or any other silly old thing I was in the car and slipping over the hills as if there were no such thing as a speed limit.

Santa Claus was still at his Summer Palace. I learnt that from the constable on point duty where Wellington Street bisects the Strand. That policeman is simply encyclopædic, and a godsend to all journalists. He seems to know everything. It was he who first told me of the Russians in England at the beginning of the war, and later on, of the assassination of the Crown Prince, and twelve months ago he whispered the joyful tidings that the war would be over in three weeks. He knew all about Father Christmas, and even gave me a few tips about the road down to Grayling Island. You escaped the military traffic it appeared by taking the Bishops Stortford road, but "keep a weather eye open for police-traps, he warned, between Baintree and Lexden. I thanked, tipped, tooted and was off.

The tide was low when I reached the east coast, and I was able to drive over the sands to Grayling, which, as you know, is only an island at high water. As I neared the famous spot I could see the towers of the Summer Palace rising above the trees, and and on the highest I plainly discerned an arrangement of very high-pitched wireless aërials. The palace is approached by a mile long avenue of Christmas Trees, and one proceeds carefully for the reindeer from the park herd stray across the roadway just as the fallow deer take short cuts across the great avenue at Bushey Park. Santa Claus is as everybody knows, a mighty breeder of these quaint animals, and he has carried all the prizes at the Royal Show ever since that institution was established. King Edward once congratulated him personally.

Half way down the avenue I was suddenly pulled up by the most romantic of sentries, garbed in red like a Bee-feater, but armed with a vast longbow.

"Halt!" he cried. "Who goes there?"

"Friend," said I, feeling that I ought to have said "Press." But it was alright, for he answered promptly and conventionally.

"Advance friend, to within five paces and give the countersign!"

"God bless everybody!" I answered.

"All's well!" said he, and as he faded among the Christmas Trees I passed into the broad quadrangle of the Summer Palace.

He was waiting to receive me at the door, dressed in multi, and, after a hearty handshake, he led me into his study, an ample, comfortable room with many books round the walls, vast and inviting lounge chairs, and a capacious table on which I observed a miscellaneous collection of new toys apparently just taken out of a small crate, which was lidless on the floor. He caught my glance and "Specimens of the year's crop," he explained, adding significantly—"British make!" I beamed my approval.

"Ah, those Germans!" he sighed, stroking his flowing white beard—"what a pity! What a tragedy!"

Imagining he referred to the shortage of British toys, I suggested that we had not got into our stride yet, and would improve as we went along. But I did him an injustice: he was referring to the tragedy of the war.

"On the contrary," he said, "the British can hold their own and more in all crafts, if they like. These toys are splendid—original—substantial and, unlike those Nuremberg things—made to last."

"They are not always beautiful, sir," I hinted, handling an astonishing doll which looked as if it had been made by a Futurist in a bad temper. "But modern children seem to like ugly toys," I concluded, perhaps a little deprecatingly.

"Not only modern children," he laughed, "those who are as beautiful as children can afford to flirt even with ugliness!"

"Is that why children like ugly toys?" I asked.

"Maybe," he mused, "but that is not the only reason. Children often take pity on ugliness. Little girls especially—they want to mother it!"

He waved me into a cosy chair and presented a cigar box.

"You have come to interview me for the——? Well, fire away—what do you want to know?"

"Many things," I replied cheerily, "but first tell me what attitude you adopt towards the war?"

"No attitude," he said promptly, "those whose mission in life is to give rather than to take have nothing to do with wars of any kind."

"But surely, Santa Claus, you would not go to Germany—er—during the war?"

His neutrality was a bit of a shock to me.

"Why not?" he said, "from all accounts they need me pretty badly over there just now—"

His remark seemed to die away in a twinkle of something almost like merriment; it gave me hope.

"I thought they did not deserve you," I ventured.

"If it comes to that who does? My occupation would be done if I ministered only to those who deserved it! Good gracious me," he roared, and I thought at first he was vexed, but he was really getting cheerier and cheerier, "Good gracious me! to think of it! Deserve it! Why, bless my soul (and yours) if I went about strafing people I should be no better than the Kaiser!"

* * * * *

He twirled a delicate hand round his vast beard, whilst I gazed bewildered at so much personified goodwill. It was altogether a new sensation: new, yet familiar. At first I could not recall where I last experienced it; then of a sudden it returned—it was the Christmas sensation—the feeling of goodwill which we all experience on Christmas mornings—and forget for the rest of the year. But the old hero was beginning again—

"Bless you," he was saying, "you're like the rest of them—you don't know what you want—"

"Does anybody?" I asked, a little piqued

"Only the kiddies—they do."

"But, sir," I argued, "I've seen, or rather heard, youngsters cry for a thing and when it was given them they wouldn't have it!"

"That's just what I contend," he replied, "they are so certain of their wants that they refuse spurious imitations. I don't say, mind you, that they never make mistakes—we all do—even journalists and Santa Claus!"

"Granted," I admitted, "but, joking aside, some of us do know what we want—for instance," I hazarded, not without hope, "we want Peace—"

"On your own terms?" he asked slyly.

"Of course," I replied, rising, and adopting my most patriotic attitude, "Britain does not want Peace at any price!"

"You mean," he said, "you want victory—"

"We can't have Peace without it."

"No," said Santa Claus, "not now." And he pondered deep in thought. "But," he added, "you had Peace once and broke it!"

"Germany broke it," I corrected. I was getting vexed.

"Well, whoever broke it, it was broken—and now you all want it again—will you refuse it like the child you mentioned, if I give it to you again?"

"Was it your gift before?" I asked an amazement.

"What else do I give but Peace and Good-will—my toys and other gifts stand for that."

"And will you give it to us—will you give us Peace, Santa Claus?"

"Of course—why not?"

"When?" I asked all a-tremble with joy—"at Christmas?"

"It all depends," he replied.

"Upon what?"

"Peace must be won now," he said mysteriously. I was very puzzled, but I made a dash for it—

"Then you will give us the means," I said, "you will give us victory, . . ."

"Yes," he answered, rising, "I will give you victory—when you have won it."

"When will that be?" I asked.

"When—when—when—bang! bang! S—S—St—St—pit—pit—pit—Boom!"

"Now then, wake up there—and fall in! Pull yourselves together—look slippery or they'll be on us . . . Keep your head down, you fool . . ."

I pulled myself together. "Must have been dreaming." I thought, as I crept along the fire trenches.

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THE LADY OF THE PICTURE.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

(Author of "Aldersyde," "The Ivory God," etc.)

Laurence Frensham suddenly decided to spend Christmas at home. It is no uncommon longing to come over a man exiled from England, as the year draws towards its close. He had been out in the Dominion for four years; and, though he had taken an oath not to set foot in England again, he found himself, one day at the beginning of December, as weak as water where that vow was concerned.

Perhaps it was the first snow of the season that did it. An unusually long and beautiful Indian summer had kept back the snow, and none fell until the third of December—a rather unusual experience in Eastern Canada.

Or, perhaps, it was the sight of a picture in a shop window as he walked down the ugly main street of the little town where he had buried himself, and where he was doing well, regarding it purely from the material point of view. It was a crude picture—a coloured engraving of a snow-

scene somewhere in England; a quite conventional and typical village church with a square Norman tower, and a handful of village folk, passing up through the lych-gate, towards the open door. Perhaps nay, sure, it was the face of the woman near the porch, whom the artist had presented as turning her head in gracious greeting upon those coming up behind her.

"Gracious!—It's almost a photograph of Judy! Now, I wonder, who did that?"—he exclaimed under his breath, then plunged into the shop to enquire.

But the anæmic youth behind the counter was both dense and ignorant; he could give no information about the picture, save that it had come out with the last lot, from the Old Country. Published by a well-known firm of London lithographers, it was cheap at the price—which was two and a half dollars; a very good frame could be furnished for

the same price, so that, for five dollars (one sovereign, in English gold), he would have a very nice souvenir for Christmas, to offer to a friend.

Frensham looked at the vivid radiant face against the snowy porch, and paid the two and a half dollars, declining the frame which was to make it a perfect souvenir. And, that night, in his queer unhomely, bachelor quarters, above the drug store, he set it up and actually worshipped it.

And all the past swept back upon him, in a wave of intolerable regret and longing which in the end proved too strong for him. Had they forgotten him there, in Kivenham, and had Judy ever felt the smallest remorse for what she had done?

He went mercilessly back to the lost years, and knew by the poignancy of his suffering how altogether false was the peace he had imagined himself to possess. The waters of Lethe, indeed!—Where are they? They exist only in the imagination of poet or novelist; they have no place in the life of man.

Before he slept, his resolve was taken; and, before he started on his day's work in earnest next morning, he visited the office of the local travel agent, and enquired regarding the sailings for England. A week later found him in New York city, waiting for the boat.

He loathed New York, and now that his steps were turning home, he knew how much of an alien he was, and that he had no part nor lot in the land of his adoption.

The voyage, though stormy and unpleasant, was uneventful, and he reached Liverpool on the nineteenth of December. The familiar fog and rain welcomed him, and, as he felt its sting on his face, he rubbed it in joyously, in a mood to welcome all things simply because they were part of home!

Arrived in London, he put up at an old-fashioned hostelry in the Bloomsbury district, recommended to him by some enthusiastic Canadian friends who had spent six happy weeks there "doing" the Old Country. It was not the sort of place Frensham had been accustomed to in his younger and presumably more fastidious days. A good many of his ideas had changed, he was certainly less fastidious about personal things, though, in his bachelor rooms at Woodville, Ontario, he had a good many queer ways—odd niceties of speech and behaviour which were more or less of a puzzle to his Canadian friends.

He could hardly have told why he voluntarily chose Wilcher's, which was a temperance house, unless he wished to accentuate the gulf between his old life and the new, and to more completely cut himself off. He had no particular fault to find with the place; it was clean, comfortable, home-like; and the food if plain was of good quality and excellently served. Yet on the evening of the second day, he felt a longing for certain old haunts; so he got into his evening clothes, and about eight o'clock took a taxi to the Savoy.

Something came over him as he stepped within the once-familiar portals. Many a happy evening he had spent there, with the good pals of other days. He left his coat and hat, stepped into the restaurant, with the sure air of the man who knows his bearings, and even found a certain little, familiar table in an alcove, where he could sit practically unobserved, and watch the passing show.

The beautiful room was filling rapidly, and by the time Frensham had finished his fish—a toothsome bit of Dover

sole, such as he had not tasted since he left England—there was scarcely a vacant table or chair. Presently, he saw two enter together,—a man and a woman,—and make their way to a small table his eye had not caught, but which had evidently been reserved.

He gave a great start, his face paled, and then reddened violently, and, for a second or so, he had the look of a man who, had he followed his first impulse, would have led the place.

"Judy, by all that's wonderful!—And Wriothlesley with her! Now, I wonder whether they are man and wife?"

When he had recovered a little, and realised that from where he sat, the woman who thrilled all his pulses, the only woman the world had ever held for him, could hardly observe him unless by turning deliberately round, he settled down to enjoy the little comedy in a grim sort of fashion. His interest in his meal was gone. In vain Francois thrust each successive dish under his undiscerning eyes and nostrils, disappointed that his patron, of whom he had been emptied to expect great things, should have failed to rise to the necessary heights of appreciation; he even went so far as to follow the diner's roving eyes, and to regard the lady in black with the proud, well-poised head and dazzling skin. Charming enough—oh, yes!—But there are many charming women, Francois might have said, while a really good dinner is a poem, not to be lightly regarded; it is too rare!

Were they man and wife?—By the time his coffee came, Frensham was worked up almost to a fever heat. He loved the woman—the trusty comrade of his early days; and he hated the man. Heavens, how he hated him! He had played him false in every relation of life; and, in order that a woman might be happy,—Judy, the woman he loved,—he had borne the brunt of an intolerable scandal, taken the blame for a fault he had never committed, and, to make things easy and plain, had simply disappeared! That step, so drastic and difficult, had been easier to Frensham than for most men, because he had no relatives save distant ones to be concerned about him. What he wanted to know now, what he had come home to England to discover, was whether his sacrifice had made Judy happy.

His first glimpse of her full face when she entered by Wriothlesley's side, had not given the impression of a happy woman, but rather of a hard one, who wore a mask to hide some inward pain.

"Francois," he said suddenly, beckoning the somewhat wistful-face waiter. "Will you do something rather unusual for me?"

"For sure, monsieur; say, and it is done——"

"Then, just slip round that table where the pink azaleas are, and, when you come back, tell me whether the lady in black wears a wedding ring."

Francois, discreet, inscrutable, perfectly understanding, glided away. It was several moments before he returned, and Frensham, feeling his agitation rising, took out his pocket-book, and made as if he were busy with its important contents.

He started, when the waiter's soft voice sounded at his elbow.

"The lady wears no ring of any kind, monsieur, and—pardon, but they are the most beautiful hands I have ever seen."

Frensham made no answer, but placed two sovereigns above his bill, and rising, walked a trifle unsteadily from the place.

For, if Judy was still a single woman, what did it mean? Had his gigantic renunciation been in vain? What had happened? All the world was whirling round him and he with it. His one desire was to get out, away from any possible chance of recognition by either of them.

heart was very stirred, and his eyes soft, as he beheld the sweet panorama of the familiar English scene spread before him. He did not suppose he would be recognised. Five years is a long time, and he must have changed;—nay, he knew he had, for he had called at an office in Cornhill where he was once known, and had had to reveal himself. Whether it was a change for the better or the worse he did not trouble to enquire, though, before he was many hours



"Just within the porch was Judy herself."

He took forty-eight hours to ponder the thing; and, on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, he left London, by a train starting from Waterloo.

The early December dusk was closing in, when, about half-past three, he alighted at a village station, cut in the side of a gorse-covered hill, which shut in a great stretch of wild common that had been dear to him as a boy. His

older, he was to put the question to himself rather anxiously.

He took his bag to the village inn, where he was relieved to find strange faces, asked a room for the night, and, having drunk a cup of excellent tea, went out presumably for a walk.

There was no dubiety about his step, nor had he to pause and ask direction. Straight as an arrow to the mark,

he cleared the straggling village street, and struck along the high road towards the sea. It was all indescribably beautiful and dear.

Frensham marvelled at the complexity of his own feelings, and attributed it to the fact that he was in England, and that to-morrow would be Christmas Day. In London, he had loathed all the manifold signs of the approaching festival—the hideous display of the beef of Old England at the shop doors, and thronged pavements, the hurrying crowds parcel-laden;—all that seemed to shut and keep him out—an exile, who had neither kith nor kin to keep Christmas with!

But here, it was different,—the white gleam of the frosted snow on hedge and tree, the vivid glow of the holly berries, the purity and wideness of the sky!—Above all, the quiet, and the intrinsic charm of the low English landscape had him by the heart and throat. He was so boyishly glad to be part of it all, once more, that he could have cried.

But his face hardened, when he came to an old stone gate set between two forbidding looking griffins, and by the time he had reached the pillared front of the Manor House, every trace of softness had vanished from his eyes.

"Yes—Mr. Wriothlesly was at home," the servant said in answer to his question, "What name could he take to his master?"

"None," replied Frensham, rather sternly. "Please take me to him."

The man hesitated a moment, but the tone was authoritative, so, without demur, he obeyed.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," he said, rather deprecatingly, as he opened the library door, and then stood back to let the visitor enter.

Frensham strode in, and closed the door before the servant could see or hear anything further. Wriothlesly, who was smoking by the fire, it being a bitter cold afternoon, stood up, and for the moment was quite aghast.

"You, Frensham—by all that's wonderful! Where have you sprung from?"

"Never mind that," answered Frensham briefly, and with a harsh tone in his voice. "I have come, to put one straight question.

"Why have you not married Judy Grainger?"

The dull colour uprose to Wriothlesly's face.

"Oh—so you knew it hasn't come off. Who told you?"

"I saw you on Tuesday night, together, at the Savoy;—you did not look like married people."

"No—worse luck, we're not. She wouldn't have me after all, Laurence;; there isn't anything else to say."

Frensham's colour rose and the veins thickened a little at his temples.

"She wouldn't have you?—But why?"

Wriothlesly shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask me another. Woman's caprice, I suppose. She only dined with me, last night, by a fluke. Two other people were to come, and didn't turn up."

They still continued to eye one another, with that hostile defensive air which indicates enmity.

Has she definitely refused you, Wriothlesly?—Did you tell her the truth?"

"No," answered Wriothlesly, "I did not."

"And she still believes that I was the guilty party?"

Once more Wriothlesly shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know what she believes, nor do I care. She has no use for me—let it stand at that."

"It was your duty to find me, Wriothlesly. I told you to write to Smethwicks if an occasion arose."

"No occasion arose," retorted Wriothlesly. "You could hardly expect me to throw Judy into your arms—could you?"

Once more Frensham's colour rose, and he clenched his hands by his sides.

"I stood by, for Judy's sake, because I thought she loved you. It was a big thing I did, Wriothlesly—to bear the odium of being a scoundrel—your odium! But I'm absolved. I'll tell her the truth to-day."

"You may tell her what you please; to convince her will be another matter. Besides—before Easter, she will be Lady Trewardine. She has fooled us both."

Frensham felt himself incapable of prolonging the interview. He had had no cause in the past to believe Wriothlesly's word, still less, could he believe it now. Was it for this, he had crossed the stormy sea in mid-winter, and opened up many gaping wounds which time and distance had certainly soothed?

As he strode down the lime avenue he raged at himself. He determined to return to London forthwith, and to put the ocean once more between him and pain so intolerable and so futile.

But when he got back to the gabled old inn, and found that preparations had been made for his comfort, his heart melted, and he resolved to spend Christmas Day where he was.

He did not go out again that evening, but devoted himself to the writing of some necessary letters, and went to bed early, only to be disturbed at all kind of hours by the waits and glee-singers and carol-singers—none of whom he had heard in all the five years of his exile.

He opened his latticed casement wide and tossed money to them, and asked for "Joyful and Triumphant" over again, though he told himself he had very little to be joyful and triumphant about!

Towards morning he fell asleep, and when he awoke it was too late for the early service; and while he was dawdling over his breakfast, the joy bells rang for matins. He made haste to get his boots, and swung down the village street in the softly-falling snow; and when he reached the lych-gate,—lo, the picture of his memory and of his dreams!

Just within the porch was Judy herself, turning smilingly to greet those coming up behind! He stepped back just in time to be caught, and, when he looked again, she had passed within the church door.

He heard her clear, lovely voice, above the choir, in the Christmas hymns, but he could not sing a note. There was something in his throat forbade it. He hurried out quickly, and disappeared to the far end of the yew hedge where it was lost in the Rectory garden, and he was waiting there when Judy came up alone. There was no surprise on her vivid face; and, most certainly there was a great gladness!

I believe it was settled then, though they moved up the path together, quite conventionally, till the house door was in sight.

"So you have come back, Laurie," she said quite simply. "But it has been long——"

Not yet!" said Frensham, with a kind of eager firmness. "Come up to the old arbour, till I ask things——"

She made no demur, and, when they were out of observation, at the top of the garden, he said, rather mournfully——

"You are older, Judy."

"Oh, yes; old as Methusaleh! I shall never be young again."

Frensham's protest died on his lips, for hers, he could see, were trembling.

"Judy, I expected to find you Wriothesly's wife. Why are you not?"

"Why should I be?" she asked, and, for the fraction of a moment, her eyes flashed.

"That was why I went away, Judy—to give you and him your full chance of happiness——"

"Well, it was no use," she answered. "And, anyhow, who asked you to do that."

The question so dumbfounded him that for the moment he could not speak.

"I thought I had no choice. I was discredited, Judy. Appearances were against me. Either Wriothesly or I had

to go to the wall," he answered simply at last. "And, as I thought you cared for him, I just cleared out."

The girl's eyes became dangerously soft, and she murmured——

"Greater love;" then paused, and flashed her gaze full on his face. "Yes—there is a greater love, Laurie—because you did it, not for a friend, but for a man whom you knew belittled and betrayed you! Why did you do it?"

"I have told you. It was for your sake, Judy."

"And, now, why have you come back?"

He hesitated a moment, then told her of the picture he had seen in the shop window at Woodville, Ontario.

It's a God-forsaken hole, Judy, and I live above a druggist's store; but I'm coining money fast, as a real estate agent, and, but for the desperate loneliness, it is not half a bad life."

"But when I come, Laurie, it will be better," she said demurely. "I have always wanted to see Canada. And I'll try to make a home—above the drug store."

So Laurence Frensham found Christmas joy, and the love which transforms the world, waiting for him at his journey's end, which was likewise his life's beginning.

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THE SECOND BUMP: OR THE USURPER UNMASKED.

BY J. J. BELL.

(Author of "Wee Macgregor," "The Story of Kitty Carstairs," etc.)

I.

"B-b-b-but——" boldly began the young man, facing the irate Earl across the length of the library.

"Silence!" thundered the aged nobleman, so loudly that his left foot awoke and reminded him of his gout. "I repeat, you must wed the Lady Frizetta, and that within the month."

"Grandpapa, I c-c-cannot," was the firm reply. "I have already t-told you that my heart is g-g-g-given to another."

"Improvident idiot!" roared the Earl. "I will put a stopper on this giving business. You will marry Frizetta, or be—a beggar!"

"Then," said the young man, drawing himself to his full height, thanks to a course of lessons by mail, "then I will b-be a b-b-beggar."

"It's time you were getting a hive for those b's of yours," the old man remarked with a sardonic smile. However, your honeyed words will not be lost when you propose to Frizetta at the Christmas Eve ball to-night."

"Never, Grandpapa!"

"Bah!" exclaimed the Earl with a wave of dismissal.

Sir Godfrey, our hero (for it was he indeed), hesitated outside the door. Should he go back to the old man—should he go back to the old man's presence and finish the glass of rich fruity he had left on the mantelpiece? No! He could not! It was Christmas Eve, and he was due at the ball that night. He must keep sort of straight.

II.

Ten minutes later Sir Godfrey (pronounce Gofry) was strolling along a country lane bounded on either side by lofty snow-clad hedges. Suddenly he heard a voice—a sweet familiar female voice.

"Unhand me, Captain Demmit," it said coldly.

The reply was an evil laugh followed by these words——

"Not until I have ravished a kiss from thy rosy squeaker under this piece of mistletoe which I have brought on purpose at great expense."

In less time than it takes to relate, Sir Godfrey had vaulted the hedge, and alighted gracefully, with one foot on a dewy mead and the other in a basket of eggs.

The maiden's expression of terror changed to one of joy. She wrested herself free from the loathed embrace of Cap-

tain Demmit, whose swarthy complexion became gamboge and whose spurred heels gambolled on the sward as he hissed—

"Rascal!"

"Never mind, Godfrey," said the maiden, as her lover extracted his foot from the basket, "grandfather prefers them scrambled anyway."

Rewarding her with a grateful glance, Godfrey retired three paces and faced his would-be rival. "G-g-go!" he commanded haughtily.

"Keep your hair on," was the impertinent reply.

"You are no gentleman," Aurora began with priceless scorn, and was only stopped by the eloquence of the eggs which had begun to join in the conversation.

With the support of a purple handkerchief Captain Demmit turned to the gate (which Sir G had scorned to use for his entrance). "See you later," he spluttered and, with a meaning scowl at the eggs, departed.

Each lover fell into the other's arms.

III.

Nay, Reader! You have probably been young yourself.

IV.

"But are you sure you will never wed Lady Frizetta, Godfrey?" murmured Aurora as she disengaged several of her golden strands from her lover's tie-pin and slipped them into her vanity bag.

"Never! Not if she had a hundred a year!" our hero declared. "I care not what the Earl may say or do. I will wed none but thou—I mean thee." (There were times when his impediment was hardly noticeable.)

"I cannot imagine what you see in me, a simple country peasant, without worldly experience, and so on," she said softly, her gaze sinking from her bodice of tomato-coloured tulle to her little feet in their smaller stockings and minute sandals.

"Neither can I," he sighed. "But these eggs——"

"And yet," she continued, as if speaking to herself, "I have dreamed that I may be of less humble birth than some people suppose. Oh! if only grandfather could regain his memory!"

"Ah, yes," said Godfrey in a voice vibrant with sympathy. "But what about getting a move on? These antique eggs are——"

"Wait, dear one, till I finish," she said pleadingly. "If only poor dear grandfather could remember something that happened before he was a year old! If only that careless nurse had not let him fall out of the window on his nut and so robbed him of his memory! I have often thought that a bump on the same spot might restore his loss; but—I am only a weak woman and unable to throw straight. Otherwise—Oh, Godfrey, I feel that some terrible secret is buried just under our noses——"

"You're right," said Godfrey hurriedly, "it's these eggs. They are telling us that I must git. By the way, here is a couple of passes for the Christmas Eve ball to-night—fancy dress, you know. Bring the old man. There'll be such a crowd that he and you will never be noticed."

"Oh, how good of you, Godfrey darling!" She picked up her basket of shattered hopes, flung her arms

around his neck, and disappeared into the perfumed atmosphere.

V.

The Lady Frizetta looked in her glass, found it empty, and turned to the mirror. Strictly speaking, she was not beautiful, neither would you have called her hijjus.

"Alas! this dreadful uncertainty!" she sighed, dividing her gaze between her reflection and the pasteboard box on her lap. "If only I knew which he preferred Toupee or not toupee—that is the question."

(It may save the reader time if we here explain that the Lady Frizetta did not love Sir Godfrey, but was passionately attached to Captain Demmit, who had jilted her three times. Her Ma, however, was in league with the Earl to force her into marriage with our hero. The Christmas Eve ball was to see the pair betrothed. Little did the plotters think that Christmas morn would find them confounded. Ha!)

VI.

The ball was in full swing. Not for many years had such a concourse of youth and beauty assembled in the ancient hall. Everyone wore masks, except the Earl who sported a respirator. Owing to a slight blunder whereby the floor had been treated with fish-glue instead of beeswax, there was less gliding than is customary on such occasions. Here and there a discarded piece of banana peel made the going more advantageous. The Lady Frizetta, reclining on a cactus, was powdering a perspiring nose in the conservatory.

The Earl drew Sir Godfrey aside behind a pot of spirea. "Have you proposed yet?" he demanded hoarsely. "Supper is ready to be served, but it must wait until I can announce your engagement."

"Good Hevings!" exclaimed our hero, "would you s-s-s-starve us all?"

"Not a drop of anything shall be served until you propose," was the unbending answer.

"Well," said our hero, "I don't mind proposing, but I'll be b-b-bothered if I ever m-marry her."

"We'll see about that," laughed the Earl, giving him a push in the direction of the conservatory.

VII.

At that moment an ancient figure heavily masked, accompanied by a youthful one, also masked, collided with the Earl.

"Is this a game of punch ball?" the nobleman haughtily demanded.

"Pardon, your worship," quavered the ancient one. "Didn't mean to tread on your corns——"

"Come away, grandfather," said the youthful figure in a terrified voice.

Ere they could move, however, Captain Demmit, disguised as a gentleman of the present day, and wearing the latest thing in motor goggles, stepped forward.

"Let me introduce you," he said, smiling sardonically. "My dear Earl, permit me to present Methusaleh, otherwise Bill Buggins, your humble tenant, and his granddaughter, Aurora Borealis Ditto." Into the maiden's ears he sneeringly whispered: "I told you I should see you later! What price revenge!? Ha! ha!"

"What!" thundered the Earl in so terrible a voice that the music stopped abruptly on a note of discord. "Bill Buggins, plebian varlet, how dare you set foot in my ancestral halls?"

"Oh, spare us, your lordship," cried Aurora, clasping her hands beseechingly.

Just then our hero came bustling in from the conservatory where he had left the Lady Frizetta drying her eyes with her toupee, her pocket having been picked earlier in the evening.

"Stay your hand, grandpapa!" cried our hero, for the Earl had raised his fist threateningly. "Stop!" I won't have it!"

"Hooray!" shouted the captain.

"On condition that he weds the Lady Frizetta."

"Done! Good old Frizzy!" Captain Demmit rushed into the conservatory, where he proposed and was accepted for the fourth time.

Suddenly Mr. Buggins sat up. He rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"I remember," he murmured, rising slowly and pointing an accusing finger at the Earl, "yes, now I remember everything—everything!"

IX.

The two aged men stood facing each other. There was a long, tense pause, during which 37 guests stuck fast to



"Take him away, and let's 'ave a bite o' Supper."

"No one is offering you anything," sneered the Earl, and with these words he clenched his fist, and gave the old man a biff just where the other bump had been—the bump which had robbed him of his memory.

The sound of a heavy fall was followed by a deathly silence. Guest looked at guest. On every lip was the mute question—"What about supper now?"

VIII.

"Cuck-coward!" exclaimed our hero, falling on his knees and emptying a packet of cachous into the aged party's goods entrance.

"May Heving reward you, Godfrey," whispered Aurora, as she watered her grandsire with a syringe hurriedly obtained from the conservatory.

"Idiot!" bellowed the Earl, "I disown you. My heir for the future is Captain Demmit——"

the ball-room floor, and looked hopelessly in the direction of the supper-room.

Then the man called Buggins removed his mask and spoke.

"I remember when I was one year old," he said slowly.

"That," hissed the Earl, through his respirator, "is a recumbent statement."

"I remember how my nurse, having dropped me out of the window of the castle, was afraid of losing her place and exchanged me for a low-born infant." The speaker pointed a carefully manicured finger at the Earl. "That low-born infant was you."

"You're wrong! I am a colonel of dragoons. I was never in the infantry!" But the Earl's voice shook.

The other laughed triumphantly. "Have you a birthmark on your left knee?" he demanded.

"N-not at the moment," came the faltering reply.
 "Then you're not needed here!" The man so long known as Buggins turned and addressed the crowd. "Which of us two looks like a genuine earl? Which of us two looks as though he was going to order supper right away?"
 With one accord they answered, "Buggins! And a Merry Christmas to Your Grace."

X.

The restored Earl rang for the servant. Pointing to the wretched usurper he said: "Take him away, and let's 'ave a bite o' supper."

"Hurrah!" screeched the guests.

"But where do I c-c-come in?" cried Sir Godfrey. "Am I no longer of noble birth?"

"No, young man, you ain't," replied the Earl. "But Rorie is," he added, patting his granddaughter's golden transformation, "so what's the odds?"

"Though our positions in the social world are greatly changed," said Aurora, "our hearts are still one."

And the Christmas bells chimed forth on the happy pair.

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THE SPINSTER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY JESSIE POPE.

(Author of "The Tracy Tubbses," "The Shy Age," etc.)

Miss Pinnet sat in her easy chair in a very comfortable frame of mind and body. Her midday Christmas dinner had been cleared away, and she could hear Mrs. Gamble, her garrulous and heavy-handed charlady, washing up in the scullery. So far the spinster's attentive ear had not detected any breakages, for though Hester, the maid, had gone home for the day, Mrs. Gamble proved a worthy substitute. The festive meal had been cooked to a turn, and if Miss Pinnet had partaken a little too freely of roast chicken, plum pudding and macaroni cheese, the slight symptoms of dyspepsia which supervened, failed to materialize, a fact she imputed with complacency to the excellent tabloids prescribed by her medical attendant, who, thanks be, thoroughly understood her constitution. Though Miss Pinnet had lived alone since her deceased parents had left her in possession of No. 4, Acacia Terrace, and a small but sufficient income, she was not lonely. Her meals interested her, so did her neighbours, and she had a perfect passion for the latest complication in crochet. In short the only fly in the ointment, at the moment, was the non-arrival of her tin of Devonshire cream, an annual order hitherto faithfully executed by the local dairy of her native village. This standing Christmas order had originated in her parents' time and included other tins sent to family friends, a custom which the old maid still observed out of filial sentiment, though she had lost touch with some of the recipients. And now her own particular tin had miscarried, and for the first Christmas for many years there would be no cream for tea.

"But with these bits of girls carrying the post-bag round, no wonder the parcels go wrong," murmured the old maid with a sigh, and she was just wondering if she should tackle her new crochet pattern first and have forty winks after, or vice versa, when a tap came at the door, and Mrs. Gamble in her bonnet and cloak, with a brown paper parcel under her arm, appeared to make her adieux.

"I've wiped up, Miss," she remarked blandly, "and when the gell comes back to-night, she'll say the scullery's a picture, and I've set the tea in the back parlour."

"That's right, Mrs. Gamble," replied the spinster taking out her purse, "it was very good of you to come to-day, and if I hadn't been disappointed about my tin of Devonshire cream, you should have had a taste to take home with you."

"Thank you, Miss," replied the charlady, pocketing her half-crown, and an extra shilling in consideration of the season, "a bit of cream does go nice, though it's no fault of yours. Last Thursday I obliged Mrs. Wilkes, as 'er eldest was getting married, and lovely big lump of wedding cake they give me. Not as I look for wedding cake from you, Miss. I wish I might. Perhaps some day, Miss. You never know." Miss Pinnet smiled a little coldly.

"Yes," she said, taking up her crochet, as a sign the interview was at an end, "you never know."

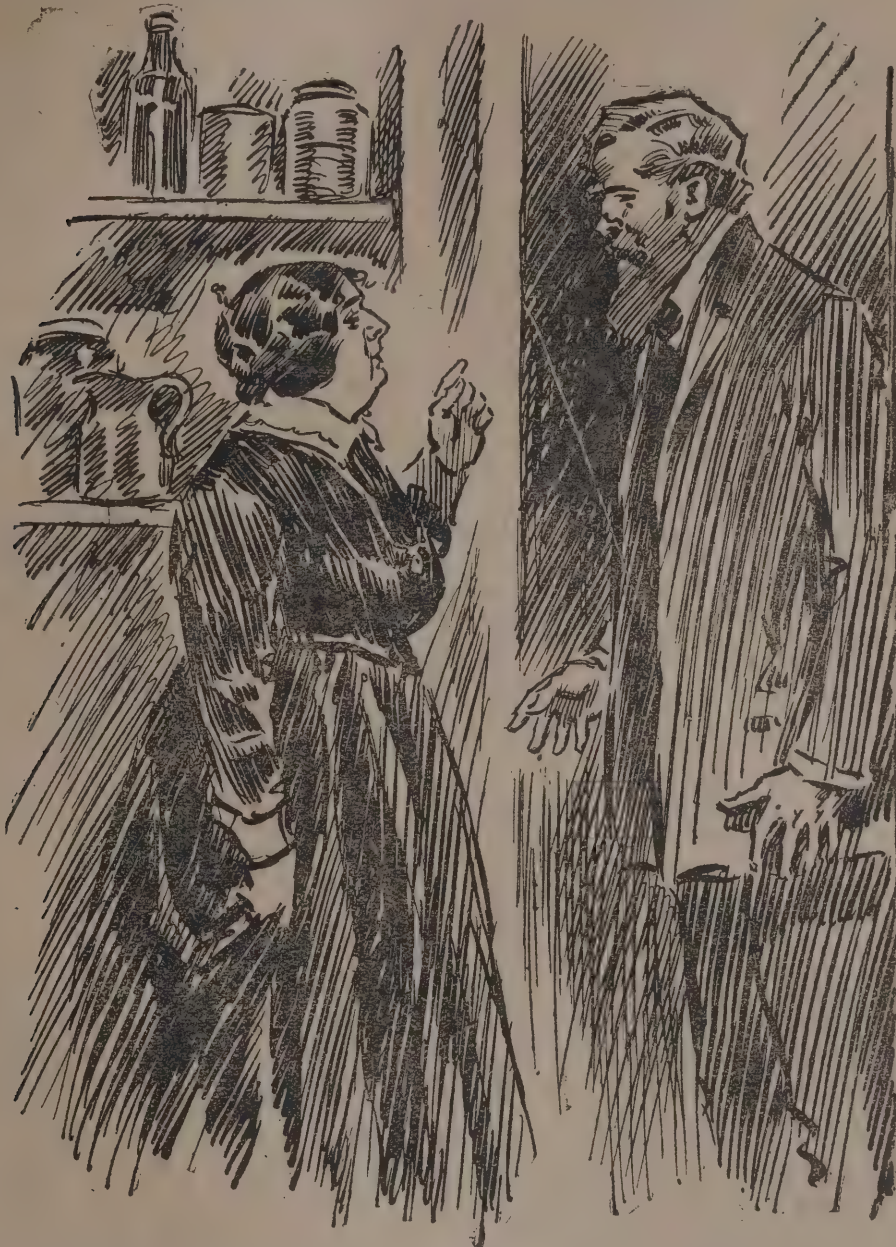
"Well, they do say as they what lives longest sees most," remarked Mrs. Gamble genially, as she departed.

The new crochet pattern proved uninteresting that afternoon, for the charlady's last shot rankled, and sent the spinster's thoughts back to the time when her hand had been sought in marriage by young Edward Mattingly of the next village. It was only a boy and girl affair, and her parents, though liking the boy, disapproved of his prospects, so it fell through, leaving at the back of the old maid's mind only a fading memory of a few stolen kisses in the twilight orchard. But it was not of her boy lover that Miss Pinnet dreamed as she dozed by the fire, but of the missing Devonshire cream, and awoke from her nap rather like a cross child, and her heart fuller of resentment towards the G.P.O. than ever.

The fire in the kitchen had burned low, but a handful of kindling wood from the shed would revive it, and with this object in view Miss Pinnet stepped out into her tidy

yard. Last night's gale had not yet exhausted its energies, and a long trail of Dorothy Perkins, which made the low fence between Nos. 4 and 5 a pink glory in summer, was lying across the lawn. Approaching the fence, with her black silk skirt caught up above her sturdy ankles, Miss Pinnet investigated the damage and then glanced with customary curiosity at her next door neighbour's domain. He

petrifyingly familiar object on the shelf in the opposite larder, plainly visible from her observation post. It was a small, cylindrical-shaped object wrapped in brown paper with a bright red postage label attached. Miss Pinnet's rosy face went suddenly white, and her hand gripped the fence to save herself from staggering backwards at the shock of her sudden discovery.



"The big bushy-bearded man stood staring at the portly black silk figure standing there in the dim larder."

had not long moved in, and seemed of unsociable habits, a big loose-jointed person with a bushy grey beard and fierce bristling eye-brows. The place looked dreary and deserted, a contrast to her own apple-pie home. "But what can you expect," she thought to herself, "when a tenant moves in without having any dilapidations repaired, and only has a woman to clean up once a week." It was while her critical eye was roving over the curtailless condition of No. 5, that her glance suddenly became arrested by a

"That's my cream!" she ejaculated, and as she stood glaring at the familiar shape of the package and the well-known label of the dairy, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of how that morning when peeping through the curtains she had seen the post-girl deliver a parcel at No. 5. The tenant was evidently out for the day, but his charwoman had answered the door, and had evidently placed the tin on the larder shelf, and there it was likely to stay till it went sour—"unless," she thought, desperately,

"I go and claim it when he comes back." But the old maid knew she was not equal to such an ordeal. The man looked fierce and frightened her, and she had always severely avoided his glance, if they met in the street, and made a hasty return to her house if they happened to be in their garden at the same time.

But it was her cream, and the craving for the dainty, now stimulated by the sudden sight of it so near at hand, increased a hundred-fold. And then all at once an idea flashed across her with the suddenness of an inspiration. She might feel unequal to tackling her neighbour face to face, but what was to prevent her retrieving her property in his absence. He was out when the cream arrived, he would never know it had gone from the shelf—and with the help of a kitchen chair placed by the fixed clothes prop, the low fence might be negotiated successfully even by a portly spinster. It could be done—it should be done. The latent fighting spirit in Miss Pinnet's bosom was roused—her years fell from her, her cheek glowed, her eye sparkled, as she determined to make the great adventure.

Certainly, as she set the chair in position and climbed on the seat, she wondered what her maiden-lady friends would think of her, but there was no one to see and no one need know. "Besides, it's my cream," she muttered resolutely, as she set her stout foot on the top of the fence, and steadying herself for a moment by the fixed clothes prop, dropped successfully, if heavily, on her neighbour's flower-bed, and with her heart thumping beneath her best black silk bodice, walked across to her neighbour's kitchen door. It opened to her touch, and after a moment's hesitation on the threshold, she crossed the dilapidated kitchen to the larder. The door was not closed probably because it was minus the handle, and pushing it open she entered and, her heart thumping harder than ever, made her way to the shelf by the window, and in another moment the tin of Devonshire cream was in her grasp. At the same moment, however, a great gust of wind tearing in at the window and round the untidy shelves blew the door to, with a bang, and the handleless latch snapped home.

Miss Pinnet put down the cream on the shelf again, and stared at the door, as with a sudden pang of cold horror, she realized she was a prisoner. She shook the door, she brought her weight against it, but in vain. In vain, also, she niggled at the lock with her strongest hair pins—and eyed the window with the hopeless realisation that to try to squeeze her plump form through that limited aperture was to attempt the impossible. The wind whirled round the larder, and fanned her face, hot and cold by turns, as thoughts of shame and misery flocked through her tortured brain. What would he do when he found her there? Would he ignore her story and hand her over to the police, a pantry pilferer, caught red-handed in the act! Her past life rose before her—those quiet secluded years, as a dutiful daughter, followed by the honoured respectability of independent spinsterhood—and she groaned aloud.

The short Christmas twilight faded into darkness, and the helpless captive, exhausted by her mental agony, sat down on the wooden cover of her neighbour's bread pippen, hid her face in her hands, and heartily wished she had never been born.

Then while her tears filtered through her plump white fingers and bedewed the mourning rings she wore in memory

of her sainted parents, she heard a sound which made her spring erect from the bread pippen, and stand with her hand pressed to her beating heart. It was the sound of a latch key in the front door followed by her neighbour's heavy steps along the passage, and into the kitchen.

Discovery was imminent and inevitable, she heard him light his gas and fill the kettle. For a moment her agitated brain hovered between pleading penitence and a desperate game of bluff, and drying her eyes and pulling herself together she decided on the latter, tapped on the door, and said in as autocratic voice as she could assume: "Kindly let me out." An ejaculation of surprise fell on her straining ears, the handle was hastily fitted, the door opened, and the big, bushy-bearded man stood staring at the portly black silk figure standing there in the dim larder.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed.

"Allow me to explain," interposed Miss Pinnet rapidly, "I reside at No. 4. This morning a parcel containing a tin of Devonshire cream, addressed to me, was left at your house by mistake. Your charwoman took it in and placed it on the larder shelf. You were out and having no other means of doing so, I came across to recover my property myself—but unfortunately the wind shut the door and as there was no handle, I was obliged to wait for your return. If my action seems singular to you, I can assure you it was prompted by the best intentions, and I may add that I am well known and respected in the neighbourhood." Her neighbour looked at her thoughtfully during this speech, and at the end of it made a queer noise in his throat which might have been amusement or menace. Then without speaking he went into the larder and brought out the brown-paper parcel.

"But it's not yours at all," he said—pointing to the red label which Miss Pinnet saw with a shock of surprise was addressed to Edward Mattingly, Esq. For a moment she was nonplussed—then she replied quickly:—

"I see what has happened. Mr. Mattingly is an old friend of the family to whom I send cream every year. The dairyman has addressed his tin to me by mistake instead of my own."

"There has been no mistake—" the bushy-bearded man replied, "your gift has reached its proper destination. Don't you know me, Alice?" The spinster started—the big, loose jointed, untidy figure, the bushy beard and fierce eyebrows were quite unfamiliar to her—but, with a sudden leap of her pulses, she met the eyes of her neighbour, and knew they were the sad questioning brown eyes of the boy who had kissed her in the orchard forty years ago.

All her heroic bluff went out of her. Her plump hands fell helplessly to her black silk sides.

"Edward!" she exclaimed huskily—"Oh—to think we should meet like this after all these years—What must you think of me!" and dropping down in a chair by the kitchen table she began to cry.

The old maid felt a hand on her shoulder, and heard a very deep but gentle voice saying, "Now, don't upset yourself. I'd rather have met like this than any other way. I took this little house next yours on purpose, Alice, but I saw you neither recognised me nor liked the look of me, and I don't wonder at that, for the years have treated me less kindly than they have you. So I laid low, hoping that something might turn up to break the ice, and 'pon my soul it has."

"But you don't know how ashamed I really feel," sobbed the penitent spinster, the tears rolling down her cheeks like a child, "breaking into your house, risking all sorts of dreadful consequences just because I felt so—so greedy for my cream."

"Stuff and nonsense," he replied—"I admire your pluck and spirit."

"Perhaps I've more now than I had years ago, Edward," she faltered.

"It's Christmas Day," he replied with a happy laugh, "so we'll let bygones be bygones—and in any case you must take the cream."

Miss Pinnet rose and drew herself up with a shade of her old dignity.

"The table is laid in my back parlour," she said, "will you come and take a cup of tea with me?"

"And he did, and brought the cream with him, and what's more, in less than a month No. 4 and No. 5, Acacia Terrace, joined forces, and Mrs. Gamble took home a large slice of the spinster bride's wedding cake after all."

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LOVE AT HERTFORD'S, LTD.

BY GUY THORNE.

(Author of "When it was Dark," "Made in His Image," etc.)

Twenty minutes to nine!

In twenty minutes, Hertford's Limited, the great, many-fronted shop on the other side of the river would close. It was the Monday in Christmas week—Christmas was on the Friday—and the lighted halls were thronged with purchasers.

In "the drapery," Elsie Severn, a tall, slim girl, pretty and distinguished, but pale and worn in face, was showing serges to a big, fat, over-dressed woman. Bale after bale of the heavy, woollen cloth was taken down from the shelves at the back, and Elsie unrolled them with deft fingers and tired arms.

"You've nothing here to suit me at all," said the fat woman in a loud, cross voice which attracted the attention of Mr. Pompus, the big, blond shop-walker with the dyed moustache.

He came sidling up to the counter, bowing, smiling and rubbing his plump hands.

"I am sure we shall be able to suit you, madam," he said suavely. "Naturally, you would be particular; your taste is so good." And then in a very different voice, sharp and bullying, "Miss Severn, why have you not shown Mrs. Smith the new line that came in yesterday—at three-and-eleven—the durable purple?"

Again poor Elsie Severn must mount the steps and search on the topmost shelves.

Five minutes to nine! The old lady went away grumbling, and for a moment Elsie had a breathing space. At a counter opposite she saw Philip Horne, who had recently entered the drapery department as an improver. Like herself, he was tall. His face was clean-shaved, resolute and strong, while his thick hair of dark red colour grew low on his forehead. Their eyes exchanged a single glance, and then, as Mr. Pompus rolled past them, they fell to putting away the counter stock for the night.

The clock struck. A few last customers moved towards the roaring street beyond. The little boxwood balls ceased clicking and running in their tramways, and the young lady

in the high cash desk above shut her day-book with a vivacious smack. The commissionaire and shop-porters began to bar the doors and let down the shutters. Brown holland sheets made their appearance from all sides, and the big arc-lights in the roof went out suddenly.

In ten minutes Elsie was able to go to her room at the back of the premises, a room which she shared with ten other girls. There was supper in the ladies' dining-room—pallid cocoa, bread, and margarine, horrible strawberry jam—but she did not feel inclined for any supper. Moreover, you were not fined for going without meals at Hertford's—it was the only thing you were not fined for.

So Elsie went up to the long, bare dormitory, and sat on her little bed and cried. It was hardly less a torture-house to her than the great shop below. There was only one girl sleeping there for whom she had the slightest friendship. The rest were silly or sensible, pretty or ugly, as he case might be, but one and all of them came from a class of life much lower than her own. Their ideals were rankly vulgar, and, try as she would, she could not like them. Oil and water do not mix. It was the tragedy of her daughter of a well-known country doctor who had died upon the point of bankruptcy that she could not mix with her Cockney colleagues. They resented this, and who can blame them?—and the result was continual friction, sly asides, and petty persecutions.

And Christmas week was always the worst. Elsie had no home to go to. She had only one relation, an aunt, who had become an ardent suffragette, her father's sister, who had quarrelled with him, and there had been no communication between this lady and the Severn father and daughter for many years. She remembered the happy Christmases of her youth in the old cathedral town, and she looked around the bare room with a sob. She was hungry, but could not eat the cheap and nasty food which awaited her. She was dead tired, but knew that even if she went to bed she could not rest. Besides, there was just one spot of light in the dreary expanse of her life.

At a quarter to ten she was to meet Philip Horne on Blackfriar's Bridge, when they could be together until they must return to the living-in departments of Hertford's strictly upon the stroke of eleven. And even these meetings had to be furtive and carefully planned, for Hertford's Limited saw no reason why men and maidens should meet in healthy social intercourse, and the two sexes were kept as rigidly apart as if they were in separate prisons, as indeed they were.

Elsie's face brightened a little as she thought of Philip, and she began to make her toilet for the walk. How different he was from the other, "gents!" An improver only, having paid a small premium to learn the business, he of course had no wages, and was at the beck and call of everyone. But he was a gentleman, if not by birth, in every instinct, and shone among his colleagues.

The two had been mutually attracted from the first, poor waifs and strays of the under London world, their only happiness was to snatch a hurried meeting now and then and rail at their drab and miserable lives.

Elsie slipped out of the back way and was at the rendezvous first. Punctually at quarter to ten, she saw Philip in his worn suit of dark blue and shabby bowler hat striding towards her. It was a fine clear night. A big round moon hung over the Houses of Parliament, and all the great hotels of the Embankment glowed with orange light as they turned and walked towards Cleopatra's Needle.

Neither of them said much at first, until they sat down upon a seat.

"It's been an awful day!" Elsie said. "I am dead tired. Sometimes I think I shall go mad, Philip!"

His face contracted with a spasm of pain. "It is awful for you, dear," he said. "God knows, I think of it every moment. But there is a way out!"

"No," she said, shaking her head, "there is no way out for me. It will go on till I drop—this life of almost unrelieved gloom. The slightest refinements will always be beyond me. I wish to God that I had never known the pleasant, cultured, easy life of the past, for I long for it with a fierce and agonised longing!"

He took her hand, in its little mended glove. There was nobody in sight.

"Elsie!" he said, with swift, passionate utterance, "trust in me! Throw it all up—let us get married! We have done no harm, you and I. I am a man, and strong. Providence will watch over us."

"Oh, my dear," she answered, with a hopeless quiver in her voice, "if we only could! But you know it's impossible. I have been at Hertford's longer than you, and I know the lot of anyone who hopes to rise from a subordinate position, unless they are sly, truckling, and altogether horrible. You could never be that. And what are your prospects?"

"I am a man, and I can work," he said doggedly.

"But where or how? Dearest, if you had the slightest prospect of earning even two pounds a week, I would marry you to-morrow. It would be Paradise! But you know that you haven't, not for long years yet. Bad as our life is starvation would be worse. Do you think I am mercenary and horrid in saying this? Believe me, I am not, but the iron has entered into my soul, and I see life as it is."

A torrent of impassioned words poured from him. They were so warm, strong and hopeful, that they almost carried her away. For a moment she let her mind linger on the rosy prospect, and then, with a bitter sigh, she rose.

"Don't say 'no' now," he pleaded, as they began to walk back to their respective prison houses. "The day after to-morrow we can get out again. Think it over, darling. Trust me more than you do. Give me your answer next time—and let it be 'yes!'"

When she got back and had wearily climbed the long stairs to the dormitory, Elsie found a letter awaiting her on the chair by her bedside. The last post had come in while she was out, and one of the other girls had brought the letter up.

She opened it with considerable wonder—nobody ever wrote to her—and when she had read it through once let it sink into her lap with a gasp of amazement. The colour rose in her cheeks; her heart began to beat furiously.

The letter was from a firm of solicitors in Chancery Lane. It stated with terse brevity that Miss Severn, senior, had died, and instead of leaving her money to the Suffragette cause, had left it to her niece. The capital sum brought in an income of four hundred pounds a year. But there was a proviso attached, an odd proviso, which the solicitors mentioned in a deprecating way. "Miss Severn's strong feminist opinions were no doubt well known to you, and in consequence of them, as expressly stated by the will, there is a rigid condition attached to the bequest. If, at any time, the legatee should marry, the whole sum reverts to various institutions."

Nobody noticed Elsie's excitement as she undressed and crept into bed. She lay awake nearly the whole night, feeling like a princess in a fairy-tale. A dear little cottage with a garden full of flowers! White table-cloths, cut-glass and silver, pictures and books, a dog—green fields and friendly trees! Oh, it was a vision of Paradise, and she felt like a man reprieved on the very eve of execution!

The next morning she asked permission to leave the shop for a couple of hours. Mr. Pompus, her chief, rudely refused it at first, but when he was shown the solicitor's letter his manner changed instantly and became paternal, and already poor Elsie tasted the pleasures of inheritance.

She saw the solicitors and found that the news was really true. The will would be admitted to probate in a few days and the money be in her absolute possession. If she was in immediate need of any money, the senior partner offered to advance it.

This she refused—she had three or four pounds saved up—she would wait for a week or so, hugging the precious knowledge to herself, dallying for a little longer with poverty and slavery, so that the coming change might be the sweeter.

And all that day, and part of the next, she hardly gave a thought to Philip Horne.

She saw him in the shop, his longing glances reached her, but she regarded him as if he were a dream creature and of no account now in life.

On the evening of the second day, however, a note reached her by a friendly hand, reminding her of the appointment, and once more at closing-time, only two days before Christmas now, she stood upon Blackfriar's Bridge and waited.

She saw him come and was conscious of a peculiar thrill, not wholly one of pleasure. As they walked to their favourite seat—for they had nowhere else to go—her face was white under the light of the lamps, and she hardly said a word until she heard his voice once more pleading.

"I have thought it all over, dear," he said eagerly, "and I tell you, with absolute certainty, that I can provide for you. Don't mistake me, I am certain of myself!"

And then she told him. With an eloquence which surprised her, and which she vainly hoped he would under-

"Dear," he said, "I told you that I was certain of being able to provide for you if you would trust me, but this alters everything. I should be a scoundrel if I asked you to give up a certainty of happiness for another struggle, even with me at your side. With all my heart I congratulate you. I shall love you, and no one else, until I die. If that means anything to you, add it to your other possessions—but never again will I mention love to you."

His face was white and drawn. Cold as it was, she saw little beads of perspiration start out upon his brow.



"Elsie, my dear, I claim the right to take you in."

stand, she painted a picture of her present life and what it really meant to her. Never before had she shown him the horror of it so vividly. Then came the contrast. She could resume her rightful place in society. Marriage was not everything. There was a career for a girl, if she wanted a career; there was quiet peace after the inferno in which for two years she had been plunged.

She was pleading now, stating her case as forcibly as she could, and yet feeling all the time that it must sound hollow and inadequate to him. She looked into his strong face for an indication of what he thought, but found none.

He heard her to the very end, and then he spoke.

His voice was firm, but his hands trembled. He rose to go.

"I think," he said gently, "that I had better leave you now."

She saw his tall figure turn, and noted one backward despairing glance.

Then something seemed to snap within her. She knew in an overwhelming flood of realisation that nothing mattered but him. Peace, comfort, leisure—the old life—what were these to love? It was as though her whole life had suddenly changed in a single instant of time, and as though she had awakened from a long, grey sleep to see a world of glowing, pulsing fire.

She knew now, she would never know anything as vividly as this again, and a cry burst from her which brought him to her in two swift steps.

"No, no, my love," she said, "I didn't know, I didn't know! Let it all go—what is it, after all if I have you to fight for me?"

On Christmas morning, Elsie went to church alone. Nearly all the other girls had gone to their respective homes; not one of them had asked her to go with them. But in the afternoon Philip was to come for her, and she was to go to his house for the Christmas dinner.

That morning. "I shall be thinking of you, dear, till I meet you. As I told you, my father is only a draper, but he is a good man, and I will love him. This afternoon is to be the proudest moment of my life."

As she walked back from St. Paul's, Elsie thought deeply. She had already written to the solicitors and declined her aunt's bequest. She was now irrevocably committed to a life of struggle for many years. She wouldn't have been human if she had been without regrets. Even yet the picture of ease and comfort floated before the vision of the delicately nurtured girl. She wished that Philip and she could have been alone together somewhere that Christmas day. Philip was perfect, but with a little shudder she pictured a small suburban villa, the kind vulgarity of her future father-in-law—doubtless there would be much to shock and irritate her, but she must be careful not to show it.

She dined with the housekeeper, and then went upstairs to her room and rested for a time, until, at four o'clock, she went to the back entrance of the shop ready dressed to meet her lover.

As she stood there in the gloom, for a horrible fog had fallen over London, she shivered. Well, she must make another sacrifice! She must walk with Philip to the Tube—by the way, he hadn't said where his father lived—and trudge through the dark of a Christmas night to the humble festivity. Just then she heard the buzzing of a taxi-cab.

It swung round the corner, drew up in front of the back-door without a jar, and Philip leapt out.

When she felt her hands in his, her brooding fled. "Noël!" he cried, as the door clicked to and they started.

An utter contentment fell over her. She was in his arms, they were strong round her, and the low murmur of his voice was like music in her ears.

"Our Christmas night!" he said, "darling, our Christmas night! They're all so excited at home, my father and my sisters. They're longing to meet you!"

On and on they went though the fog outside. There was a light in the roof of the taxi-cab, and bit by bit Elsie looked about her.

"How extravagant, Philip!" she said. "Can you afford a taxi?"

"Oh, I don't think it matters much on an occasion like this."

It was a beautiful taxi-cab, upholstered in softest green, with all the fittings shining like silver. She remarked upon it, and he told her that only the very best taxi-cabs ran about London now, and that those fortunate people who could afford them would not travel in any others.

"I say, Elsie dear," he said suddenly, "we've got a turkey and plum pudding for dinner!"

She nearly laughed, for his pride in the simple festivity of his home was childlike. She thought of other Christmases in the past, and then, half-laughing and half-crying, she clung close to him.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "what do turkey and plum pudding matter to me? I have got you!"

Then, for a time, there was silence between them while Elsie wondered that a young man with such a presence and whose manner of speaking was like one of the fortunate of the earth, could still be absorbed in such a petty detail as plum pudding! She was a pauper herself now—had been so for two years—she must not despise the simple pleasures of the poor.

Suddenly the droning of the magnificent taxi sunk down and died. Philip was outside the cab in a moment, holding the door open for her. He caught her by the arm and ran her up some steps—obviously, Mr. Horne, senior, lived in a building of cheap flats—and hurried her into a hall. She just remembered that Philip had forgotten to pay the cabman, she just heard the hall door close softly behind her, when she started violently and looked round.

Where was she.

She stood in a large, panelled place, and she stood upon a thick, soft carpet. A great fire of elm logs burned upon an open hearth. Suits of armour stood around this place, and, mid-winter as it was, close to her hand was a tree of flowering roses. It was all absolutely silent. There was not a person there, and she turned and looked at Philip in fear.

"Philip," she cried, "where have you brought me?—where is this?"

"Home, dear," he said simply—"my father's house—until we get a home of our own."

She put her hand to her throat and felt the little muscle working up and down. Her mouth was dry, her voice hoarse as she spoke again.

"But your father is——"

"A draper, dear, as I told you, only rather a big one—Horne and Bunting, don't you know—oh, here's the Governor!"

It was as though some signal had been sounded; it was like a trick of the theatre. A great mahogany door to the right opened. A tall, clean-shaved old man in evening dress came out, followed by two sweet-faced girls. He walked towards Elsie, stopped a yard in front of her, and looked earnestly into her face. Then he held out his arms and drew her to him.

"Welcome, little daughter!" he said; and as she moved restless in his embrace, her mind in a whirl, he held her away from him with his left arm, and pointed upwards with his right. "Mistletoe, Elsie!" he cried—"now go to your sisters."

The two girls in their long, clinging gowns of crêpe de chine, enfolded her and led her gently away. She found herself in a great bedroom, warm, friendly and scented. Upon the bed were shimmering, feminine mysteries.

"Now, Elsie, we're going to dress you," said the eldest girl—her masses of hair were dark red, like Philip's.

"But—but——"

"Oh, they'll fit you all right, Philip has not been an improver in Hertford's for nothing. Ever since he came

down from Oxford he has been devoting himself entirely to business."

"Then——?"

"I am Helena, dear, and this is Margery. I know what you must be feeling, but it was Philip's plan, and father quite agreed. Father has a great sense of the dramatic. Oh, you darling, how sweet you look in that gown! Don't you see, dear, don't you realise, that we know all about what you thought you were giving up for Philip? We love you already. We're going to have a Christmas night like a fairy tale!"

They led her down the broad stairway, and the hall was filled with footmen, who bowed. They took her into a great shining drawing-room, where Philip and his father, strangely alike, were standing. Philip took her hand, bowed low, and kissed it.

"Forgive me, sweetheart," he said, "for playing this trick upon you. I went to Hertford's, incognito, in order

that I might find out for my father exactly what the employees of a great business did suffer in unscrupulous hands—there I met you."

At that moment, there was the deep reverberation of a gong.

"Dinner, Christmas dinner!" cried Sir John Horne. "Elsie, my dear, I claim the right to take you in. I believe the children have all got presents for you. I have got one too. A week ago I purchased the business of Hertford's, Limited, and now it is yours to do with as you like."

Elsie looked up at him with a smile.

"Exactly as I like?" she asked.

"Lock, stock, and barrel, my dear!"

"Then," she remarked, her pretty teeth clicking together and a flash of fire in her dark eyes, "then, Mr. Pompus goes on New Year's Day!"

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THE CAPTOR CAPTURED.

BY MABEL QUILLER-COUCH.

(Author of "Some Western Folks," etc.)

"I am awfully sorry to have given you so much trouble, and—and I am very much obliged to you for your help, but," raising two rueful, shamed, but glorious blue eyes to his, "I—I hope I may never see you again,—I beg your pardon, I mean I hope you may never see me again. I—I am so horribly ashamed."

"I am glad to have been of any help," the young man's tone was polite, but painfully formal.

"If only he would not look so shocked," thought Betty desperately, "if he would but take it as a joke, I should not feel half so bad."

"I will return you your shoe," he added, holding it towards her by the extreme tip of its lace. Even the snow and slush on it could not conceal its appalling shabbiness, Betty noticed, and oh, why did he persist in dangling it so that every dilapidation showed to the utmost. "May I help you to put it on?"

"No, you may not," snapped Betty, "I begged you not to fish it out of the river, now please throw it back again at once, or, if you dangle it before my eyes a moment longer, I cannot be answerable for what I shall do."

For the first time a smile crossed her rescuer's face. "You have put a terrible temptation in my way," he said almost boyishly.

"Nevertheless you have to obey me. Please," pleadingly, "throw it away."

"But you can't walk over this half-frozen snow with bare feet, a bare foot, I mean. You will have to put on your shoe, or let me help you home. If you leaned on my arm and hopped,"—he paused to try and conceal the laughter in his eyes and voice, "it would warm you. You

will really be ill if you stand about any longer in your wet clothes in this atmosphere."

This roused her. "Ill! oh, I mustn't be ill—I've got a Christmas dance on—" She was thankful afterwards that she had said "I" and not "We," and saved away her identity.

"A Christmas dance! So have——" but before he could complete his sentence he found himself addressing space only, for Betty was flying along the road as fast as her unshod foot would allow her. Her skirts, heavy with water, clung about her legs uncomfortably, hampering her at every step, the broken snow hurt her foot, but she cared nothing so long as she got away from her rescuer and her shoe. By going across the fields to the Grange she would save a ten minutes' walk—but he might be watching her, and not for anything would she have him know that the Grange was her home. So she went the long way round by the high road, though there was the risk of meeting people she knew, "and of course," she told herself bitterly, "everyone she especially did not want to meet, would be out."

She met only Philippa, however, and at the sight of her Betty sank to the low wall of the churchyard with a sigh of relief, Philippa would scold, but what one's own sister said mattered nothing. Of course, Philippa's eyes fell at once on the hole in the toe of Betty's stocking.

"Oh, that's a trifle," sighed Betty wearily, "you should see the heel!"

"Well, if you run in stockinged feet over half frozen snow——"

"Only one shoe came off," corrected Betty, "but, of course, it was the one that had the biggest holes in it. I

wouldn't have minded so much though, if—if I hadn't had such holes in my stocking. Shabby shoes look like honest poverty, but holey stockings show——"

"Sheer laziness," said Philippa uncompromisingly. "Betty, you hadn't on those awful old shoes of yours, your 'pets,' had you?"

Betty nodded. "Yes, I had a long way to walk, and I wanted to be comfortable. The worst of it is I have left one in his keeping!"

"Betty!"

"And he was such a toney-looking youth, too," ruminated Betty. "Awfully superior, and painfully polite, and so well dressed."

"I hope he was not anyone we are likely to meet again," Philippa murmured anxiously.

"So do I."

"There are any amount of strangers staying about here for Christmas, a lot are coming to our dance to-night, I suppose we shall get to know them all."

"He is sure to be one of the 'lot,'" sighed Betty drearily. "But he shall not know me, though. I'll wear the Nun's gown, Philly, and he will never guess I am the pig-tailed, short-skirted damsel he found up to her knees in river mud. I pulled my old cap well down over my eyes—What do you think, Phil?" anxiously.

Philippa looked doubtful. She could scarcely believe that any man would fail to recognise again Betty's blue eyes, black lashes, and copper-coloured locks.

Betty got up and shook out her wet skirts. "Never mind," she said provokingly, "perhaps he will mistake you for me! we are rather alike—Oh, I say, here comes the Curate. Goodbye!"

* * * *

Michael Gregory buttoned himself into his policeman's tunic with a despondent sigh, and as he pulled on his black woollen gloves he anathematised all fancy-dress dances soundly and comprehensively.

"Why on earth people can't dance in their ordinary clothes, but must get themselves up in something hotter and stuffer than usual, it passes my understanding to discover!"

He repeated the problem to Tom Howard when Tom burst into the room to have his pinafore tied about his neck. "My dear Mickey, nobody dictated to you what you should wear. You could have gone as an imp, if you had liked, or an Ice King."

"Well, I couldn't decide what to go as, I never can, and just as my brain was giving way under the strain I came upon this helmet—a relic of bygone Town and Gown row,—and that settled it. It's too late now to change. Do you think anyone will recognise me?"

"Oh, no!" ironically, "of course not."

Not recognise him! Betty Brunton, coming down the stairs as he stepped into the hall, knew him the moment her eyes fell on him, and was filled with a rush of deep thankfulness that she had chosen the nun's white robes, and the close-fitting coif and veil, rather than the early Victorian gown and bonnet which Philippa had wanted her to wear. The flowing robes made her look tall and dignified, the coif and veil concealed every bit of her beautiful hair.

That the disguise was perfect she knew when her host brought her and her rescuing knight face to face, and no gleam of recognition showed in his eyes.

There was a gleam of something else though, which was much more pleasant to Betty than the grave shocked look of the afternoon, and brought a tint of roses to her cream-tinted cheeks.

"May I have the pleasure of a dance?" he asked gravely, "at least—I mean, you do dance?" he added hurriedly.

"You think my 'habit' will not permit?" Betty's smile was not at all nunlike, but it was very compelling.

Michael smiled back. "It seemed wrong, somehow, to suggest anything so frivolous."

"But what of your own? Do policemen dance?"

"Not often, I imagine," with a tug at his collar, or they would all be dead of apoplexy." He held out his hand for her programme. "May I?"

"I don't know. What should I do if you died of apoplexy in my arm—at my feet, I mean!" Betty added hastily.

"But I will not, I promise you I will not. If I feel the slightest symptom coming on I will ask you to lead me to a cool and secluded corner."

"Very well," agreed Betty, but she spoke absently. Her brain was busy with an idea, a delightful idea promising plenty of fun and a neat little turning of the tables on this young man who had witnessed her humiliation, and laughed at her embarrassment. Betty's eyes grew brighter, in her excitement her feet simply flew over the polished floor, her body seemed to float.

"Do all nuns dance as you do?" her partner asked in undisguised admiration. Betty looked up at him. He had taken off his uncomfortable helmet and hung it on his arm. "Ah, how handsome he is!" thought Betty. "What a well-shaped head he has,—and that ripple in his well-groomed hair——" Her heart gave a curious little throb, and her eyes fell suddenly.

"I—I—what did you say? Do all nuns dance? I don't know. I should think it depended on which they went in for first. You see I learnt to dance before I became a nun." She spoke in broken, nervous fashion. Later on she felt that her embarrassment had helped her scheme, but at the moment she felt only foolish, and angry with herself. It was all lost though on her partner. He was conscious only of her sweet face, her grace, her indescribable charm.

"Do you know," he said at last, and he spoke almost shyly, "I cannot picture you as anything but a nun,—it shows how well your raiment suits you."

Then it was true he had not recognised her! Her heart beat just a shade faster, but she looked up at him with mischievous taunting eyes, and her laugh rang out gaily. "And I can picture you anything but a policeman, which——"

"Which shows how little my raiment suits me," he concluded for her, "and I am not sorry."

The music had stopped minutes ago, yet still he lingered. Across the room Betty could see the band preparing for the next dance.

"Here come our partners in search of us," she said hurriedly. And before Michael had realised what she was

saying, the place at his side was empty, the "sweet faced nun" had vanished.

The "sweet-faced nun" was at that moment hurrying up the kitchen stairs, on her way to her own room. As she entered it the strains of "Blue Danube" reached her. "There is no waltz in the world like it," she sighed regretfully, and felt sorry for her defrauded partner and herself. "I hope Major Dunn will find someone to take my place, and not be very, very angry with me."

There was no time though to waste in regrets. Hurry as she would, the waltz was ended before she descended again. Michael Gregory, wandering into the hall in the unexpressed hope of meeting his nun again, saw instead a quaint figure in early-Victorian crinoline and coal-scuttle bonnet floating down the stairs. Her gown was befrilled and garlanded, a full thick veil carelessly thrown back over her bonnet brim concealed the face so much that it was not until she spoke to him that Michael noticed how curiously the smooth bands of dark hair contrasted with the rosy face they surrounded.

At the sight of Michael the little lady broke into a run, landed with a whirl at the foot of the stairs and almost in his arms.

"Oh! Constable!" she gasped, "I am so glad to see you, I was—" glancing nervously over her shoulder and lowering her voice, "I was looking for a policeman, I hoped there would be some here to-night,—so wise—so necessary. I—to tell you the truth," leaning forward confidentially, "I am sure there is something very wrong going on,—something extremely painful. Oh, constable,—I hardly like to put my suspicions into words,—but I must—I must, and then leave the matter in the hands of you and your brave comrades!"

She shuddered so violently that the poke bonnet lurched to one side, and she had to unloose her clinging hands from Michael's arm in order to straighten it.

Michael was almost speechless with embarrassment and annoyance. "I—I am—" he stammered.

"Already watching," she broke in hurriedly. "Ah, I might have known you would not need to be told,—but how you must abhor your duty at times—especially when the guilty one is a young and apparently refined young woman, and more especially when she dons the garb of religion."

Her victim looked so perplexed and uncomfortable, that Betty had to pause for a moment in order to choke back her laughter.

"But I—"

"Oh—I quite see that you can give no heed to garb, when duty calls on you to act. You see the criminal, not the woman. Alas, I wish I had your stoicism, but the sight of a guest taking advantage of her host's hospitality to—to pursue her nefarious designs—That sounds well," thought Betty, "I hope it is all right."

"What do you mean?"

"I—hardly know. I can scarcely explain, but a woman, dressed as a nun, has absented herself from the ballroom, and I saw her going from bedroom to bedroom in the most suspicious manner. She glided so softly, and—and every now and then she stopped, and listened, and glanced about her,—oh, it was dreadful to see her, and she so young and—and with such a good face," wound up

Betty, with a sound in her throat like a sob. "You won't be hard on her, will you?"

"Hard on her!" gasped Gregory. "There has been some horrible mistake, I have seen a lady dressed as a nun, I have danced with her. She is no thief," he declared indignantly; and Betty could have hugged him for it. "I will stake my existence she is as—as—" He broke off abruptly, suddenly conscious that he was making himself conspicuous.

Philippa, dressed as "Evangeline," came into the hall leaning on the arm of Tom Howard. "Why, Betty!" she exclaimed, "I thought—" But Betty was already skimming away.

In another few minutes the bonnet and crinoline, the false front and beflounced gown were scattered over her bedroom floor, and from under the bed Betty was pulling out her nun's robes.

"Philippa is a perfect idiot at times," she muttered wrathfully, as she arranged her veil. "Of course he will find out who 'Betty' is. If I hadn't flown she would have gone on to say, 'Oh, I thought you had decided to wear the nun's costume instead of that,'—I wonder what my constable is feeling now," she added irrelevantly, a ripple of laughter breaking from her. "He looked so disgusted, but so awfully handsome."

Her eyes softened and fell before their own reflection. "It was—it was rather nice of him to stand up for her in that way. I believe he really hated me throwing suspicion on her."

"Now," with another glance in the mirror, "am I looking all right? Won't poor Philippa be puzzled, if she sees me, I only hope she will have the sense not to shout 'Betty' again."

But Philippa had departed when Betty once more glided down the stairs, so had Tom, and everyone else, as far as she could see. From the ballroom came the sound of a minuet. "That will keep them for some time," she thought. "I suppose 'he' is there too—Oh" For almost the first time in her life Betty screamed as the policeman stepped out of the shadow of a doorway. "Oh—h, it's only you," she added, beaming on him one of her most winning smiles. "Why don't you go and have some refreshments? You will find the room almost empty, if you go now," and before he could answer, she had glided away down a side-passage.

Michael stood for a moment staring after her dumbly. At the sight of her again, his presence of mind had forsaken him. How dared anyone accuse her of dishonesty. Hot anger flamed up in his breast at the mere thought. Yet, to his deep annoyance, a wave of common-sense surged over him too. A thief, of course, did not go round labelled thief, nor looking like one. Her garb—well, it did give plenty of opportunity for concealing things—

The next moment Police-Constable Gregory was making his way softly down the passage too.

Betty standing half concealed, yet purposely conspicuous, was growing impatient. "If I dive into the pocket of my old cloak many more times, I shall wear out its edges. I wonder if he did go into the refreshment room, or if he is watching?" But at that same moment she heard footsteps coming stealthily along the passage. And then,—even though she was prepared for it,—she could not keep back a scream as a hand was laid heavily on her shoulder.

It took her only an instant to recover herself, with agonised face and eyes wide with terror, she turned on her captor, and as she did so he saw the glint of gold and jewels in her hand.

"Oh,—or, do let me go," she gasped, trying to wrench herself from his grip. Something fell from her hand and

Michael had not thought of that, and did not know how to conceal his embarrassment. "I was asked to—I was warned——"

cloak! From whom did you take your orders?"

Again he saw his mistake. "I don't know," he admitted. "She was a lady in crinoline and poke bonnet, and she was called Betty."

"Oh, kindly bring my accuser, I wish to meet her face to face!" Betty's hauteur was splendid. She was thoroughly enjoying herself.

Michael felt horribly uncomfortable.

"You can lock me in, while you are away, if you like."



"How dare you lay your hand on me? and what right have you to enter the ladies' room?"

rolled along the floor." "You are hurting me!" Then growing more righteously indignant as she saw that he had not the faintest idea what he must do next. "How dare you lay your hand on me,—and what right have you to enter the ladies' cloakroom!"

"Asked to! Warned! Told to—to arrest a lady because she takes something from the pocket of her own

"No, I can't, there is no key."

Betty knew that there was never a key in any lock at the Grange.

"I will give you my word of honour that I will stay." But Michael did not hear her, he was on his knees groping for something small and glittering.

"Here was proof conclusive," he thought miserably, and dawdled over his find, in the hope that the prisoner would make her escape. Surely she would realise, and seize her opportunity! But, instead of the rush he almost prayed to hear, came a peal of laughter, genuine uncontrollable laughter, and from his prisoner.

"Oh, I can't keep it up any longer," gasped Betty. "Do get up, and don't bother any more about that brooch, it is not priceless, it came out of a cracker."

Police Constable Gregory rose stiffly. He felt foolish, angry and perplexed. How was he to know which was the ruse, this or the other! Then he met the heavenly blue eyes, and their glance determined him. She was a minx, but she was straight as a die. He could not yet unbend, though, the thought that he was being laughed at left him uncomfortable, and inclined to be frigid.

"Is it intended to be a joke?" he asked, looking a little sheepish, "and directed against me?"

"You look as though you don't like jokes. Are you very angry?" Betty's face had grown grave, her lips drooped a little at the corners. He hastened to reassure her.

"Angry! no, of course not! Why should I be? I can stand a joke——"

"Can you? I wish you would look as though you could."

"Don't I?"

"No, you quite frighten me," Betty's eyes were full of concern. "It was very silly of me, I know, and very wrong, but—I did so long to have a revenge on you."

"Revenge on me? What on earth for? I have never seen you before, so how can I have offended you."

"Never seen me before! Oh," Betty looked hurt, "have you forgotten?"

Michael looked foolish, "I am sorry,—but your dress is—is—but how can I have offended you so deeply?"

"You humiliated me—you pulled me out of the river, and—and you were laughing at me all the time, I know you were,—there, there you go again!"

A roar of laughter sounded through the room. "Oh, now at last, I begin to understand! You are the lady of the gorgeous pigtail, of the angry eyes, I own it was inexcusable of me to laugh, but—you did look funny. You were so mad with yourself, and with me, and your shoe——"

"You did not look entirely dignified yourself when you were groping on the floor just now," retorted Betty.

He checked his laughter and held out his hand. "Shall we shake hands and cry quits?" he asked. "And, look here, let's go together in search of that early Victorian Betty who played so well into your hands. It would be a lovely revenge to face her, arm in arm——"

"It would," said Betty hastily, "but I am afraid you will never have it—unless we meet a mirror," she added

mischievously. He looked at her for a moment with a face full of bewilderment,—then suddenly enlightenment came to him. "You don't mean to say—that I—that you——"

Betty nodded. "Yes, I do, I mean that exactly, I am Betty, sister Betty, early Victorian Betty, Betty Brunton."

Her eyes met his defiantly. But there was no answering laughter in his, to her surprise he was very grave. "The only Betty——" he said slowly, "for me," and Betty's eyes fell, all the laughter and defiance gone out of them.

A sudden silence fell on the room, a silence during which both realised that here and now they had met their fate. It was Michael who broke it.

"Betty," he said, and took in his own one of her trembling hands, "Betty, I came here to capture you, and do you know what has happened?"

"You—you have decided to let me escape," said Betty, but in a voice so small and shaky she herself could scarcely heard it.

"Indeed I haven't. What has happened is that you have taken me captive, Betty, body and soul——"

"I will release you," said Betty shyly, scarcely knowing what she was saying.

"But I don't want you to,—I want you to let me stay, to tell me I may stay. In fact, I refuse to go, until you promise to marry me."

Betty gasped. "But—I hated you!"

"Do you still?"

"Well,"—her cheeks growing very red, "not so much as I thought I did."

"Dear, will you think about it?"

"I am thinking, I am quite sure you would not want to marry anyone who has holes in her stockings."

"Yes, I would, I love holey stockings."

"That is a good thing—for I should never mend them for you."

"Betty, be serious, dear. Will you try to like me—a little?"

Modestly Betty retreated to the door. "I—I think I do,—a very little,—already," she admitted, laughing back at him, and turned to run, but the next moment she was in his arms, his lips pressed to hers.

To the end of her days, she protested that she had forgotten that she had hung a bough of mistletoe there. "I thought such silly customs had died out," she cried scornfully.

"It is just because they are not silly that they never have and never will," retorted Michael triumphantly. "There is midnight striking, darling, a Happy Christmas to you now and always."



THE TANGLE.

BY FLORA MASSON.

(Author of "Robert Boyle," "Memories of Two Cities," etc., etc.)

"Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."

Margaret Colston was the only member of the family who was not afraid of her father. Incidentally, she was also the only member of the family who was not afraid of the truth. The bearing of these two facts on one another is apparent if it be realized that no one ever dreamt of telling the truth to Mr. Colston. It therefore required much alertness to live as a member of the Colston family, and constant comparing of notes so as to avoid discrepancies, which Mr. Colston was equally alert to detect. And yet, none of the Colstons were by nature untruthful,—unless perhaps Jack, a most lovable and irresponsible youth, who never had been known to say an unkind word of anyone, nor do a treacherous deed; but who lied artistically and with enjoyment, as to the manner born. Mrs. Colston, out of sheer timidity with her husband, had prevaricated to him habitually ever since their marriage;—indeed the habit may be said to have begun during the Marriage Service.

From the foregoing remarks it will be seen that there was not much regret in the minds of his wife and daughters and his son and heir when Mr. Colston announced, on the morning of December 21st, that his sole surviving aunt, Miss Deborah Prescott, had had a relapse—Miss Prescott was a hypochondriac, and always spoke of any passing ailment as a "relapse,"—and desired his immediate presence, and that of course he must go at once, and it would mean his staying over Christmas.

The family required no explanation of the necessity of obeying Aunt Deborah's demands. They were always obeyed. Aunt Deborah was extremely wealthy, and though Mr. Colston was, as the comfort of his house,—the physical comfort,—suggested, a prosperous man, yet Aunt Deborah's fortune would mean much to him, and he was her sole nephew, and next of kin.

"I think it will be better for you not to come, my dear," Mr. Colston informed his wife. "The long journey at this cold season is trying even for me,—and besides, Aunt Deborah does not ask you."

"As you wish, dear," said Mrs. Colston, submissively.

"And it will be necessary now, of course, as I shall not be present, and in view of the reason of my absence, to postpone the Christmas dinner we had been contemplating."

"Not the turkey, papa!"

"My dear Margaret, I refer to the guests."

"Won't it be rather rough on the Walkers, if they haven't ordered their turkey, just to be put off?" said Jack.

"Oh Jack!—we don't want them—do you remember how dull it was last Christmas?—and they don't want to come,—it is only because Papa is his employer, and——"

"Margaret, dear! Your father is speaking."

"Not at all, Amelia, I have said all I have to say. I shall leave to-morrow by the 10-25."

"Your tongue, Madge, my poor darling," said her mother as the door closed, "will get you into trouble some day."

"It's much more likely to get other people into trouble!" grumbled Effie, the younger daughter, who inherited all her mother's timidity of soul, as well as her fair hair and her appealing blue eyes.

"Well, now, what shall we do?" asked Jack.

"Do?" their mother repeated in bewilderment.

"Yes,—do. The Walkers are off, and the poor old Dad's off, and it's the chance of our lives. Whom shall we ask to share the turkey?"

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed his sisters; but into the mother's face came a faint glow of pink. Her eyes went quickly to the door, and her reply was unexpected.

"Yes, we might," she murmured.

"Father will be—oh, he'll ramp!" cried Margaret, with apparent appreciation. Then her face clouded over, "and he'll stay, if he can't prevent it otherwise."

The other three looked at each other in guilty understanding, it was Mrs. Colston who explained.

I think, considering your father's natural anxiety at this time, it would be hardly necessary to worry him. When he returns, of course——

"Oh!" said Margaret. "Do it without telling him?"

"Well—in a way—yes. And, dears,—it is a long time since you girls had any little merry-making. Suppose—suppose, instead of a dinner, which, as your father will be away, would be hardly respectful to him—suppose we stuffed the turkey and had it cold, and asked some young people in the evening!"

"Oh, mother! You are a brick! Do you really mean it?"

"Hush, dears, not so loud—your father! Yes; indeed I have long had it in my mind, but I knew your father—he was brought up very differently from me, you know. He disapproves of dancing——"

"Dancing, Mother?" exclaimed all three of her offspring simultaneously.

"Well—we'll discuss that later. In my young days,—well, you see I was one of a large family, we used to have such pleasant gatherings—quite simple affairs,—yes, and dancing—and acting—I used to act." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Poor little Mater!" cried Jack. "It's a great scheme!" he added.

"But your father disapproves of anything connected with the theatre. I have never danced nor acted, and I have never been in a theatre, since my marriage."

"Poor little Mater!" cried Jack again. "I say, girls, we have been a bit selfish—we've never thought of this little Society butterfly imprisoned here!—You must come up to London with me some day, and we'll do all the theatres, and——"

"Take us too, Jack," cried Effie, and then paused remembering the Curate.

"Oh, Jack, dear!—as if I wanted these things now! When a woman marries, she gives up pleasure."

"Oh, what shall we wear?" interrupted Effie, suddenly.

"If you're going to talk frills, I'm off," said Jack.

"Whom shall we ask?" said Margaret.

Jack, who had opened the door, paused at the doorway, and looked back.

"Don't wait, dear—we'll make out the list and show it to you at tea time."

"What list?" asked Mr. Colston, entering the half-opened door, behind Jack.

Jack swirled round on him.

"The list for Mudie's, Robert," replied his wife.

"Why on earth is it to be shown to Jack?" asked her husband suspiciously.

"One of the novels in the last batch wasn't a proper book for the girls to read," Jack said, promptly.

"And we both read it!" Effie put in.

Mr. Colston was the manager of some iron works, and his very comfortable modern house was situated in the outskirts of an industrial town of considerable wealth and very little beauty. Mrs. Colston and her two daughters led dull lives, though they made the best of them. Jack was his father's right hand man, and, having had a University education, added some scientific knowledge to his business capacity. His work at present to make him contented, especially as he was very popular, and deeply in love with the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor. But with Margaret and Effie it was different. Margaret was twenty-two and the possessor of her own modest fortune, and Effie nineteen, and not even the possessor of her heart, which was in the keeping of the Curate, and his most cherished possession. Mr. Colston would have certainly disapproved of the Curate, had he been aware that his existence continued beyond Church hours, but he was not. Margaret filled her time and emptied her purse by taking a practical interest in philanthropy. There was plenty of room for personal philanthropy in Hodborough, but there were very few young men resident in the neighbourhood whom Mrs. Colston considered worthy of her daughters. Margaret thought that men had too much share of the world, and she did not see why women could only obtain their share of worldly possessions themselves. These views would have ostracised her from Hodborough Society save that she had big truthful brown eyes, hair that lit up like burnished copper in the sunshine, and that she was, indeed, altogether but quite unconsciously adorable.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Colston received a telegram which had been telephoned to his office.

"Oh! Aunt——" he began, after reading the typed message, and then he suddenly stopped short, and a silence ensued. Mrs. Colston was busy with the tea and coffee, and scarcely heard, and neither Effie nor Jack was down. Margaret glanced up, but said nothing. Mr. Colston, with a muttered excuse, pushed back his chair, rose, and went to the window. The snow was beginning to fall, a flake here and there, melting as it touched the earth.

Margaret joined him at the window. "Oh—it will be quite Christmas weather, if this goes on!" she said, joyfully. And then, with a little com-

punction, "You must take a rug, papa,—shall I tell Jane?"

"No, no—I—I'll tell her myself!"

He left the room hurriedly, and Margaret looked after him, her eyes puzzled.

"You might go up and see that your father has everything he wants," her mother suggested.

Margaret went.

Mr. Colston's suit case stood packed but open on the floor of his dressing-room, and Margaret stood in front of it, and looked down at it reflectively. It contained his evening clothes, and half a dozen white dress shirts.

"Your master will not need all these, Jane," she said, as a housemaid entered. "Our great aunt is ill and presumably in bed, and he will dine alone and I don't believe he'll dress, and——"

"Well, he's just been up and packed them himself, Miss," the maid told her cheerfully, as she knelt down to fasten the case.

"Now, that's very odd," said Margaret to herself.

Mr. Colston bade his family goodbye in the outer hall, which was chilly.

"I'm afraid you'll have a dull Christmas," he said.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Colston, with quite needless emphasis.

"Not so dull as you will have, Sir," said Jack. "Great-Aunt Deborah with a touch of liver is not my idea of a frolic. And I don't believe the legacy is a day nearer, or I know you wouldn't grudge——"

"I am sure your going will be a great solace to your aunt," murmured his wife, soothingly, as her husband got himself into his fur-lined coat.

"I trust it may be——" he began. Then he caught Margaret's big truthful brown eyes, gravely questioning him, and was gone.

Almost before the car could have reached the station, the house was upside down. Jack, on his motor-bicycle, with Effie wrapt in furs in the trailer, had started off to issue the invitations. Margaret had gone on foot to the dressmaker's, Mrs. Colston was with the cook, and the servants were scattered over the house cleaning and polishing, and Mrs. Colston's maid was kneeling in front of a dress-stand, on which was hung her mistress's one and only full dinner gown, of velvet, in itself complete, and independent of all fluctuations of fashion.

By lunch time the various missionaries returned, glowing with cold and radiant with success. Everyone had accepted,—Helen Hyslop, Jack's somewhat inaccessible lady love, and her brother were both coming, and so was the curate, though he would be late because of the Carol Service. They had not breathed to him there would be dancing. And the dressmaker would have the two pink frocks ready for fitting to-morrow. And would this do for the supper,—two dishes of cold pheasant, two of lobster salad, two of——

Margaret, standing by the window watching the frost hardening the melted snow in the drive, saw a telegraph boy approaching. Obeying a sudden instinct, she went out into the hall, opened the front door herself, and took the telegram. It was addressed merely "Colston," so she opened it.

"Miss Prescott completely recovered, therefore do not come."

As she turned to take it to her mother, she realized that it was the confirmation copy of the telephone message her father had received at breakfast.

"There is no answer she told the boy, and returned to her conspiring family.

"Jack," she whispered, "I want a word with you."

"Right oh!" replied Jack.

his mind. You can always see papa making up his mind. And——"

"Yes, I know you can. Well?"

"He has taken his dress clothes and six dress shirts."

Jack whistled. Then he suddenly sat down in the red leather armchair, rocked himself backwards and forwards, and laughed consumedly.

"Good old Peter!" he gasped. "He's human after all!"



"This," he said coldly, surveying the scene, "is an unexpected pleasure"

"Well?" They were alone in their father's smoking-room.

Margaret handed him the telegram.

"I don't understand," he said, holding it after he had read it.

"He has not gone to Great Aunt Deborah's."

Jack considered. "Well, where then?"

"I don't know. But he got this telegram at breakfast—you weren't down,—and he began to tell us, I think, for he said 'Oh—Aunt—' and then stopped, and made up

Mr. Colston's residence was perhaps not the aesthetic ideal of a Christmas background, but it lacked nothing in solid comfort. There was no tapestried walls nor ancient armour nor dusky galleries, no fitful shadows cast by guttering candles, no carved chests in which to bury alive golden-haired brides. But if the close proximity of vast iron works to the large modern villa made ghosts an impossible luxury, it accounted for loudly snoring gas fires in every bedroom.

Outside the snow was falling heavily, and in the streets of Hodborough the feet of many industrial workers had tramped the snow into dirt and slush; but within all was

warmth and good cheer, scarlet pile stair carpets and silk shaded electric lights, satin eider downs and opulence.

Mrs. Colston, dressed before anyone, sent her maid to help the girls, and herself made a final round to see all was ready. She stood for a moment in the dining-room, and looked with satisfaction at the supper table. Then she passed on to the drawing-room. The door had been taken off and the entrance arched with evergreens, and the room had been emptied of its furniture, save the piano, which was pushed into the curve of a heavily curtained bow window. The light wooden floor was polished like a mirror, and reflected the glow of the central chandelier, from which was suspended a huge bunch of mistletoe.

A little fire had been burning all day, but had been allowed to die out, and Mrs. Colston crossed the room, sweeping her velvet train behind her, to see if the fire irons had been removed.

Suddenly the front bell pealed, and almost simultaneously with the descent of two little pink robed figures, dainty and eager, the first guests began to arrive, bringing with them a cold breath from the wintry night outside, and Mrs. Colston took her stand in front of the great fire in the inner hall, ready to bid them welcome.

Perhaps no one was happier that night,—certainly no one in all Hodborough,—than Mrs. Colston, as she stood hour after hour watching the dancing. It was the first time she had been mistress in her own house, and had felt the delight of issuing commands, seeing events evolve from them, and feeling the power of giving pleasure to others.

It was one o'clock in the morning. Supper was over. Margaret, who had played the extra while the pianist and the fiddler supped, was drawing on her gloves, and young Eric Houghton was waiting by her side and watching her.

Mrs. Colston looked at the young man, and liked him. She had hardly known him before—he was in the Navy, and returned very little to Hodborough, but he was home on leave this Christmas. Mrs. Colston had noticed that he had danced nearly all the evening with her elder daughter. He had also taken his hostess down to supper, and charmed her by his gentle, deferential manner, and his keen eyes. Then she looked at the Curate. She had noticed he had sat out most of the evening with her younger daughter. Curates were not always harmless. And then she looked about for Jack, and could not see him. She noticed also that she could not see Helen Hyslop. Suddenly Mrs. Colston felt tired. She wondered what it would be like when the young birds all left the nest, and she was left, alone with her husband.

The music struck up again—a dreamy, sad waltz, suggestive of unplumbed depths of romance. Margaret finished drawing on her gloves, and laid her little white-gloved hand lightly on the sailor's arm, and in a moment they were waltzing together, a tall and comely couple, on the empty floor. The Curate, with Effie, tried to beat his way against the tide of incomers, and get outside, but Jack, coming in with Helen Hyslop, met them face to face, and somehow the four of them enclosed Mrs. Colston in the doorway.

"Mater!" cried Jack, "come and have a waltz with me! She's a great dancer," he added, turning to Miss Hyslop, "she's confessed it to us herself."

Miss Hyslop smiled at her, shyly and charmingly, and Mrs. Colston smiled back.

"You rude boy!" she said, shaking her head fondly at Jack. "Go away, and don't make fun of your mother."

"I insist!" cried Jack. "Just once round the room!—I'll hold your train." He put his arm round her.

Mrs. Colston looked beseechingly at the Curate, turning to the Church for help as is the way of some women. But the Curate only smiled.

"If I dance, you must, Mr. Jones!" she said, threateningly.

Eric Houghton, and Margaret, who had paused in the dance to watch them, crossed over and joined the group.

"What is it?" Margaret asked her mother, whilst the keen eyes of young Houghton looked down at them both with the smiling protectiveness that the Navy assumes.

"Here's your mother, engaged for this waltz to me, asking Jones to be her partner," Jack explained.

It was at this moment that a great icy wind proclaimed the front door open; and, before it closed again, a particularly aggressive hoot of a motor outside was audible.

"Great Scott!" cried Jack, disengaging his arm from his mother's waist, and gazing over her head. They all turned. Framed in the evergreens of the doorway stood Mr. Colston, the fur collar of his coat turned up, his travelling cap on his head, and a suit case in his hand.

"This," he said coldly, surveying the scene, "is an unexpected pleasure."

And then it was that Mrs. Colston rose to the occasion.

"It is, indeed, Robert!" she exclaimed, "but how delightful that you are here in time! You know Miss Hyslop, I think?—and Mr. Houghton?—and—and—Mr. Jones, of course."

She looked at her husband with resolution and defiance in her eyes, ready as the most timid female is, to dare all in the protection of her young.

Mr. Colston removed his cap, and bowed gravely.

"I should like to explain,—" he began.

"Why you took six boiled shirts, Sir?" asked Jack.

Mr. Colston's jaw dropped, and his eyebrows met. Then he looked at his wife.

"Amelia," he said, "you will be glad to hear that my Aunt Deborah is recovered."

"Papa—you got the telegram telling you Aunt Deborah was recovered before you left." Margaret's voice trembled, but her eyes were truthful, and she seemed quite unconscious that she had gripped Eric Houghton's hand and was holding it tight. It was impossible for anyone to move away because they were hemmed in between the door and the dancers just behind them.

Mr. Colston pulled his handkerchief out of his coat pocket. As he did so, a crumpled paper fell on the floor. His son picked it up, smoothed it slightly, and glanced at it as he handed it back to him. It was a theatre bill.

"Well, Sir, you must be tired after your night journey," said Eric Houghton. "It has been a perfectly ripping evening," he added, to Mrs. Colston.

Jack was threading his way quickly across the room to the piano.

"The nicest Christmas Eve!" said Helen Hyslop, raising her beautiful eyes first to her hostess, and then to her host, "that we have ever had!"

"Christmas Eve!" murmured the Curate, and blushed to find his voice vibrating through silence, for the music had suddenly ceased.

"I wish you had been with us, Robert!" his wife said, wistfully, "instead of out in the cold!"

The musicians struck up God Save the King, and the guests, arrested where they stood, sang it fervently, and then crowded round the door to say goodnight. Mr. Colston found his hand being wrung, and heard his wife assuring everyone that he had hurried home by a night train in order to be in time to wish them all a Merry Christmas. And when the last had gone, and Jack returned from putting Helen into her motor, the family stood looking at one another.

"It seems you have begun your Christmas merrily," said Mr. Colston.

"Robert! I——"

"You look very nice, my dear. Have I seen that gown before?"

"I have had it for eight years!" gasped his wife.

"And the girls, too—very pretty!" Their father smiled at them. Effie simpered, but Margaret returned his look with one of puzzled reproach.

"And, as it seems you have practised a little deception on me, I may as well confess that I too—well, one needs a little relaxation sometimes. Aunt Deborah did not desire my presence, and as my kit was packed I—I—well, I have been in London with my old crony, Crawford—you remember him, Amelia? He is a bit of a woman hater, and would never come here, but he had written proposing that

he and I should meet and stay at the Club together. He has a curious fancy for my society."

Suddenly Mr. Colston looked pathetic:

"Of course he has!" cried Margaret, heartily.

"How nice for you, Papa!—London, I mean," said Effie.

"Aren't you hungry, Sir? Let me go and get you some devilled bones, or something!" cried Jack, and he hurried off to the supper room, followed by his sisters.

"I'm glad you came back in time for Christmas, Robert," murmured his wife, slipping her hand into his. "The children have been very happy,—but—but—you and I——"

"Do you forgive me, then, little wife?"

"Oh! Robert!—you had every right—a man!—but I——"

From force of habit, Mr. Colston marched across the centre of the floor to click out the lights. As he passed under the chandelier, he looked up, and saw the huge bunch of mistletoe. Mrs. Colston, with a sudden graceful movement of sweeping velvet train and of outstretched hands, was at his side in a moment, and Jack and Margaret and Effie, returning laden with food and wine for their father, were just in time to see a strange sight.

Far off, in the heart of Hodborough, the moon shone on the frost snow that made rows of ugly roofs beautiful as a dream. And weary sleepers woke to another Christmas Day.



TRICKS THAT TICKLE.

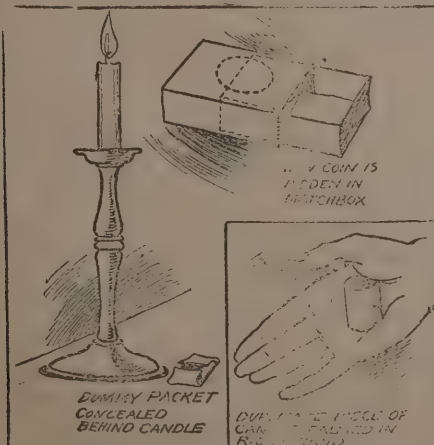
BY PROFESSOR JULES LEROUX.

Generally speaking, all tricks tickle, though the amount of tickle in the trick depends on the tickler who performs the trick. If the trick tickles, it tickles performer and audience. There is no such thing as a tickleless trick if the conjuror knows how to make a trick tickle, which he should do, if he wishes to succeed. Humour is the conjuror's staff of life.

Having, with a good deal of difficulty written the above, I will proceed to mention what is one of the most effective tricks I know. It is rather long, so we will deal with it first. Don't be dismayed by it. It is really quite easy, although, like most successful feats it requires a little practice.

A lady writes something on a strip of paper. She may write that it is warm weather for Christmas, that she hopes supper won't be long, or that the conjuror ought to be assassinated, or anything else she likes. Having written it, she tears the paper in half, and retains one portion; this for purposes of identity. The performer takes the other portion and wraps therein a borrowed and marked coin. The packet thus made is next placed in the flame of a candle, when both paper and coin vanish in a sheet of flame, the candle is blown out, and both hands are shown empty. The performer next hands a matchbox for examination, and again lights the candle, finally giving the box, partially open, to be held by the owner of the coin, at the same time instructing him at the word "three" to close the box smartly. Performer now blows out the candle in the direction of the box, counting "one, two, three! the box is closed." The gentleman is next requested to open the box, and when he does so he finds that it actually contains the borrowed and marked coin. The candle is next cut in four pieces from which one is selected; this piece, on examination, is found to contain the portion of paper corresponding, in every way, with that retained by the lady who wrote it.

HOW IT IS DONE.



The explanation is, in reality, not so very difficult when the effectiveness of the trick is considered. The strip of

paper handed to the lady should be stout tissue. On the table, out of sight, by the side of the lighted candle is a dummy packet of paper in imitation of that containing the coin. In the right hand trousers pocket the performer carries the matchbox (slide and cover pattern), also a portion of candle (duplicate of one of the four pieces) hollowed out for the reception of the piece of paper.

On receiving the portion of paper from the lady, the performer lays it on the dummy packet and proceeds to borrow a coin. When about to wrap this in the paper he takes up, under cover of the same, the dummy packet, which is eventually placed in the candle, the genuine packet being palmed in the left hand, which hand then rests carelessly on the right lapel of the coat. The dummy packet is now placed in the candle with the result stated above. Here blow out the candle with the remark, "A little subdued light is necessary in most conjuring tricks, and this is no exception to the rule."

The regulating of the candle helps to cover the fixing of the coin in the matchbox.

Here draw attention to the fact that the right hand is empty, then take hold of the right lapel of the coat with the left hand, and open coat wide to show, apparently, that you have nothing there; this movement enables you to secretly transfer coin from the left to the right hand, and you now show left hand empty. Reaching into his pocket for the matchbox, the performer secretly removes the coin from the paper, palms it, and leaves the paper behind. The matchbox is now handed for examination in two portions, after which, receiving back the cover, the performer inserts his fingers, with the coin, in one end; then taking back the box he pushes it into the opposite end, and contrives to fix the coin between the top of the end of the box and the under side of top of cover, the greatest portion of coin overhanging the box which is partially left open. Taking a match the performer relights the candle, and then hands the box to be held as already described. The coin must fall into the box on the latter being closed smartly.

The trick now proceeds as described, ample time being found for inserting the hand in the pocket and pushing the piece of paper into the duplicate portion of the candle. The denouement of the trick will now be clear; the candle is cut up into four pieces, one of which is selected by the audience, and finally changed for the duplicate piece with the paper.

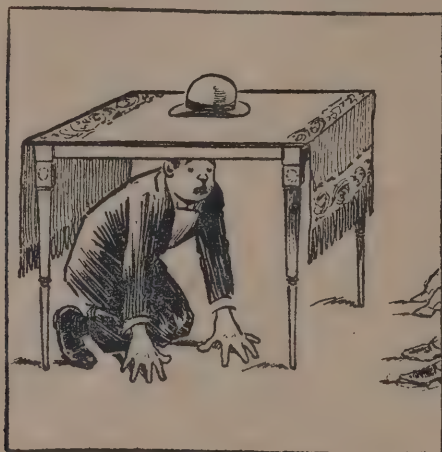
TROUBLE IN THE TRENCHES.

It is not often our men in the trenches fall out with one another, but we learn "unofficially" that considerable trouble arose the other night after an encounter, the result of which was that our men brought back a number of Germans and horses. One of the men returning with the prisoners was asked how many they had got, and he replied, "Well I'm afraid I can't tell you exactly how many Germans and how many horses we've got, but there are 42 heads and 120 feet. Now go and get in the deepest dug-out and think it over." If you, my dear civilian reader,

will tackle this little problem, you will not want me to explain why there was trouble in the trenches. You will find the answer at the end of the page, but don't give it up until you're at the last gasp. I would mention here that the more people you share a puzzle with, the more fun it becomes. Doing it alone is often a deadly business.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE TRICK.

Have you heard of the Great Temperance Trick? A glass of lemonade is placed on the table, and a hat is placed over it. The performer then guarantees to drink the lemonade without moving the hat, and he promptly goes under the table and makes a weird noise, as though he were drinking all the lemonade for miles around. He then

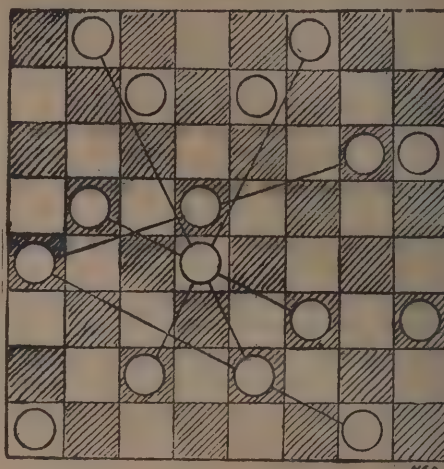


comes out and says he's done it. (It is considered impolite to call him anything stronger than a "story-teller.") Anyhow, he challenges you to look for yourself, and when someone guilelessly lifts the hat the performer takes up the glass and drinks the lemonade. He has now done what he said he would do. He has drunk the contents of the glass without removing the hat, for the simple reason that someone has removed it for him. Not content with this horrible jest, the performer goes on to say that this trick cannot possibly be done with beer or any similar beverage. After a good deal of argument, he will explain that if it were done with beer it wouldn't be a temperance trick, and that is what he promised to do for you.

A DRAUGHTBOARD PUZZLE.

My last trick is a curious one you will want to show everybody you meet. In fact, a Subaltern friend of mine went to the mess and tried it on his Colonel as a "tickler." The Colonel either had a touch of liver or he didn't want to see the "tickle," for he said some very unkind things to the Subaltern, which I do not care to repeat at Christmas time.

You have to place sixteen draughts on a draughtboard so that there shall not be three draughts in a straight line in



my direction. That is all," said the innocent Sub. Old Colonel Diehard tried it, whilst the other officers looked on and made suggestions. The time passed by, but before the Colonel's patience was exhausted he leant back in his chair with an air of triumph, and showed the following arrangement. It was just what the Subaltern had anticipated, so he pointed out as politely as possible that although there were not three in any line, column or row, or true diagonal direction, yet there were no fewer than five oblique cases as indicated by lines in the diagram. Finally my youthful friend took the draughts. "Here you are, the proposition is simplicity itself——"

But I will leave the solution the Subaltern showed until he end. Perhaps you will like to try it yourself.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES.

Trouble in the Trenches—

The total number of Germans and horses is a known quantity, viz., 42. If there had been an equal number, viz., 21, of each, the number of "feet" would clearly have been 42 plus 84, or, in all, 126. For each man the more and each horse the less, this number would be diminished by 2. To diminish it by 6, (the difference between 126 and 120) there must have been three men more and three horses less. In other words, there were 24 men and 18 horses.

The Draughtboard Puzzle—

The Sub.'s simple solution to the Draughts-board Puzzle was this: Place draughts on the fifth and sixth squares of the first and second rows; on the first and second squares of the third and fourth rows; on the seventh and eighth squares of the fifth and sixth rows; and on the third and fourth squares of the seventh and eighth rows.





THE WHOLE OF THE 1ST BATTALION ON PARADE.—THE BAND, SIGNALLERS AND MACHINE GUNNERS ON THE LEFT.



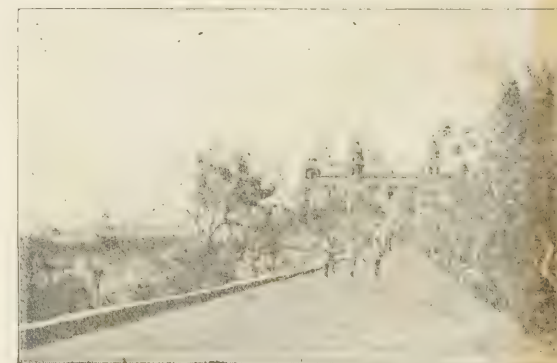
Sgt. L. S. DAVIS.
"Nothing to do and all day to do it in."



A Block—where some of the patients are. On the roof can be seen the "week's washing". Rather a quaint place to put it—but the custom in Egypt.



Two sisters in "A" Block.



Back view of the Sultan's Palace called "The Solemnick" where the Doctors, Matrons and Nurses reside with road leading to it. The figures on the road are 3 Chinese—1 Australian & the other 2 English.



FRONT VIEW OF THE SULTAN'S PALACE.

On the left hand side can be seen a white column. This is a Turkish sundial. One of the Sisters can be seen at one of the windows and on the lower roof (left side of picture) is one of the Doctors who was also taking a photograph



This is supposed to have been the bath house for the ladies of the Harem. Officers now live there.

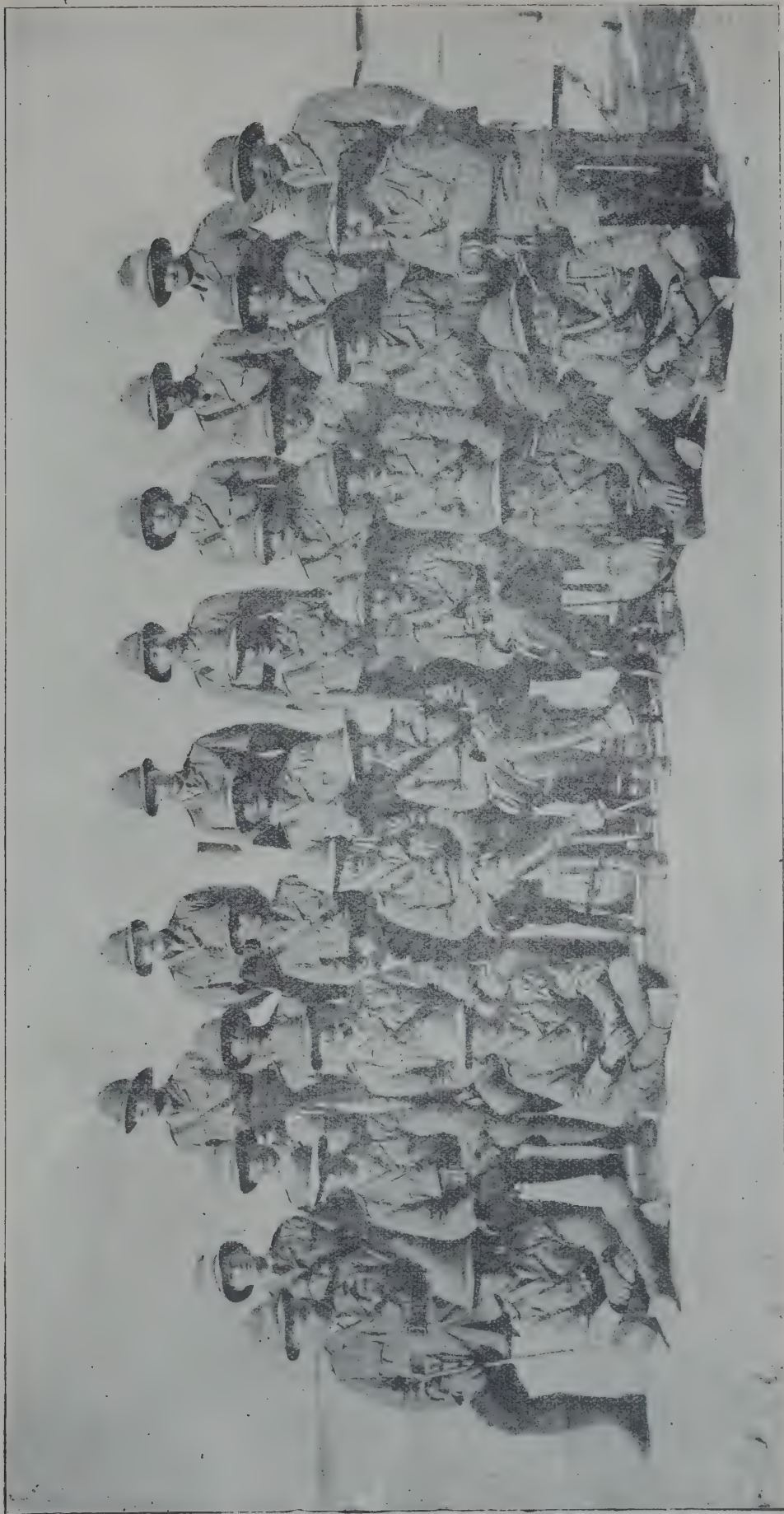


SOME OF THE ARTILLERY SPORTS CLUB "BOYS."

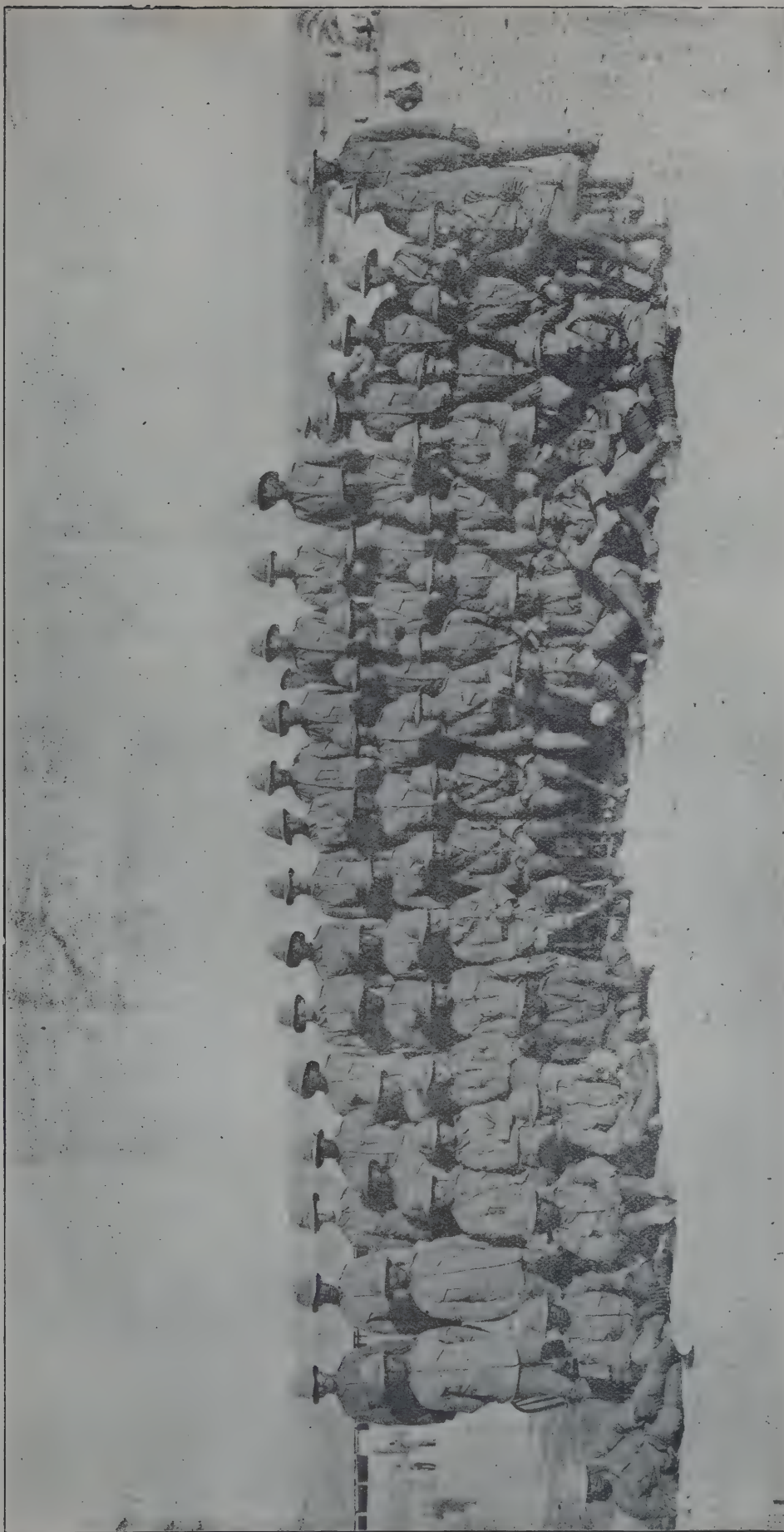
Back Row Pt. Woolford, Lc. Corp. Harrison Corp. Smith, Pt. Wight, Corp. Brumell, Lc. Corp. Craig, Pt Parsley.

Centre Row : Sgt. Chalmers, Lieut. Irving, Lieut. Cressall, Sgt. Wishart,

Front Row: Sgt. Abrahams, Sgt. Veacock, Sgt. Davis.



THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST SERVICE BATTALION, B.W.I. REGIMENT.
THE ONE ON THE LEFT OF THE ADJUTANT IS CAPT. PORTER, (OFFICER COMMANDING A. COY.)



THE WARRANT OFFICERS, STAFF SERGEANTS AND SERGEANTS.
WITH COLONEL A. S. BARCHARD, C.O.—CAPT. A. P. J. HIBBERT, ADJUTANT, ON HIS LEFT; MAJOR G. W. R. JENKINS, 2ND IN COMMAND, ON HIS RIGHT

HIS LARGEST CREDITOR.

BY W. A. MITTELHOLZER.

Alice Granville watched the slender form of her younger sister as she wended her way up the dripping street to her daily occupation on a damp, showery January morning, her mackintosh—the best that limited means could procure—and dainty parasol, but a sorry shelter from the thick, driving drizzle that pelted obliquely from the opposite direction.

With a sisterly concern that deepened day by day, Alice noted the increasing stoop of the frail chest and rounding of the back which foreboded pulmonary trouble. Dr. Branson, whom she had privately consulted as to her sister's health, had shaken his head and made a strong point of the necessity of her taking a month, or at least three weeks' rest and country air to renew her overwrought nerves and invigorate a none too robust constitution.

But the means to accomplish it—it was as much as they could afford to put two and two together to maintain themselves and their little home out of the slender stipend earned by poor Madge as typist at a Water Street firm, and the fluctuating and precarious income derived by the elder sister, housekeeper and general manageress of affairs, through her small private school, supplemented by a sprinkling of music scholars.

Thrown on their own resources, with only the modest dwelling bequeathed by their late father, (whose wife had predeceased him by a few years) a stockbroker and commission agent, who had lived more by his wits than an assured income, the two girls, Alice in her early twenties, and Madge nearly out of her teens, were called upon to face life's daily struggle with the equipment of intuition and the mainstay of mutual sisterly love. The elder sister in the rôle of mother, to do the thinking and planning, cutting and contriving to make the domestic ends meet; and the younger to add her small but by no means insignificant quota to the family larder by trudging day by day to her seat at the typewriter of Messrs. Sugars' Counting-house.

Alice's pretty and usually bright and cheerful face was clouded in deep thought and anxious concern as her eyes followed the receding figure of Madge, half blurred by the thick drizzle, until it was out of sight in the distance and maze of Georgetown's rattling Water Street traffic.

Poor little Madge. If she could only get her on the breezy East Coast even for a fortnight; she had no doubt that the manager of Messrs. Sugars, though a stern and outwardly unsentimental business man, would readily grant her the required leave, as she appeared to be in the good graces of the firm by which her services seemed to be appreciated. But *where* was the extra outlay to be defrayed from? Add, subtract, multiply and divide it as she could, there was no possible margin available for "extras" of the most limited description.

And yet poor Madge's health must be looked after. The daily strain of confined office work was palpably telling on her. Her gait was becoming less lithesome and vigorous, such a contrast to the romping, rollicking schoolgirl of but a couple of years ago; and that dry, hacking cough which

so often robbed her of the best hours of her night's rest and was bending her young chest more and more.

Alice sat in deep reflection. It was toward the end of the "Winter" or December-January school vacation and her scholars would not begin to reassemble until the next fortnight. This, alas! had meant a depleted exchequer to her, for it goes without saying that the private school teacher's lot is always one of "no work no pay." It would mean two or three months at least before she could scrape together her small source of revenue, and in the meantime the grim, wolfish fangs of Want were only kept at bay by poor Madge's small salary.

After vainly wrestling with the perplexing problem, Alice rose and returned into her room. As soon as the drizzle had subsided she would put on her hat and overcoat and pay a friendly visit to the homes of some of her scholars and incidentally kill two birds with one stone by smilingly reminding their parental seniors that the school would reopen on the week after the next.

Her first call was at Mrs. Highgate whose two little daughters were her most regular, if somewhat exacting pupils; for their maternal parent was of the type who demanded her full pound of flesh and insisted, even to the extent of dire threats of removal, on their exhibiting marked and unmistakable signs of educational progress—although, like many such cases, she was about the very last person who was really capable of forming a competent judgment of her children's literary knowledge.

She prided herself in no small measure on the "little learning" she affected to have acquired as the result of hours spent in novel and magazine reading, being a woman of some means (her husband was a prosperous cattle rancher) and unlimited leisure, and by which she became mechanically acquainted with the literary phrases of Charlotte Braeme and Winifred Graham. And on the strength of which she dabbled in amateur (of the poorest possible grade) story writing!

Mrs. Highgate, who was an individual of the *nouveauriche* class, fussily and ostentatiously invited her children's school teacher to a seat, while she deposited her own adipose self in the luxurious depths of a silk-cushioned easy chair and breathlessly proceeded to liberate the profusion of her loquacity on her visitor ere she was well seated.

"I daresay you have been doing some holiday leisure hobby, Miss Granville? I have done lots of them—mostly literary, you know," she added with a superior toss of her globular head. "Three short stories; about half a dozen 'poets,' (*sic*) and cartloads of 'jokelits' (*sic*). Do you go in for 'jokelits'? Plenty of fun in them, especially—" and here the irrepressible Ego once more blatantly asserted itself—"when one's wits is (*sic*) sharp, you know; and money to be made on them at times, too. Have you seen this?"

"This" was a recent copy of a modest-looking and unpretentious news-sheet whose circulation did not appear to be

very extensive. The edition placed in Alice's hand contained an advertisement by the editor of a competition for a forthcoming publication which he styled *The Midsummer Companion*. Somewhat liberal prizes were offered for literary and artistic efforts, and there was an item that appealed to Alice and in which she felt she could enter the list of contestants.

"May I have the brief loan of this paper?" she requested of her patroness, as she rose to go elsewhere.

Permission was gushingly granted, with the parting "confidence," sagely uttered with uplifted finger:—"Of course I am 'competitioning' (*sic*) for the first prize, you know, and I hope to get it too, you bet," she concluded with the affected expert assurance of a Mrs. Henry Wood of the Georgian period.

When Alice returned home after a few more pupil calls, she carefully scanned the page with the competition advertisement.

"Two guineas each for the three best black-and-white or 'wash' drawings of local scenery. These will be paid for on publication, if accepted."

Why shouldn't she send in a selection from her sketching folio? She had some fairly good subjects which only required a little touching up and completion to be presentable. Two guineas each! She discovered on research of her folio that she could tender at least three good ones. That would be six guineas—thirty dollars odd—just what would pay for a few weeks' expenses in the country for poor Madge! True, she was imprudently "counting her chickens before they were hatched," but in the exuberance of her hopeful prospects Alice chuckled to herself that a benign Fortune had surely suggested her going out this morning and calling on Mrs. Highgate.

There were still a few days before the closing date of the competition and she would lose no time in despatching her subjects. In the meantime she would keep the whole thing secret from Madge and, if she got her drawings accepted, she would burst the pleasant surprise on Madge and arrange at once for their East Coast trip.

But it was now two o'clock, and time to send off Madge's lunch.

II.

In the early morning of the 1st of July, the previously announced date on which the *Midsummer Companion* was to make its *debut*, while Madge still slumbered, Alice was impatiently looking out for the advent of the newsboy with the newly-published magazine, in the throes of anxiety to learn the result of the competition.

At last the anxiously awaited newsboy came in sight and Alice was soon eagerly turning over the pages of the *Midsummer Companion*. Her heart gave a bound, and she involuntarily uttered an exclamation of exultation. There, sure enough, amongst the prize-winners in the art section, was her name as the contributor of the three sketches which were reproduced on another page! Bravo! Madge's holiday was now practically a *fait accompli*. In her glee she could not resist the impulse to awaken her sister, whose rest she would never have disturbed on any other such trivial account.

"See my good luck, my dear. I've kept it a dead secret from you all this time—my sending in the sketches,

I mean. Now you must hurry up and get your leave and let's prepare for our August East Coast holiday and delightful revel in the country, with you gaining pounds of flesh and looking like your own dear, healthy young schoolgirl self again!"

Madge smiled. "I am so glad, my dear. I hope the editor will lose no time in sending you his cheque," she added with the practical commonsense of a Water Street business woman.

"Oh, I expect it will arrive by the next few posts. It's an 'asset,' anyhow, as poor dad would have said," laughed Alice optimistically, as she hurried to see after coffee.

But alas! "the next few posts" extended themselves into a week, and then into a fortnight, and there were no signs of that tardy cheque.

Alice became anxious and doubtful in turn. Surely, the editor would have paid his contributors by this, and was it likely that he had, by some accident, overlooked her "little lot"? At any rate it was getting rapidly and awkwardly near the holiday month of August and the projected East Coast trip, and if the needful funds calculated on by this "windfall" were not forthcoming, it meant good-bye for the nonce to the trip, and poor Madge—

The very thought of Madge being deprived of her much-needed health restorative brought a tear of sharp anticipatory disappointment to Alice's eyes. After all her fond planning and devising, to have the whole long-looked-for and really necessary scheme ruthlessly cancelled at the last in that way!

Another day passed and no postman's knock, and Alice screwed up her resolution to carry out the only practicable expedient under the circumstances:—to write the editor a "reminder." It was the very last resort and one she never more reluctantly adopted. It appeared so mercenary and so apparently sceptical of the editor's *bona-fides* that she positively shrank from sealing and posting the missive. But go it had to.

By return post came the answer, on a "memorandum" form, and written in the third person:—

"The Editor's compliments and regrets delay over remittance of cheque for sketches. On his return from the country in a day or two, cheque will be forwarded."

This carried the time nearer than ever to the fast approaching August, but there was no help for it but to wait with the best of grace and patience.

"A day or two," then four days passed, and no cheque was "forwarded."

Once again, in sheer desperation, Alice penned another brief "reminder." It seemed so much like the tactics of a "landshark," but Time and Necessity pressed the measure.

Again a reply, this time more practical, and signed by the editor himself:—

"Dear Madam,

If you will be good enough to call at our office in Commerce Street at one o'clock to-day, I will make settlement with you for your contribution to the *Midsummer Companion*.

Yours faithfully,

ALLAN BRAMLEY,

Editor."

Punctually at one o'clock Alice entered the editorial office of the *Midsummer Companion*, with beating heart and flushed cheeks. She felt half inclined to abandon the whole thing and retreat from the office. It was as though she was actually hunting down the editor for her prize money. But the thought of Madge and her wan face and drooping chest egged her to remain and take her seat in the waiting-room where she was surprised to find a goodly collection of persons, evidently on the same quest as herself—a promiscuous assortment, including, ye gods! her august patroness, Mrs. Highgate, looking by no means in the most amiable of moods.

After an uncomfortably depressing interval, the visitors were asked to enter the editor's "parlour" which was evidently arranged for a sort of creditors' meeting. Foreman printer, composers, proof-reader and contributors to the ill-fated *Midsummer Companion* which had proved so dismal a failure, were in strong array, while, seated in his chair, with a sheet of account paper spread before him, and a friend, evidently of the legal fraternity, at his side, was the editor.

Alice's face underwent a change at the sight of that, until now, unknown individual, "the editor," whose identity always appeared to be wrapped in some sort of mystic shroud. She had pictured a bewhiskered, middle-aged man with the grave, scholarly brow of the deep *litterateur*. But this youthful, handsome, clean-shaven, boyish-looking fellow who appeared to be scarce out of his "lad" stage, she had never expected to see. And the look of worry imprinted on his flushed brow and drawn lips must surely have excited the commiseration of anyone with a human heart, thought Alice.

The lawyer-looking gentleman acted as spokesman, presenting "terms" and "compromises" to the several "creditors," and receiving more or less contented replies of assent, the while that the young editor made a record of each name and the amount due, on his ever-growing list.

"Mrs. Highgate, your little matter is er—five——"

"Ten, if you please," sharply interjected that rubicund and portly person. "First prize for a tale entitled 'A Demerara Love Rom——'"

"Yes, ten I meant to have said," corrected the lawyer. "Will you accept seventy-five per cent. or seven dollars and fifty cents now, and the remainder a month later?"

Mrs. Highgate sniffed. "Humph! I thought it was 'payment on publication' and not *this* sort of 'instalment' business," she replied sulkily.

The young editor glanced sadly at his list and mechanically commenced to add up the total so far.

"I think we can manage to settle with the lady in full——"

"Ah," protested the lawyer, "but it wouldn't be fair to the other creditors if we made any 'preferential' claims."

"I suppose I must take what's given me," acidly retorted the dissatisfied Mrs. Highgate.

Alice's face flushed crimson. At the risk of incurring the wrath of her important and affluent patroness, she felt that she must express her contempt of her callous and unsympathetic attitude—and she who could well afford to lose the paltry amount involved, too!

"But surely, Mrs. Highgate," she burst out, unable to bridle her feelings, "seeing that the poor gentleman is in difficulty——"

Mrs. Highgate stared in stony contempt at the slim school teacher whose temerity astounded her. "Perhaps your princely private school income enables you to be so philanthropic or stupidly lenient, but I've worked for my money by my brain and must get my due," she snapped, "and perhaps you had better mind your own business," she concluded with a snort.

Alice resigned herself to the foregone fact that her total of private scholars would number two less.

And now her turn to be "compromised" had come, and the lawyer invited her to step forward.

The editor looked up shyly at her, while her colour deepened. "You are er—Miss Granville," he observed in an embarrassed tone, "and are due six guineas—thirty, twenty-four?"

He glanced interrogatively at her, preparing to add to the by now formidable list.

Alice wrestled for a fleeting moment with Sympathy and Sisterly Love. Then she advanced to the editor's side and said in a quiet, determined undertone; "I—I forego my claim; don't trouble."

The look of relief which pervaded the boyish countenance of the young editor on hearing this generous offer was a flash picture of human emotion that would indelibly impress itself on Alice's memory and linger for all time.

Before he could utter even a half articulate word of thanks, she had withdrawn from the office and hurried out on the street.

Madge had returned home, looking more pale and thin than ever, and was sitting in the drawing-room when Alice arrived.

Her observant eyes noted that her sister was upset, and she discreetly asked no questions.

With quivering lips and sob-choked sentences, Alice told her sister of the little enactment in the editor's office and the sacrifice of her heart's desire on the altar of philanthropy.

"You did quite right, my dear," Madge quietly observed, when Alice had concluded her recital and both understood that the East Coast holiday was now a hopelessly abandoned thing.

* * * *

Over a year had flown, and although it was but early November, there were already the usual "seasonable" indications that presaged the advent of the merry Yuletide month of December.

But there was, alas! no thought or preliminary preparation for Christmas festivities in the Granvilles' quiet little home where Madge lay tossing with feverish restlessness on her bed, while her elder sister with tear-stained cheeks, moved up and down the room in incessant attention on her.

The climax had reached the breaking point and Madge had been compelled to stay away from work and take to her bed.

The doctor had ordered the usual nourishments, and Alice had strained every available source of revenue to procure her sick sister's requirements. Worn out with night nursing, she could scarce continue her teaching, which was now the only means that kept body and soul together; for Madge had practically resigned her situation through ill-health and protracted absences.

Snatching an interval when Madge had gone off into one of her fitful slumbers, she slipped into the portico facing the

street and sank into a chair in the depth of dejection. She had reached almost her last shilling. How was she going to manage with nothing to come in before the end of the month? And poor Madge on her hands!

As she gazed in a sort of daze at the passing pedestrians, she espied the postman advancing up the street. But his appearance did not elicit any ray of hope in her breast; the post never brought her anything, except a bill when she was driven to seek the credit of the local tradesmen.

But to-day the postman entered by the gate and knocked at the door. Surprised, she rose and opened it and took the letter he handed her. More surprised still to note that it was a registered one, bearing a Trinidad stamp. She tore it open and read:—

“Trinidad, B.W.I.,
November 5th, 19—.

“Dear Miss Granville,

I have never seen you again since
“you hurried out of the office on that memorable day
“of my life when I realized what a miserable failure
“my magazine venture had turned out. When
“everything was over and I ruefully gazed at all that
“remained of my ‘capital,’ my spirits sank, and I
“was under a strong impulse to rush out and dash
“myself over the sea-wall and put an end to my misery
“and failure. The *Midsummer Companion* was a
“dead loss from start to finish. I was too rash and
“inexperienced at the time and paid dearly for my
“imprudence.

“But it was your face that kept me back—the
“face of an angel of mercy—and I changed my mind
“and determined to cheer up and start afresh.
“Thanks to your generous action, I was enabled to
“accumulate sufficient out of the ‘debris’ to pay
“my way to Trinidad, where, with the aid of a

“friend, whom I was lucky enough to fall in with, I
“have, by good speculation, ‘struck oil,’ in a double
“sense and have succeeded beyond my most sanguine
“expectations. I was a journalistic misfit, and made
“a ‘discovery’ in my ability as a speculator, and
“am now a comparatively wealthy man.

“You were my largest ‘creditor,’ you know, when
“I was the bankrupt editor of the unfortunate *Mid-
“summer Companion*. I now have the extreme
“pleasure of paying you in full and with ‘double
“compound interest.’ Accept the enclosed with my
“best wishes, while I remain,

Yours sincerely and gratefully,

ALLAN BRAMLEY.”

P.S.—I intend running over to Demerara very
“shortly for the Christmas holidays, and will take the
“liberty of calling on you personally, and making
“your better acquaintance—if I may?

“I am looking forward to that proposed visit with
“exceptional pleasure.

A. B.”

Alice gazed at the document in her hand as though in a pleasant dream. It was a draft for £50.

Her face lit up with a quiet smile. That handsome, boyish face in the editorial office rose up before her like an ever-enchanting vision. She, too, was looking forward to that promised visit with “exceptional pleasure.” For that face, imprinted with care and worry; the look of grateful relief when her words were uttered, had stirred within her a very tender and pleasant memory and refreshed her, even in her bitterest moments, with the refining and ennobling influence of that God-made emotion which sways the heart of king and peasant alike—that whose *alias* is Charity and which is the twin sister of Pity.



HOW CUDJOE SAVED THE GUN.

BY E. N. WOOLFORD.

Bandy was born in Mahaicony, and that he was born at all was entirely due to the repeated attempts of the manager of a cattle farm in that flourishing agricultural centre of the colony to procure speedy creole horses by crossing native mares with thoroughbreds. To be strictly accurate, however, Mr. Smith's attempts were not wholly successful, for he foaled exactly one hundred colts and the only one to prove a flyer was the famous *Tim* out of *Thalia* by *Adonis III*.

Then, to cap it all, came a monstrosity, who was promptly christened Bandy, and he was such a decided failure that two years after his birth the manager turned him loose on the savannah aback of De Kenderen and promised to shoot at sight the ranger or anybody else who brought him back to the plantation. Of a truth Bandy's mother—a splendid brood mare—must have been dreaming of Damascene dromedaries and lamas from the wind swept heights of Thibet before she made him, for he was born with a back with a hump, and immense sloping shoulders and legs that could have been easily mistaken for spindles. Nevertheless, he was soon recognised to possess some strength from the manner in which he braced away from the end of any rope thrown over his legs or head to trap him into submission. As to disposition Bandy had the faults of both his parents and the virtues of neither. Stupid and obstinate on the one hand he was as vicious on the other as any mule from Kentucky. This then was the character Bandy had earned after he had nearly bitten off the hand of an estate labourer who had once attempted to pat him on the neck; kicked a poor East Indian lad, and broke off the top bars of the gate of the "pen" on the afternoon when he had made his final leap into the open for liberty. It was no wonder that the manager had decided then and there to let him run wild for all eternity.

PART II.

CUDJOE ON THE SCENE.

Living in a small hut some distance from the plantation was Cudjoe, a young burly negro who had gained for himself in the district a reputation about on a par with that of the degenerate animal Bandy. He was coarse, foul mouthed, ignorant and with all the predatory inclinations of a born thief. When he wasn't busily engaged in the manufacture of bush rum, he was actually participating in the carrying off from aback of somebody's cattle which he disposed of in another district for sums below the animals' worth. At intervals he would be convicted for assaulting some poor girl who would not listen to his overtures and so at the opening of this story we find him living isolated and alone in his little hut by the roadside, a regular Ishmael with his hand against every villager and every villager's hand against him. Soon the news reached Cudjoe that Mr. Smith had allowed Bandy to leave the pen and had given instructions that he was not to be brought in again from the savannah on the usual weekly "driving day," that as a matter of fact he had abandoned him and anybody who cared to take the risk of meeting with an untimely death from Bandy's hoofs was at liberty to catch and keep him.

Immediately the outcast negro made up his mind to catch and subdue Bandy or die in the attempt. He had no use for the animal as he had neither waggon or cart in which to utilise his great strength, but the sheer cussedness in the man's make-up bade him attempt what nearly the whole Mahaicony district on to the Berbice section of the coast thought an impossible feat.

Securing a rope with a long running noose, Cudjoe set off early the next morning on a hunt for the runaway Bandy. He found him just after mid-day quietly grazing on the open savannah some distance off from some cows. Bandy watched him come with almost sardonic amusement, and hung his head as if he were dozing over the tuft of grass he was supposed to be munching. It never entered the animal's head to gallop off; oh no, he saw very well the rope in Cudjoe's hands and knew what it meant. But then he had often in the past played fast and loose with ropes with loops at the end—but still he was there that day on the savannah, free as a bird in the air. Carefully and craftily Cudjoe approached him, then gradually urging him into a corner near some wire fencing, threw the noose fairly over his head. Bandy never moved, not by an inch, but the moment the rope tightened the horse bared his teeth, laid back his ears, and began on a dead, slow, heart breaking pull. The negro, however, only wrapped the rope around his left arm, swung the horse's head toward him, and gently prodded his flank with the tip of a piece of hot iron that he had brought along with him and which he had heated under a tree the moment when he had first caught sight of Bandy grazing peacefully, oh so peacefully. As the hot iron touched the animal's flesh for the first time in his life came fear into the frame of the beast. His eyes went white, his nostrils red; he snorted in guttural screaming terror, a fiendish, uncanny noise, and reared to his full height, pawing the air.

The negro laughed heartily, then using his gigantic weight pulled Bandy down, and again came the searing pain from behind as he gave the horse another touch with the piece of hot iron. Again the horse reared and screamed, and again Cudjoe laughed in glee. But the third time the horse stayed on the ground and ran forward in frightened, quick little steps. He was conquered, and when after a few minutes Cudjoe dragged him along triumphantly at the end of a rope, followed by a laughing and hilarious crowd of villagers, Bandy never even dreamt of letting out a solitary whinny much less a kick or two, he was so absolutely cowed.

Up to this time Cudjoe never thought of what he was going to do with his captive. To return him to his owner was out of the question; Mr. Smith did not want him, and there was not a single soul in the district or out of it who would have taken Bandy as a gift. As his luck would have it, however, there arrived at Mahaicony by the down train from Georgetown no less a personage than a fat, red faced gentleman who gave it out that he was an officer sent out by the Imperial authorities to purchase horses to be utilised in the Great War now progressing. He required, he declared, anything on four legs, and certainly his need for horse flesh did seem great indeed for during his forty-eight hours' stay he succeeded in purchasing for spot cash a mongrel collection

composed of horses of every height, age and colour under the sum, unkempt and well kept horses, little ponies, gaunt, old trucks with protruding hips, horses with two spavins, three spavins and four spavins, failures and thoroughbreds—in all just 199. And when Cudjoe hove in sight with Bandy in tow the official promptly snatched him up, despite the advice of the sergt. major who accompanied him, for exactly \$25. That night Cudjoe had the time of his life. Occupying the centre of the village rumshop he stood treat for all and sundry who voted him a jolly good fellow. On the next morning he woke up in a nearby trench with just ten cents left in his pockets and a headache that made him feel as if a ton weight was resting on his forehead.

As Cudjoe gained his feet he woke up to the fact that something unusual was going on near the railway station, and forthwith he hobbled off to see what was on foot. He soon discovered that the British officer was entraining his purchases in "horse-boxes" for town. In fact as he learnt from somebody in the crowd, all of the animals had already been got in with the exception of Bandy, who positively refused to budge one inch. Cudjoe promptly offered his services, but they were hardly required for the moment Bandy saw him and noticed that he carried in his right hand something that looked suspiciously like a piece of iron, he moved forward with an alacrity that caused a snort of surprise to issue from even the lips of the Imperial representative, a man, mind you, who had seen service with all kinds of horses, and in latitudes ranging from South Africa to the Gallipoli Peninsula. He engaged Cudjoe on the spot to assist in attending to the horses until they arrived in England, and thus we find the waster well on his way to the old country before even his fellow villagers realised the good luck that had befallen him.

PART III.

With his knowledge of horseflesh Cudjoe made himself nearly indispensable, and even developed a certain pride in his work. Never before had he left his village except to go to the Georgetown jail, and now as a cat in a strange pantry he became singularly subdued and obliging. Why, he even forgot to get drunk!

Now how was it with Bandy? On the trip across the Atlantic he gave little trouble for he was fearfully sea sick. But after he was landed on Salisbury Plain he came to life again, and here he displayed such meekness, which was truly misleading, that he suffered himself to be tied to a picket line. Subsequently as he looked broken down and quiet he went to a sergeant of the A. S. C., a former bank clerk by trade. That clerk, thanks to Bandy, went to hospital, without going to the war, and Bandy, to his great disgust was condemned to be off-wheeler in a gun team. There are many ways to cure a bad horse, but the best is to hitch him up to a gun with five others, and this Bandy was finding out. To begin with he tried kicking, and struck steel; tried rearing, and was promptly pulled down. On the picket line, however, he was not so easy to manage, and here Cudjoe who disconsolate, feeling home-sick, and out of a job, had been knocking about the camp all the time, once more began to be useful. He had scraped acquaintance with a farrier and when Bandy began, as usual, to kill all the drivers of his team, Cudjoe would run to the battery forge and do a few tricks with a hot iron. And Bandy would make no more trouble that night. This easy solution of Bandy's cussedness made friends for Cudjoe, with the result that when the battery crossed

over to France the burly negro turned up with it, the officer in charge winking at the irregularity. Again he made himself useful and as all the officers knew him the soldiers contrived to fit him up with odd bits of uniform and equipment. The French peasants around were rather amused over him and his queer creolese, while even the officers laughed at his whimsicalities. Gradually even the Major accepted him as one of them, and so on their first brush with the Germans, Cudjoe rode into action gaily perched on the front end of a caisson.

From this point on let "Eye witness No. II." state what happened and how a Demerarian negro covered himself with glory.

He writes: The country was around the Yser. On the English side of the river was a perfect defensive position. Almost sheer from the banks rose a range of low hills, slightly wooded. Three roads converged at a ford and wound their way up the hills through deep culverts. There was only one ford and that was marked on the maps. A regiment could almost have checked a division, but that, however, was not the work of the dragoons and the battery. The heads of the telegraph lines had other ideas. The Bavarians were only to be held for an hour and then let into the hills, so the guns took up their positions beyond the crest to annoy the crossing, while the horses were run to the rear, but nearer than usual, for they soon would be needed. Then they waited. But the wait apparently proved a trifle too long for the patience of the negro; it was not his idea of fighting to remain in the hollow, and crawling on his stomach, he went to the crest of the hill and peered over. Below him, in lines half hidden in the scrub bushes, he could see the heads of the dragoons nodding up and down like a long line of chickens feeding. Behind them the officers crouched on one knee. Suddenly a shell from the German artillery burst with a violence that made Cudjoe wish to be back where he belonged with the horses, and he turned to creep down. But as he did so he looked to the right, on his own side of the river, and what he saw there caused him to leap outright and go bounding back regardless of cover.

"Get those guns out of there!" he yelled, "they've out-flanked us!"

As he spoke the range officer came tumbling down from his outlook with the same news. Cudjoe met the limbers as they came bouncing over the slopes and within three minutes the guns were hooked, the battery in double section column, and swaying and tearing through the underbush toward the road.

"Bring the gun on, bring it on!" called a lieutenant in frenzied excitement, "don't wait for anything!" but they were the last words he ever spoke, for at that moment a sheet of dirt seemed to rise up out of the ground and smother gun, horses and men like a blanket. The Germans had got the range. The young lieutenant threw up his arms, gave a sobbing wail and fell to the ground; the gunner and two cannoneers pitched head long under the wheels, while all four horses flopped to the ground in a mass of dirt, blood and debris. Then as the battery gained cover there came a lull from which the negro was the only man to recover. Cudjoe had been thrown from his saddle by sheer concussion, and had fallen free from the team, with his head in the sand. He put his hand to his face, and it came away covered with blood, but his main injury was not there but on his ankle which was twisted and broken.

Cudjoe, however, was used to pain and accustomed to seeing blood. They did not sicken him nor did they divert

his attention from the one idea which his mind could hold at a time. He was used to brutality; he was used to fighting, and by the very primitiveness of his being this roused him and goaded him now into the nearest approach he could ever make to nobility. In the artillery there is just one tradition which rules and governs and is never forgotten "Save the guns at all cost!" All stories, all songs, all boasts of artillery men centre round this one idea, and for months Cudjoe had been drinking it in until now it was his single ambition. He certainly had a father with the blind loyalty of a slave, and he himself was suddenly roused into an almost fanatic desire to save that gun.

He hunched himself up by his shoulders and tried to rise to his feet, but he fell, so he went on his hands and knees, dragging his useless foot. Still on his hands and knees, he drew the gun and the cannoneers from under the wheels and laid them, quite dead, on the grass. He then crawled round to the horses, and found that one wheeler was still uninjured, and was merely held down by the weight of his mate. The near leader was dead, without the sign of a wound, his head stuck forward, his eyes glossy, his teeth bared; but Bandy had already begun to kick. His wound was also slight. A splinter had struck him across the haunch otherwise he was quite uninjured. But he still kicked and struggled and rose to his feet before Cudjoe reached him. The negro called to him in tones almost tender, "Hey ole Bandy, stand still!" he coaxed. And the horse, in wonder, stood trembling while the negro, shaking and weak, unhooked the traces of the dead wheeler and slapped the uninjured one to his feet. To get Bandy back into place over the body of the dead horse seemed almost impossible, yet Cudjoe tried it. Still on his knees, he crawled up on the carcase of the off wheeler, grasped the bridle, and urged the live horse over the dead one. Again he crept to the swinging traces, unfastened Bandy, and, lying prostrate on the ground, swung the horse clear around him and into his place. By some uncanny miracle, Bandy came and stood quietly in his position while Cudjoe, under his very heels, snapped up the traces. The team was actually freed and clear, and, exultant, triumphant, the negro started to rise to his feet. Pulling himself on to the stirrups, he did it, while Bandy watched him, unconcerned. Unconcerned by his fall, unconcerned by the sound of the shots, he stood watching Cudjoe fearfully. In the midst of battle and shots and death and dying, he was thinking only of the one voice which had ever mastered him. On the plains of France it was the same as it had been on the savannah aback of Pln. DeKenderen. In all the

world there was but one voice to which he had ever listened and that voice was commanding him now. He merely stood trembling and waiting.

Hardly greater was the single idea of the negro master, but little as were the wits of the brutish man, they were big enough to direct the brutish brute. To Cudjoe, the Germans meant nothing. It is doubtful whether he really knew what Germany was. Merely for weeks he had seen thousands of men, white and black, driven heroically by a single ideal, and into this current he had himself drifted. His purpose in life, as it would seem, was concentrated into those few minutes. For just this thing had he led his outlaw life, and alone of all men conquered this brute.

"Stand still, Bandy!" he groaned and commanded, as he grasped the stirrup leather and pulled himself up with his mighty arms. At last he stood on his one sound foot, gave a convulsive leap, and threw his body across the saddle. The horse gave a snort and a lunge, but the negro clung to the saddle, great drops of sweat on his low, black forehead. Shrapnel sang overhead and burst far beyond them, aimed at the retreating dragoons. Bandy trembled, and his eyes grew wild with fear, but even then he did not move until Cudjoe, now forgetting his pain, and taking his own good insolent time, had settled himself and loosened the reins. Bandy heaved into his collar, his team-mate with him, and the gun moved slowly out of the soft dirt. To the top of the rise they dragged it painfully, Cudjoe urging, caressingly, coaxingly.

Once in the road, however, and faced toward safety, all the fighting spirit and all the vain glory of the negro surged up. Far ahead, he could still see the last of the dragoons, still covering the retreat of the battery. Ahead, he knew, were men who would cheer him and men who would jeer him—he could never distinguish between the two. Into his eyes came again the defiance with which he used to rouse the antagonism of the old grey beards of his little Mahaicony village.

"Leh we go Bandy!" he shouted, in sudden exultation, leaning forward and slapping the horse on the shoulder. "Yea!" he repeated, and cursed and beat the animals into a gallop, then into a run. Behind him the light gun was swaying and rattling. The noise of it went to his head, and he shouted again and again: "Hey old Bandy foot, how is dis foh Joe Cudjoe?" And, waving his arm and singing and shouting, he raced the gun on madly towards the dragoons and safety.



An Ice Romance



DRAWINGS BY
WILL OWEN.

VERSES BY
JESSIE POPE.

When the frost had come to stay
Little Jenks—a woman hater—
Felt unusually gay,
Being an accomplished skater.
See him on the ice, with ease
Cutting grapevines, Q's and 3's.

Miss McClure, strong-minded
maid,

Self reliant and unbending,
Inexpert but unafraid,
To the frozen lake came
wending.

Not a bit at home on skates
Found herself in sorry
straits;





Floundering with arms out thrown—
Every muscle strained and aching,
Felt a tendency to moan,
Thought her legs would soon be
breaking;
Then—as Jenks came gliding by—
Staggered backwards with a cry.

Though averse to female charms,
Cold to any kind of courting,
Jenks enclosed her in his arms,
Right end up her form supporting,
Saw her rosy blushes start,
Felt a tremor thrill his heart.

Out of countenance the maid,
Humbly murmured she was stupid.
"Let me help you round," he said.
Neither of them noticed Cupid
Busy, with his magic spells,
Shaping skates to wedding bells.



AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

BY G. W. N. THORNETT.

Although I heard this yarn a very long time ago, I think it worth the telling now because the man whom it concerns is no more. From my earliest recollections I seem to have been hearing yarns. You see my father was originally a journalist, drifted into commercialism, out again into gold mining, cattle ranching, and divers other occupations into which his nomadic spirit led him. My mother died before I was old enough to have any recollection of her. My father was a journalist in those days, and I understand from what he has told me since that he was doing fairly well, or as well as possible with normal ability and a fair share of luck. My mother's death unsettled him, and being a man gifted by nature in the physical sense he handed in his notice with the agency he was working for and trekked with me for Western Canada. That was the starting point of our drifting career. I have seen many lands. Father never seemed to want for cash, though he never worked for more than enough to keep us both. I believe he enjoyed a small annuity which enabled him to lead the life of a nomad with something like comfort. I tell you this so that you may understand what queer yarns I have heard, what queer assemblies I have been in, for my father never set foot without me.

I think it was in the island of St. Lucia in the West Indies. We were planting limes at the time, and were sufficiently affluent to entertain. At all events, I remember that the man who told the yarn, Jackson Genderen, a queer mixture of English and Dutch, but a white man all through, was a man you could not forget. He was doing something in the trading line, a few agencies I believe, but he too had seen life in all its varying aspects. He was more than usually fond of my father, though the bond of sympathy between the two was not revealed until then. My father did not know, but he told me that he felt that Genderen and himself were very close by a mysterious bond of suffering.

We had had dinner. Genderen was lounging off in his chair when his eye caught a photograph of my mother on the wall.

"Your wife?" he asked my father in his broken English.

My father nodded.

"She gone; no more."

Again my father nodded, and Genderen understood.

"You miss her, is it nod, my wife gone too. Gone long time, since den I too been going. I go join her soon. I send her away for the best yah, for de best, was it nod?"

"How long?" asked my father.

"Twenty-five years gone. We vere kvite young. She dravel mit me in de Brazils. Would you like to hear my story?"

My father nodded, and handed the whisky bottle.

Genderen shook his head. "No, no, ven I talk of my wife I in sorrow I nod drink. I drink after, yah. Den I drink a lot, isn't it?"

He paused for a while, and I was afraid that this, what I felt even in my extreme youth to be a wonderful story, would not be told.

After a while he began. "I vas married in Amsterdam in '73, ven I was twenty-five and my wife, she vas English, she was twenty. I could nod speak the English den, I speak him ver' bad now. What I speak she teach me in vun year, den she go. I vas what you call a naturalist.

"I go to the Brazils for study the orchid, de birds, de vild animals and dose tings. It vas our honeymoon. A long honeymoon, yah. We love ver' much; what you call turtle doves is it nod? Yah, we go to de Brazils, a wonderful coundry, but vicked, vicked. My vife love me, yah. We meet lot peoples, ver' nice peoples. My vife enjoy de drip and ven I vos make my arrangements for go into the Amazon Valley, I propose to leave my vife at Manaos. She say noding of de kind, vere I go she go too. I tell her it might be dangerous, but she laughed like de English and say I 'old fool,' vere I go she go, she nod avraid. I tell her of the snakes, the blood sucking bats, de fever, but she only laugh, and say she strong, she nod afraid. I did not vant to leave her in Manaos, Manaos a bad city, so I tell her if she nod afraid she can come wid me. Ve vent into the steamer up de Amazon, and into de forest. We go 'lone, I ofden go alone before. I nod afraid I know all the animals, de birds and snakes, dey nod touch me. Mein, all vent vell for a week, till Hell take it! we met a lot of de natives. Man, de chief, he look at my vife. I feel what you call cold heart. Ve vere far away from de rivers, no boats no nothing, two white peoples, vifty natives.

"They attacked you?" my father asked.

"Nein, Nein, nod in the way you mean. Dey bring us presents yah, birds, skins, eggs, orchids, and de chief his eyes never leave my vife. Dey brod us fish, and I had nod tasted fish for a week. I love fish. We eat de fish and den suddenly it all grow dark, black, and I feel mine-self falling. Yah. Ven I vake my vife gone. I tear mine hair, I go mad. Den I look for my vife. I saw de trail drough de forest and I follow it, yah. I vound my vife yah, tied to a tree, her eyes were gone, her hair was cut off, and she was crying for me. I come to her, and she tell me to kill her. I dell her nein. I nod care because she blind, she still my vife, I still love her, but she vispered somedings to me and I see she dying slowly, no doctor in this world could have her. She poisoned bad in de stomach. She tell me de pain too bad, she go mad.

De chief carry her away, and because she nod make vriends wid him he cud her eyes out, he cut her hair off, and he loose off a snake on her which bit her in de stomach. A pretty tale, nein, but it is true. I see my vife can nod live. She in great pain. Vot I do? Vy, vot would you do? I gave her morphine, and opened the jugular vein. Murder? Nein, she vos suffering so much my friend, and I vos end her sufferings quietly. I face mine God wid a clear conscience. She beg, beg before I consent."

"And the chief," my father asked.

"De Chief, ha, ha, de chief, yah ask de jackals, de hyenas, de carrion crow, dey vill dell you. You tink I was afraid of vifty? Nein, nod of vun hundred and vifty. I know de forest. Dey run, I run. I catch dem up ven dey sleep. I crawl on my stomach kvietly and saw de chief asleep. Yah dat vos de last dime he sleep. I catch him round der neck, I hit him so " and he swung his large fist across his body," and he groan and lie still. Den I carry him away. Yah." He paused for quite a long time, and I was afraid that the story would end there, as it seemed to my youthful mind, in a very unsatisfactory way. Things ought to have happened I told myself.

My father broke the silence with, "And the chief, Genderen?"

"Yah, der chief, yah. What you English call revenge, nein? Yah, when he avoke ve vos long long way vrom der place of der death of my vife. He vos vrightened, yah, ver' vrightened. He speak der me wid der Spanish, but I understood him nod. I nod try. I virst of all show him mine vife wid der eyes gone. Yah I know he vos drying to dell me he vos not do it, but I laugh. He struggle to break der cord I had tied him wid, but he only cut der skin off him and den I dake der vork vat ve use vor der doast and put it into der fire. Yah. Ven it hot so dat it red den I take him out. Yah, der virst eye gave ver' much drouble. He shouted lot. Yah. Den he loose conscious, is it nod? Der oder eye do you ask. Yah ven he vos come round mit himself, Yah, den I heat de vork again, and der second eye came out easy. I vos avraid he would die den, so I gave him brandy, yah, plenty brandy. He tink I finish, and cry and cry like a child. Yah. Finished? Never, my vife

dead. I could nod have him die so soon, nein, nor so easy neider."

"And then?" My father interpolated.

"Den, yah den I start in earnest. Vos you know der driple strong fish line for catching der big darpon? (tarpon, I suppose he meant.)

My father nodded, and added he had seen the carcass of a cow suspended by this particular line.

"Yah, cow, pig, swine, wedder human or animal, can be hung wid der driple line. Der chief he vos loose der conscious again, and I tie der line round his big toe, both, see? Den I put der line over der branch of a tree, and put on der gloves of rubber. Den I haul. Yah, dat bring his conscious back. He groaned, but I haul till his feet touch der branch, and his head vas two feet from der ground. Den I tie der line round de drunk of der tree. When der blood come vrom his nose and his mouth and his ears I feel der satisfaction. Yah. Finished? Nein, dat vos too easy a death vor der man who kill my vife. To bring more conscious I cut my vife's name—"Violet"—on his stomach wid my knife, Yah. Kill him? Nein, my friend, I did not vant to kill him—yet. Blind, hung up by der toes, cut across der chest, he still live, so I cut him down and more blood come. Finished? Nein, to send him asleep again I give him oxalic acid and lime to drink. Yah, den he get der conscious. Den he shout, yah. Den in ten minutes he die. Yah. Too soon, too easy vor de man who kill my vife. I left him to der jackals and der carrion crows, and I vondered, and vondered." And here the old man stopped. "And now I have no vife, but I shall meet my wife, where she is gone, nein. I love my wife."

IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH SANTA CLAUS.

BY A. R. F. W.

I just happened along at the *Chronicle* office, as the Americans would say, when I found myself dead up against the officer now in charge of their wireless station. As an old operator, I found myself cordially welcomed, and, after being enthusiastically shewn over all the latest improvements for catching tough subjects, the conversation turned upon long distance work. The discussion, like most of its kind, was dry—very, so I suggested an adjournment across the road, where we could irrigate and still discuss. The conversation quickened under the new and more cheerful surroundings, and my companion, thereafter, suggested that an interview with Santa Claus would be very good for their *Christmas Annual*. I considered it very appropriate, and said so. Thereupon, the wily fox enquired how I would like to try the machinery, and the methods we had been discussing. There was some flattery in his suggestion; and, what with some vanity on my part, and more hospitality on his, I soon found myself preening my tail feathers, and fingering the keys. Now, it was no soft job. After several tries, I found that the *Chronicle* station, powerful

as it is, could not reach; and I got "reaction," all the time. Determined not to be beaten, I at last decided that the only way out would be to super-impose on the big station; and that, I promptly proceeded to do. Without in the least interfering with the King's service, I soon found myself being wafted into space, and crossing lakes, rivers, and continents, with ever increasing speed. First, as I sped onwards the roar of Kaiteur droned in upon my ears; and, as I looked beneath me, I beheld the magnificent network of Guiana's rivers, glittering like silver streaks through the silent forests, fertilising an uninhabited country and racing to the sea; as though each river, brook and rivulet strove to escape its own loveliness.

Reckoning my course from the twinkling Christmas stars, I found that I was heading due north, nor was I mistaken: there was the mighty Mississippi, cleaving its way to the ocean, through countless scenes of activities. Then, again, that awful roar came gnawing in upon my senses, and I sensed the great Niagara, stretching from bank to bank, and roaring to all eternity its awful challenge. On,

and on, I sped, over the vast plains of Canada, teeming with armed men and harvesters; then, at last, the swift, silent, St. Lawrence like some huge crocodile trying to take the Atlantic in its jaws. Gradually, the habitations of the sons of men receded into the dim distance, the snow fell faster, and the ice fields widened, and widened, still again. Still and ever onward, swifter than the swallows, on I flew, still due north; and then came reeking chimneys, tinkling bells, and watch dogs' jealous barks. I now knew my journey was at an end, and I signalled back for an easy descent; thinking all was plain sailing and forgetting, in an instant, all the initial troubles at starting. But, alas, for human vanity, no sooner had I attempted to make land, than I was set upon by four huge Teddy bears—two white ones, one woolly one on wheels, and one brown one, with spiked collar, and the loose end of a chain. Bears are not nice companions—Teddies, or any other—and I beat it; beat it mighty fast too. But not fast enough: the scrap was rough, and I escaped, eventually with the loss of the skin off my elbows, and four of my best tail feathers. The experience was not encouraging, and, though breathless, I had to take the air again and make a wide detour. Judge my consternation, when I got from my base operator "Z-4-Z"; that, of course, meant that my original message to land, had been fully accepted, and that I was bound to come to earth. Without any choice, I vol-planed down into a herd of reindeer, tended by one who seemed more bent on his own thoughts, than on his flock. The deer themselves appeared to be browsing more upon their ancestry, or their consciences, if any; for certainly there was little upon the ice fields to engage their molar attention.

The Laplander, or he whom I mistook for a Laplander, clothed from head to foot in reindeer skin, being, apparently, promptly aware of my presence, came to me slowly.

"Grappen morning," I gently ventured. I knew no language save my own; but, such is human vanity, I wanted to impress him (who was virtually my captor), that I knew two languages—whatever "Grappen" may happen to mean.

"Grown son of man," the person I greeted reproachfully replied, "why come ye hither? What would you have? Can ye be young again?"

I had scarcely need of the musical softness of his voice to learn, as his flowing locks and beard had already proclaimed, that I stood in the presence of the venerable patriarch, and Father of all childhood. Confessedly, I was distinctly nervous.

"Reverend Father," I commenced, while the narrowing corners of his eyes and the dance of his beard, showed that he was highly amused at my nervousness, "I come in the interest of those who have outgrown your visits, yet cherish their memory."

"And what would you have of me? To-day I tend my herd, so that they may be in order for my wide-world deliveries. I am a shepherd to-day." And he wide-spread his arms towards his flock.

"But, sir," I ventured, "you are not always a shepherd, are you?"

"Ni, son of man; I am not always a shepherd. For most of the year my factories are busy making toys for all. But, when the time for delivery draws near, even I, must follow the ways of mortals, and seek means of transport."

"You mean toys for the youngsters, good Father," I replied, "you said toys for all."

"I said what I meant; and meant what I said. Do you think that all the toys of the world come down the chimney, and into stockings, and pillow cases? But you are young, though your hairs grow silvery. Toys are for all, and all are made for toys. One of your English writers expresses it well:

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder; but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads, and prayer-books are the toys of age."

Ending with almost a note of profanity, yet with equal truth. With nations, communities, families, it is all the same. To each and all a toy. Some weary with their toys quicker than others: some outgrow them: some envy their neighbours! But without toys, my son, the world would be infinitely worse."

"Good Father, may I not learn some more of your work?" I then enquired.

"Blind Son of Man," he replied, "my work is all around you. If you are a reader, as you must be, if you are a writer, you must remember the sentence about sermons in stones, and stories in a running brook—what would you further see?"

"Some chance, if I may," I ventured boldly, "of your coming Christmas preparations, for these troublous times."

"Troublous times, indeed," Santa Claus replied, "I have laboured for nineteen hundred years, and many others laboured before me, and for what? Just this pitiless, dreary waste? And yet, and yet, I hope: for gold cometh out of the fire refined, and the dross vanishes like a cloud. But, my son, let us not grow cheerless. Your own country, for I know from whence you come, is spared many horrors which your brethren elsewhere suffer. Prosperity even shines upon you. Come!" he brusquely added.

Leading me by the hand, through lanes, and lanes of cheering workmen; each succeeding lot of whom seemed to exceed the last in loyalty, and in enthusiasm, we at last entered into his inner sanctum.

"Here, my son," he commenced, "in this revolving mirror, you may see everything. Take nations first," he commanded.

"Then, Father," I promptly asked, "what have you got for Great and Greater Britain?"

"Ah, your questions will now come fast and furious, but you must take the mirror. Look, mark and learn: Christmas gifts but foretell the future."

As the mirror spun there came into view a statue, for grace and loveliness of which I had never seen its equal pictured. The statue, as though it spoke, breathed from every tip the word "Victory." It was wrought in gold, and bronze, and iron. On its pedestal of lacquered brass was inscribed "Peace and Victory, 1917"

"And France, good Father," I breathlessly whispered.

The mirror revolved, and I saw, glistening as in a thousand lights, a citadel wrought in Ivory, mother of Pearl, Gold, Silver, Platinum and Jasper: in its minarets sparkled, in diamonds, the word "Verdun"; while on its base of beaten cannon brass, was the legend inscribed "To the glory of France."

Ere I had time to arrest my breathless admiration, the mirror again revolved and I knew I saw the Christmas gifts of Russia. In the mirror were many silken banners, and Ikons worked in silver and gold, all tasselled and jewelled. Some had legends and some had not. Some were inscribed "Constantinople," some "Liberty," and some "Freedom."*

Again the mirror revolved, and I caught the sound "Italia." Then I stood and studied, and the meaning dawned upon me. There they stood, two gateways, beaten out of bronze and iron; on the one was written "Trieste," and on the other "Trent."

The mirror revolved, and there was no mistaking the sign in burnished gold, "Undying Belgium." And, as I looked, I saw many statuettes, as though souvenirs; these were in ivory, in gold, and in silver: they were each of Belgium's hero King. Some cast his features in glory, some in triumph, but all in thanksgiving, for a restored people. While the good Father whispered to me: "Through the years that name shall stand undying, for chivalry, for justice, and for Honour"

"And shall Germany be remembered also?" I had commenced to ask when the mirror became darkened as with a cloud; but through the cloud I could yet decipher a star ringed in cold black iron.

"Good Father, what means this?" puzzled yet, I asked.

"My son," he said, "to Germany belongs defeat and humiliation: but even bandits and outlaws, though they be, yet are they also sons of men. Yea, even though it be true, that the sins of the fathers must be visited, even unto the third and fourth generations, yet must they not be without hope. That star is the hope of reform, and rehabilitation, when they have been purged of the dross: the surrounding ring of iron the symbol of the way that must be trod."

* This phantasy was written before the recent announcement of the allied agreement concerning Constantinople.

"And now, good Father, what of British Guiana, the real cause of my visit?"

"Ah, British Guiana!" sighed Santa Claus, "That country has given me a good deal of trouble. When they are in adversity they quarrel: when they are in prosperity they quarrel again, only more so. Some time ago I gave them a lovely celluloid Governor doll, and no children were ever so pleased as they. Now I find the doll smeared with mud, and lying in the dust heap. They wont look at it. That fine spliced cedar railway you see there," and again the mirror came into view, but as suddenly faded away, "they have not yet deserved—and I never give presents that way. The last working model railway I gave them, they neglected dreadfully. Now it is in the rain, and is being allowed to get rusty and overgrown with creepers. The nice dummy model constitution I gave them some time ago, they wanted to trade back with me for that cedar railway I showed you a moment ago. Did you ever see people like those? There is another small sheep track railway, that I want to try them with, first; but they are making such a mess of a few steamers on wheels which I gave them, that I am really afraid to trust them with any more mechanical toys, just now. This Christmas I wanted to try them with a big Sea Defence and Harbour Elephant; but the miniature one I sent them down, they seem to have pushed out into deep water; the trunk and one of the hind legs have gone, and . . ."

Then I heard the voice of my wife, clear and irritable through it all,

"What is the matter with you?" and then it dawned upon me I had been dreaming savagely all the while. It seems that when the story came to the deep water phase I took upon myself the part of the elephant, and I was swimming out for all I was worth—gravely incommoving the partner of my sorrows in her sphere of influence in the connubial bedstead. When I laughingly explained, she said

"Better write it down"—and I have.

"BILKED."

BY G. W. N. THORNETT.

If there was one thing which James Montague Gibbs did not look like it was a burglar. His face perpetually bore the benign expression of an elderly butler in an old English family. When James Montague smiled at you he left a glow of satisfaction like a halo around you. There are some people who are blessed that way. When you come into their presence you feel at ease, you feel you want to take them by the hand and lead them to the nearest saloon. Such a course of procedure would have been idle folly with James Montague. He was a T.T.—a rabid T.T., and when he told us that his profession demanded it, we amended the butler conclusion and were certain that our new friend was a traveller in some new brew of ginger ale. When I first met him he was re-

clining in one of the verandahs of a popular hotel in Trinidad, telling me what an altogether delightful trip he had made from England. Oh yes, he was feeling fit, very fit, thank you.

"On business?" I queried, the bump of inquisitiveness being unusually well developed.

"Oh yes, business, business as usual, you know," with a re-assuring wave of the hand and a sagacious poise of the head. "Must keep the wolf from the door even in these hard times," he added.

From his portly proportions, and particularly well filled waistcoat it looked an excellent meal for the wolves if ever they got hold.

"Business is bright?"

"Oh, so, so, nothing startling. Nothing to write to the newspapers about—yet."

"Oh then perhaps you may have something in the breeze?"

"Not yet, my young friend, not yet. Later on I will tell you about it."

"A new line," I suggested, curiosity getting the better of my good manners.

"Oh no, as old as the hills."

He relapsed into silence, and then suddenly asked me "Do you know anybody here named Gasprey?"

"Well I know of him, I can't say I know him. He's a Brazilian, so they say; his wife has the finest jewels in the West Indies, as I am told."

"Strange how some women dote on these baubles, these meaningless mineral gems. So you don't know him?"

"Oh no."

"Umph, that's unfortunate."

"Why?"

"Oh nothing, nothing to speak of—yet."

I could see there was very little more to be got out of friend James Montague so I left him.

For several evenings I turned up at the Queen's hoping to find this strange visitor who talked so vaguely into the future, but with no success. I enquired for him and was informed that he was dining out with friends.

The following afternoon I met him on the Savannah, the popular promenade of all classes and colours in Trinidad, and driving above all people with Jaon Gasprey and his beautiful daughter. From the adoring look in my friend's eyes I suspected him of cherishing the tender passion for the dark-eyed Carmen.

I walked slowly back to the hotel and awaited his arrival. He was in an exultant humour so I began to suspect that this piece of business he so vaguely spoke of had something to do with Gasprey, or perhaps the beautiful Carmen.

He would not say a word until he had ordered drinks, and more drinks, and then relapsed into his long chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Ah, that's better, yes, much better. Fine man, Gasprey. Fine girl, Carmen, very fine girl. Plenty of nerve, oh yes."

"How did you get to know them?" I asked.

"Somebody introduced me the other evening at the Clydesdale Ball. I forget who it was. Very nice people, and very nice home. No, I did not see the jewels. Locked up after the Ball, evidently."

"Great Scott," I ejaculated, "whoever is this?" pointing down the verandah where a man was coming towards us. He was dressed in precisely the same style of clothes as my new friend, and who, on coming into full view I saw that if the pair had been twins the similarity in their features could not have been more pronounced.

"What a remarkable thing," I said, "How very extraordinary."

The new visitor, for evidently he had just arrived on the boat now lying off the Port-of-Spain harbour, bowed politely to us, evidently unaware of the perturbation he was causing. He took a chair nearest to James Montague, and after a few preliminary remarks commenced to tell us all about himself. The similarity in appearance was all that the two men had in common. In tone of voice, in gesture

and disposition they were as separated as the Poles. The new-comer's garrulity evidently jarred poor James Montague, for he begged to be excused and went off to his room on the pretext that he was afraid that he had a little fever. His double, whose name I ascertained to be William Baxter, whose father was a London merchant, who married the daughter of a Bradford wool spinner, had just called in at Trinidad from a tour of the United States and was now on his way home. He was most confiding. He told me everything about himself. His age, it was 48; his idiosyncrasies in the way of ailments,—gout and lumbago seemed predominant,—and many other details which are not here, but which were certainly very much there.

The next morning I heard very disquieting news of Montague. He was really sick with fever. His teeth were chattering and what with blue funk and genuine suffering he was looking extremely unwell. I tried to buck him up by minimising the danger of fever, and by telling him that the fever he had was no sort of fever anyhow. He refused to be consoled. As I expected, however, he had taken a little chill and in the next couple of days was able to be about again.

In the meanwhile our garrulous friend and myself had improved acquaintanceship and when he got about again I noticed that he took an unusual interest in Montague's movements. He followed him like a shadow.

CHAPTER II.

The climax to this little story came two nights afterwards. Whether in the excitement of prospective events Montague did not notice his temperature rising, or whether he decided that delay was dangerous to his project, I do not know, but at any rate it was a very sleepy person whom Baxter awoke just after midnight to tell a wonderful story of burglars, jewels, and revolvers and assistance.

"Come along," said Baxter, in an unusually brisk tone, "I don't want any fuss. We want to get the jewels. He can go. He's only a burglar. We shall have to speed up or he will get away with the jewels and then Messrs. Slinkerton & Co., private detectives, will want to know a thing or two about it, after sending me out here. We heard he was coming. We knew him well. He did five years for robbery with violence, two for forgery, three more for burglary. Jewels are his particular fancy. You see old Gasprey didn't want to lose his jewels, but he dare not call the police in. They might ask awkward questions. He employs us to ward off our benign friend."

By this time he had reached the kitchen garden running in the rear of the Gasprey mansion. No lights were visible.

"What a splendid place to burgle," said Baxter as we climbed over the open balcony. "No wonder it appealed to Montague. Why, getting into this house is as easy as walking through the Marble Arch."

We slipped through a jalousie door, which rattled ominously, and set my heart pounding away like a six-cylinder motor engine. I did not feel at all assured by his nonchalant manner. Passing into the drawing room we skirted the wide staircase and came to a dark passage. Here Baxter held me and inclined his ear to the wall.

"Listen," he said, "what the devil is that?"

In the dead of the night the most weird sound I have ever heard seemed to be penetrating that wall. Mix

the hiss of a cobra, with the snarl of a terrier, and envelope the whole in the moans of a dying man, and you have some idea.

Amazed and frightened I followed the unperturbed Baxter through a door which in the dark appeared to me to be covered with green baize, and into a room, which to me had all the appearance of a strong room at a Bank. There were no windows, and though the lights were full on in the room not a ray escaped outside.

Rushing into the room we saw Montague full length on the floor, shivering as though it were mid-winter, his teeth were chattering, he was moaning with pain and his face was the colour of vermillion.

There, opened in front of him was the great safe which had contained the jewels.

In a more or less unconscious state he did not notice Baxter lean over him, and pluck a packet from his pocket. The terrible malaria had a good hold. Montague could not move to save his life.

"Come," said Baxter, "leave him here, I didn't want him caught, but this can't be helped."

"But," I expostulated, "if you are working for Gasprey he can be called and give this poor fellow some help. He is very bad."

"More fool him to go out at night when he knows he is subject to malaria."

I was loathe to leave the unfortunate man caught red-handed as he was, but I had no option. My presence without Baxter might have required some explanation. Following hurriedly in Baxter's wake I caught up with him as he was vaulting the balcony rails. To my astonishment a motor car was waiting on the other side of the kitchen garden and Baxter indicated to me to get in.

I wondered why when we only had a matter of 200 yards to walk. I was soon to know. The car headed to the north of the island, and to my look of astonishment Baxter smiled.

"Do you know where we are going?"

"I jolly well want to know," I said.

"Well, my young friend, we are going to Venezuela."

"To Venezuela," I repeated in astonishment. "Whatever for?"

"You are green," was the uncomplimentary reply.

"But," I expostulated, "I don't want to go to Venezuela. I'm not going to Venezuela."

"You bet your sweet life you are."

"Look here, this is carrying the thing a bit too far."

"Well listen, you thick headed little chump, these jewels belong to me now."

"But you said that you were a detective."

"So I was, but I reckon that there will be enough to keep me in clover for the rest of my life if I'm careful. This is the smartest thing I have ever done since I went into the business."

"But what did you want to drag me in for?"

"Oh, you had to be there in case I did not make my get-away. I'll send you back all right, only you have to come along with me till I can get on a boat Brazilwards. I can't afford to have you talk too soon."

"What about the other man?"

"Well, he was a real burglar, all right. I expect he will get nabbed. He made enough row with that fever to waken the dead."

"Well, you are a cool hand," I could not help remarking.

CHAPTER III.

The dawn was creeping up as we reached a little creek running out into the sea. Bidding me get out quickly, the erstwhile detective led the way to a dark object in the distance. This I found to be a little motor launch which he lost no time in sliding into the water and getting started. He practically pushed me in, and off we glided, making a good ten knots an hour. We were within an ace of the goal of my friend's ambition, and he was congratulating himself on his good luck when in the stillness of the dawn a voice called out, "Launch on the port bow."

"Who is that?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied with an effort at nonchalance.

"We have nothing to do with them."

The next moment it seemed that we had a great deal to do with them, or rather they with us, for with a violent swirl as of water being arrested in its true course, the next moment a motor boat, larger than ours and evidently faster, drew up alongside of us, and I saw with some relief that the uniform of the Trinidad Police Force clothed the man whose voice had arrested our progress in this fashion.

"Well?" interrogated my loquacious friend, "and to what do I owe this honour?"

"Oh, come off your perch," was the reply of the Inspector of Police who was in charge of the launch. "Caught with the goods this time." "And," he said, turning to me, "What the devil are you doing in this affair. Are you in, too? I always thought you were an extravagant young blighter."

"Cut out the rough stuff," interrupted Baxter, "the kid's out of this, I was kidnapping him in case he talked too much."

"I suppose you will come quietly," said the inspector.

"Got your warrant?"

"What warrant?"

"Why, the extradition warrant, of course. You can't lift me from here without it. I'm in Venezuelan waters. You have no jurisdiction in these waters."

"Cut it out," said the Inspector. "You are coming with me and we will talk about the legality afterwards."

"All right, I suppose it is a case of Hobson's choice, but you were pretty slick. Who put you wise?"

"The friend you left in the strong room. We beat you by five minutes. The wireless came through just in time. He is wild, swears that he will have your blood if he catches you. You bilked him properly, and we bilked you, and between us we all bilked old Gasprey. I wonder if they caught him?"

"What has he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the boy who got 'em in the first place. He stole 'em in London, you steal 'em here, and now we pinch you in his behalf. Pretty neat, I think."

"We all went along with the Inspector, and arrived in Trinidad about ten o'clock. We drove straight to the Gaspreys' house. He was there all right. Another Police Inspector had him. He scowled at my companion. "Muddler," he scoffed. "You think you're clever. You think you got jewels? Hah, hah, that is a good joke,

Take him away Inspector before I spit on the fool who caused all the trouble for nothing."

"Anyhow you had all better come along to the Station and we will talk there," remarked the senior Inspector.

"But why you carry me to the station?" asked Gasprey. "What have I done?"

"Turn out those jewels and that may help to remind him of what he has done."

The Inspector who had taken the package away from Baxter pulled them from his pocket and handed them over.

"You see what we want you for?" For stealing these."

"I did not steal them," said Gasprey, "they belong to me. Cannot I buy glass if I want to? Look," and with that he placed several on the floor and ground them into dust.

We were all astonished, Gibbs perhaps more than anybody else. The inspectors looked very sheepish. Obviously there was a mistake somewhere.

Then Gibbs burst out laughing. "Oh, you kids," he said turning to the Inspectors, "he's put it over on you. 'Where is the fair Carmen? You don't know? She has gone. So have the jewels. You've all been bilked!

THE WAYS OF OUR "SPECULATORS." THE DEMERARIAN AND BARBADIAN BREED.

BY E. N. WOOLFORD.

There is hardly a more interesting type of business man operating in these latitudes than the Demerarian and Barbadian huckster on a large scale, who delights in calling himself a "speculator." To refer to him as a huckster would be to draw down on one's head a volume of abuse rivalling in vituperation that of the most finished "fish woman" of Billingsgate market, of which by the way one has heard so much but with whom not 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of the entire West Indies has even a nodding acquaintance.

On occasions, however, our "speculator" is a woman who possesses all the sharpness for scenting a good deal as the cleverest Jew. I propose, however, to deal first with the male member of the type, being the most extensively known here, although the female of the species is an every day sight in Bridgetown as she careers into town seated behind a donkey which vainly tries to emulate the sprinting prowess of a racing *Houghton*, spurred on to greater efforts as he is by the prodding tendencies of his speculative mistress.

HOW THE TYPE CAME INTO BEING.

There is nothing on our local records to show how our "speculators" came into being, nor what were the causes which operated in bringing on the scene of our business activities in British Guiana a class of dealers unique in themselves and filling a distinct niche. Neither is there any indication that the extensive trade in "small goods" which is being extensively carried on between this colony, Barbados and sometimes Trinidad with these "speculators acting as mediums, developed in a night like Jonah's gourd. On the contrary the returns of the Georgetown Stabroek Market and other Customs statistics of leading houses disclose that from since the days when Georgetown was barely a dunghheap and before it attained to the eminence of boasting a Town Hall, "speculators" careered in doubtful craft between Demerara and Bridgetown, bringing in their train commodities ranging from eggs, good, bad and doubtful, up to ram goats evil-smelling and otherwise.

WHEN "SPECULATORS" WERE MEN OF WORTH.

In those days of long ago "speculators" were men of worth, their profits running into anything from a guilder to thousands of guilders, the spending power of this Dutch coin being then assessed not so much by its value as by weight, our forbears being keen on quality. Then again one had to depend a great deal on the tender mercies of these traders to procure for us what we could not get for ourselves locally, Demerara not having yet started to grow any other commodity but sugar, which had enough troubles of its own abroad without being called on to deal with any demands at home.

If one desired a nice succulent sweet potato one had to consult the "speculator," who, taking out from some greasy pocket at the front of the top part of his trousers a bulky notebook, entered therein by simply putting a cross the fact that one wanted a "digger." If it was say a bag of eddoes or yams or some dried fish or sea-eggs the same process was gone through, insomuch so that after a time the frequent placing of an x against what one supposed to be one's name, gave rise to the suspicion that the majority of those "speculators" could not write, or as my old grandmother, Titty, used to put it, they did not know to mark "B from bull foot!"—a creole way of saying that in one's education the assimilation of the three R's, had been neglected for the absorption of the more aristocratic elucidation of Classics, if you please.

RUCTIONS.

But this tendency to scoff at the educational attainments of all "speculators," a tendency which has been handed down to our times, has sometimes resulted in the occurrence of many disastrous happenings, when the trader involved, in a moment of passion at the ribald taunts flung at him, has retaliated in a manner that did not at all appeal to the person who had taunted him and who by the way turned out to be one who had engaged the now indignant "speculator" to

bring over from Bim-land something for him. I recall standing once on a Georgetown wharf enjoying the sweet scents which were wafted up to me from an adjacent mud-flat that had floating on its surface such oderiferous flotsam as a few dead dogs, sundry cast off cabbages, and a tubercolic pig or so, when my attention was attracted to an altercation that was in progress between a fat black woman and a 'Badian "speculator." The woman occupied the vantage point of the extreme end of the stelling, on the end of which she sat, one bulky leg resting on the floor of the wharf itself, while the other, adorned with a gay display of embroidery, hung tantalisingly over into the river. Facing her was the man she was teasing, a well-known trader who, standing on the deck of a schooner, held up to her what I recognised to be a small jar.

"But you aint better dan Johnnie Gallops!" I heard the woman exclaim with a hearty laugh, "and furthermore 'e better dan you, foh if you see you name big as de Light-house you can't read um!"

"Wha' dah!" replied the "speculator," so you tink Johnnie Gallops better than mah?"

"Foh true! Foh true!" replied his tormentor, and again she laughed.

The woman was plainly only chaffing him good humouredly, but the "speculator" did not take it so, for, lifting the jar he tossed it into the river with the remark: "Wha'! good dear, if you think so much ah dah boy let him bring sling (a molasses and sugar product) foh you!"

What happened afterwards I am not in a position to state, but as I hastened away from off that stelling I happened to glance back, and the last I saw of that now fairly maddened fat black woman, was as she stood poised on the end of the wharf, her befrilled petticoats gathered in her hands, preparatory to jumping down on to the schooner's deck whereon stood the "speculator" who had had the hardihood to throw her jar of "sling" overboard. That a hot rough-and-tumble time, however, was spent between them, can be gauged from the fact that some days subsequently when I happened to run across the old trader in the vicinity of the Magistrate's Court, his forehead had a bandage, two of his front teeth were missing, while his left hand was in splints, the good dame having used her molars to disastrous advantage on his right thumb.

NOT A FAVOURITE WITH THE CUSTOMS.

Despite, however, the use to which "speculators" as a whole are put, and despite the great advantages they offer as transmitting barterers and exchangers between producers on this side of the water and those living in neighbouring islands, nevertheless they are not popular on the whole with the authorities that be. For one thing the harbour and

Customs officials view them with suspicion for several reasons, the chief one of which is that their operations have been known time and again to turn out not as innocent of guile as their manifests and other papers have shown on the surface. Experience has taught many a Customs house officer to look for more than yams at the bottom of bags of produce so labelled, and before to-day a packet said to contain nothing but dried fish has yielded a bottle or sundry bottles for that matter of Stade's Rum, flanked now and again by a pint or so of Falemum, the two combining to form that drink so beloved of all Barbadians—"corn and oil!" For years in the past this silent struggle between the "speculators" and the authorities went on, sometimes the former more often than not getting the better of the game, while now and then the Customs men would succeed in making a haul.

On the whole, however, one hardly knows what would be the effect on the local market if the breed of "speculators" were to die out altogether or cease to take an interest in a line of business the profit of which even if it does not enable those engaged in it in these days of stress to purchase a Wall house in Roebuck, a "brass castle" in St. George's Parish, or a three storied residence or so in any of the Wards of this city, still provides them with a decent living. Ubiquitous and knowing his way well about, the "speculator" has been found in nearly every township. I think it was the late Rev. Mr. Bronkhurst who once said at Smith Congregational Church in Brickdam that the first man he met on going through the Joppa Gate in Jerusalem was a Barbadian trader whom in past years he had known in Berbice.

"What are you doing here, Ward?" were the words Mr. Bronkhurst said he had greeted him with.

"Woolah reverend," Ward had replied, "ah come here trying to buy some ah dah Gennazarene geese wha' ah read about!"

And Mr. Bronkhurst had perforce to leave it at that.

Unfortunately the old and more interesting type is fast dying out and is being replaced not by the trusty breed we all knew and appreciated so well, but by a kind of hybrid speculator who is prepared to swop you 50 bags of rice and 100 cords of lightwood for nothing more solid than what he calls "mah note of hand," which he promises to redeem when he returns from a tour round the islands where he succeeds in disposing of your wares at 100 per cent. In a few isolated cases your "speculator" does not return, and then it's up to you to sing as far as your 50 bags of rice and 100 cords of "candle wood" are concerned that song made so popular by the late Ira D. Sankey—

In de sweet, by and by,
Till we meet on dat beautiful shore!



THE PEOPLE WHO "EAT ALONE."*

BY A. HYATT VERRILL.

A narrow lane of brown and tranquil river with its glassy surface broken by innumerable tacubas, their gaunt water-worn trunks and branches standing sharply forth like half submerged skeletons of prehistoric monsters, and on either hand, the towering walls of giant forest trees rearing their dense canopy of foliage, tangled rope-like vines and vivid flowers a hundred feet and more above their mirrored counterparts.

Such was the scene upon which I looked as my fragile woodskin sped swiftly and silently down the upper Barama to the steady strokes of my Indians' paddles.

Suddenly, through the silence of the vast wilderness, came a faint, far away sound; a rhythmic, pulsating beat. Instantly the flashing strokes of the paddles ceased and we rested motionless, listening with eager ears, for the sound, though so thin and dim that it seemed felt rather than heard, was unmistakable,—the measured boom of an Indian drum.

And, as once more the throbbing noise was borne to us on the bosom of the forest bordered river, my pulses quickened, for there is something indescribably wild, something that savors of primitive savage man, of cannibal feasts and weird orgies in the sound of an Indian tom-tom quivering through the still and humid air of a tropic jungle.

Then, as the paddles dipped once more and the woodskin leaped forward, the centuries seemed swept away and in my mind I saw another boat upon the river in the wilderness, a boat filled with mail-clad men whose faces blanched at the booming drum beats and who with muttered curses, urged their Indian slaves to greater efforts, and crossing themselves prayed that they might escape from the accursed spot ere 'twas too late. And good cause had those voyagers of old to fear for their lives, for they were in the heart of the Carib country, the district inhabited by that once implacable, unconquerable, indomitable race the mere mention of whose name brought terror to the heart of red man or white, the one tribe to defy the armed intruders from over seas; the tribe to whom bloodshed and battle were as the breath of life; who feasted upon the bodies of their vanquished and who gave the word "cannibal" to our language. But unlike those mail-clad men of centuries past I was hurrying towards the sound of the Carib drum, for there was nothing to fear, the Caribs' warlike ways have long since been forgotten and the tom-tom called the tribesmen to a festive dance instead of to a ghastly cannibal feast.

I had long wanted to visit the Caribs of Guiana for I had dwelt among the Caribs of Dominica,—the last survivors of the race in the Antilles,—and I was most anxious to study the resemblances and differences between the two tribes.

By a long and no means easy journey I had reached the upper waters of the Barama; but the 140 miles of sea in the ill-found, wallowing apology for a steamer; the 36 hours sent bucking the Barima in a noisy kerosene launch where sleep was impossible; the 30 odd miles of jungle road through torrential downpours with shelterless nights in the bush, these were but incidentals and all hardships and discomforts were forgotten as the dull resonant throb of the

Carib drum reverberated louder and louder while we swept towards the half-hidden entrance to a narrow creek.

In a moment the river was lost to view, and rounding a bend of the creek, the woodskin was run gently upon the muddy shore beside a dozen others of its kind.

Up from the landing place a gigantic fallen tree trunk formed a natural bridge and pathway to the summit of the bank, and, in single file, we picked our way along the slippery tacuba and entered a narrow winding trail through the forest.

Ever louder boomed the drum as we proceeded and presently, emerging from the woods, we came forth upon a good sized clearing within which stood half a dozen thatched benabs. I had reached the Carib camp, had come unannounced and unbidden to the merry making, and I gazed about with interest at the scene to which good fortune had led me.

Close at hand stood a neatly wattled hut, adjoining it was a large open benab and in its shelter, standing about, reclining in hammocks or squatting on low wooden stools, were a score or more of women. Some were naked,—save for their blue laps or loin cloths,—others wore a single bag-like garment suspended by a string about the neck and exposing shoulders and breast, but all were arrayed in barbaric finery and gay with paint and colour. All wore their glossy blue-black hair coiled in neat braids above their napes and decorated with innumerable scarlet streamers; all had arms and legs tightly bound with woven ornamental bands of cotton; all wore immense necklaces of beads, teeth and seeds; all had faces painted in strange designs of scarlet and black and all wore a tuft of white vulture down upon their foreheads,—the tribal mark of the true Carib.

A few yards away, beneath another thatched benab, were the men,—splendidly muscled, beautifully proportioned, clean-limbed and physically as perfect as statues of bronze,—clad only in their long, befringed, embroidered and beaded laps; but one and all with hideously painted faces and their long forelocks of hair covered with the snowy vulture down, the symbol of their race.

At the entrance to the men's benab a tall Carib was seated, holding, between his knees, a drum of cedar and baboon hide upon which he beat the monotonous rhythm of the wahnoo dance with jaguar bones for drumsticks.

Close by, stood two great troughs of Paiwarrie and ever back and forth between these and the men and women passed a young and comely maiden with her face curiously adorned with scarlet, the "Paiwarrie Governor," whose duty is to keep the drinkers' calabashes constantly filled with the vile liquor.

It was by merest chance I had come upon the camp during a paiwarrie spree, when, from far and near, the Caribs had foregathered for the dance, and by this good luck I had obtained an exceptional opportunity to see the Caribs when all restraint was thrown aside.

* A Chapter from Mr. Verrill's forthcoming book "Among the Indians of the Guiana Wilderness." It is to obtain photographs and material for this work that the author is now visiting the Colony.

With true Indian stoicism the Caribs showed no surprise at my arrival on the scene, and, seating myself in an empty hammock, I took the proffered calabash of Paiwarrie, for he who would win the confidence of the red men and would obtain an insight of their lives and ways must perforce do as they do in as far as possible. As yet the dance had not commenced and as I wandered at will among the people and explored their benabs I learned much of Carib life and ways. Soon we were on friendly terms; presents of tobacco, pipes, knives, mirrors, etc., serving to establish myself in their good graces and even old Komahrie, the Peaiman and master of ceremonies, unbent from his surly aloofness, and vowing I was his brother, posed for his portrait, and then, leading me to his benab, furnished me with a vocabulary and other information of the greatest value, besides disposing of his choicest possessions to add to my collection.

Meantime the drinking was continuing without cessation, but much to my surprise, there were no signs of intoxication, although the Indians had consumed enormous quantities of the sour, ill-smelling concoction. The only visible effect of the liquor was to produce a lethargic, listless, dull condition, the men and women lying or sitting motionless and silent, but with no signs of drowsiness, and apparently wrapped in the most serious and profound thoughts, and often so inert that they would not trouble to lift the drink to their lips, but opening their mouths, waited for the serving maid to pour the liquor down their throats.

In a short time, however, the Paiwarrie commenced to act as a cathartic and emetic, but there was nothing of the nauseating filthy orgy of which I had heard; the people discreetly retiring to the bush, to return and continue drinking as before.

In an hour or two after my arrival the Paiwarrie began to exert its secondary effect; the lethargic morose attitude of the Caribs gave way to laughter and gaiety, they chattered and sang, the droning boom of the drum became a lively tattoo, rude fiddle-like instruments squeaked, bone flutes added their shrill notes to the barbaric discord, and the boys and girls commenced to prance about, turning and twisting, stamping their feet, and stepping high in time with the drum beats.

Soon the men joined the dance, always in couples, and, casting aside their single garments, the women followed in rapid succession. Each sex, however, formed a separate group, the women and girls dancing on the smooth open space before their benab and the men occupying a similar space before their shelter, while the boys dashed about, here there and everywhere, shaking calabash rattles and yelling like fiends.

No doubt there were definite steps and figures to the dance and these unquestionably had their symbolic meanings for the "spree" was held to celebrate the end of the period of mourning for a deceased member of the tribe and the desertion of the field wherein she had been buried. But only a Carib could have interpreted the meaning of the intricate movements and the gyrations of the dance or the significance of the various forms of ceremonial clubs wielded by the men. To civilized eyes it appeared a confused jumble of leaping, prancing, naked bronze figures; a kaleidoscopic whirl of colour and a deafening din of yells, shouts, the piercing sound of flutes, the thumping of wooden clubs, the stamp and shuffle of bare feet and the whirl of rattles, the

whole punctuated and impelled by the resonant hollow boom of the drum.

For a time I watched,—an interested spectator, and taking photographs as opportunity offered; but as Paiwarrie was constantly pressed upon me and I had no desire either to drink more or to offend the Indians by refusals, and as there was nothing more to be accomplished, I prepared to leave the dancing half-drunken throng to themselves.

But my "civilized" Carib boatmen could not be coaxed, cajoled or threatened into leaving,—such an event as a Paiwarrie spree did not fall to their lot every day and they were determined to make the most of their opportunity. Luckily one of my men was of another tribe, and being unfamiliar with the Carib tongue, found himself a mere wall flower. With him and my trusty black Sam I slipped away unnoticed, and embarking in my woodskin, headed for the open river and our camp.

As we paddled up stream in the waning light, the distant boom of the drum was borne to us on the breeze and far into the night the faint, far away reverberations told us that hilarity still reigned among the Caribs.

Much of interest was obtained among these Caribs of the upper Barama and much additional and valuable data was secured from other Caribs, both before and after my first participation in a Paiwarrie feast.

That they are very different from all other Guiana Indians is evident, but who they are, whence they came and what their relationship with the other tribes, are problems which have long puzzled ethnologists and are still unsolved.

Of the same stocky build as the other aborigines, yet the Caribs differ markedly in features, proportions and physical characteristics and are still more distinct in habits, traditions, language, weapons and customs. Thus, among all the other British Guiana tribes, the women wear aprons or queyus of beads, whereas, the Carib women never use queyus, but adhere to plain cloth laps or loin cloths, while the laps of the men, instead of being of plain cloth devoid of decoration, are fringed, ornamented with strips of coloured cloth and braid and are often beaded.

In place of the tattooing, so common among the Akawoias, Patamonas, Arekunas and other tribes, the Caribs use pigments or paints exclusively and, moreover, the painted designs on their faces have no significance as charms or beenas,—as do the tattoo marks of their neighbours,—but are merely ornamental.

Feather crowns and mantles also are unknown among the Caribs, the only feathers used for decorative purposes being the soft white down of the King Vulture which, gummed to the foreheads of the women or to the forelocks of the men, constitutes the tribal mark or emblem of the race. In order to afford a spot for attaching this down the Carib men wear a long lock of hair, extending from the centre of the head above the ears to the forehead, the rest of the hair being clipped short. So inherent and deep seated is this ancient custom that even the civilized Caribs of the riverside towns cut their hair in the same manner, although they have not the remotest idea as to why they do so.

In their necklaces and other adornments the Caribs also differ materially from other tribes, the women wearing immense necklaces of beads consisting of innumerable strings held together by polished rings cut from palm nuts, while ankles and limbs are tightly bound with fringed cotton bands

woven in place and which cannot be removed without cutting.

Like nearly all the other Indians, the Caribs have their ears pierced, but in addition, the women have the lower lip perforated and in the aperture carry one or more pins, which are used to extract jiggers from the feet. The women are adept at removing these pins and reinserting them with the tip of the tongue and it is almost fascinating to watch the pins appear and disappear from the lip without apparent cause. But the strangest feature of this custom of carrying pins in the lip lies in the fact that it exists among no other British Guiana Indians with the exception of the Macusis and their related tribes of southern Guiana, and as these people also use white down on their foreheads on festive occasions there is little doubt that they are of Carib stock, although so widely separated geographically and so totally distinct in many other ways.

The weapons of the Caribs are also very different from those of the other British Guiana Indians. The bows are, as a rule, very crude and primitive, but some are well made and these differ from the bows of the Arekunas, Patamonas and other races in their form and size, as well as in the depth of the groove along the back.

The Caribs' arrows, however, are much superior to those of most other tribes and are usually shorter, while, in addition to bows and arrows, the Caribs employ long throwing lances or javelins for hunting large game, as well as true harpoons for capturing large fish. Blow pipes and poisoned darts are unknown among the Caribs,—save where Ackwoias have intermarried with them, but they make ceremonial clubs of many different types and which are often of immense size and weight.

In their domestic arts and crafts the Caribs are very primitive, their basketry being inferior to that of other Indians, their wooden stools rough and crude, their earthenware poorly made and their hammocks of inferior grade; but their water calabashes are well designed and neatly stoppered, their drums are marvels of ingenuity and patience and their strange fiddles,—made from the hollow limbs of the trumpet tree or "Gunga pump,"—are very cleverly designed and are far from unmusical.

As might be expected of a race whose ancestors for countless centuries lived by the sword, figuratively speaking, the Caribs are less inclined to pastoral and agricultural pursuits than the other Guiana tribes, but they are adept fishermen, splendid hunters and unexcelled boatmen. These inherited characteristics of their warlike, nomadic forbears tend to make them lazy and improvident however, and, compared with the Arekunas, Macusis or even the Patamonas, they are miserably poor,—if indeed we can consider any one poor whose every want is supplied by nature and who has no ambitions or desires other than to live an uneventful, easy existence with as little effort as possible. Whereas the benabs of the other Indians are usually well supplied with baskets for various purposes, several spare hammocks, numerous cooking utensils, an ample assortment of bows and arrows, often times a gun, great balls of spun cotton and baskets of raw cotton; the houses of the Caribs usually contain but the barest necessities. Few own guns, more than a single bow with its set of arrows is rarely seen, the baskets are usually few and show signs of long hard usage, a single earthen pot or a battered pail is the ordinary extent of cooking utensils and the hammocks

are smoke-browned with age and patched and repaired in innumerable places.

But despite their lack of industry and their poverty, the Caribs are intelligent, honest, scrupulously neat and cleanly in habits and, when beyond the sphere of influence of civilized man, strictly moral according to their own tenets. Indeed, the cleanliness of their villages and persons is most striking and the satin-like smoothness of their skins is in sharp contrast to the scarred and scratched bodies of many other tribes and speaks eloquently of their physical condition and personal habits. No doubt this is partly due to the fact that the women constantly wear the loose bag-like frocks peculiar to their tribe when in the bush, for they state that this is donned to protect their skins from thorns, brush and insects; but the men go about nude save for their laps and their skins are also clean and free from sores, scars or blemishes.

In colour the Caribs average lighter than the other tribes, their skins ranging from a light golden-brown or dark olive to a reddish, coppery hue; the women as a rule being lighter coloured than the men and their faces, strangely enough, being often lighter than their bodies. Their features are more regular and finer cut than the other Indians', their noses are often straight or even slightly aquiline, their lips fairly thin, their mouths small and their eyes seldom oblique or almond shaped and often hazel or tawny-brown colour. On the whole they are far less Oriental in appearance than the other tribes, many are decidedly Caucasian in features, there is a distinctly Semitic cast to their faces and, if dressed in civilized garments, they might readily pass for natives of southern and eastern Europe or Asia Minor.

In stature the Caribs average taller than the other tribes, the average height of 34 men being 5ft. 6 inches and that of 33 women being 4ft. 9 inches while one man was measured who stood 5ft. 10 inches in height and the tallest woman seen was 5ft. 3 inches.

The Carib language differs essentially from all other Guiana tongues and while the dialect of each tribe is distinct yet the differences are often so slight that very often a member of one tribe has no difficulty in conversing with members of another. Thus, the Arekunas and Ackwoias can understand each others tongue, but in the case of Carib it is different, for neither Arekuna nor Akowioa can speak or understand Carib (unless the knowledge is acquired) or vice versa. Indeed, there are scarcely a dozen Carib words which even remotely resemble the words having the same meaning in the tongues of the other tribes, although certain words, such as "toona" (water), "oorapa" (bow) and "poorooua" (arrow) are common to several tribal tongues. This however, is to be expected for such words were of prime importance, and necessity compelled the various peoples to adopt universally understood names for the articles on which their lives depended.

To the student of ethnology the Caribs are perhaps the most interesting, as well as the most puzzling, tribe of northern South America for once their origin or relationship can be definitely established great light will be thrown upon the aborigines of the continent. It has long been customary to consider the Caribs of the South American mainland and the Caribs of the Lesser Antilles as identical, the theory being that the insular aborigines were merely wanderers from the coast who, by stress of weather or by choice, had migrat-

ed to the islands that rim the Caribbean Sea. But with this theory I cannot fully agree for in many ways the two races are totally different. Putting aside the question of physical characteristics, which might easily be altered by environment, there are many important points to be considered.

Thus, the first Europeans to visit South America found the Indians using hammocks which, to the aborigine, is perhaps the most important of articles with the exception of his weapons. But the early voyagers make no mention of hammocks among the Indians of the Antilles and the few survivors of the insular Caribs never use hammocks and have no knowledge of their manufacture. To my mind it is inconceivable that an article of such ancient origin and so indispensable as the hammock should not have been carried by any Indians who strayed or migrated to the islands, for no South American Indian goes forth, even on a short journey, without his hammock.

Moreover, the bows and arrows used by the natives of the Caribbees were very different from those common to the Indians of the mainland, while the heavy wooden clubs of the latter are unknown to the insular Indians. Of course such clubs may have been in use before the advent of the whites (they are scarcely more than ceremonial among the Guiana tribes to-day) but Pere Labat and other early chroniclers make no mention of them or of the white down tribal marks, when describing the aborigines of the islands. As these early visitors to the West Indies described the Caribs and their ways quite fully and in detail, they could scarcely have failed to note such conspicuous characteristics of the natives had they existed. The fact that they were not mentioned is ample proof, to my mind, that they were unknown to the aboriginal inhabitants of the islands.

But perhaps the strongest argument against the theory that the islands were peopled by Caribs from South America is found in the canoes of the two races.

To navigate the stretch of open sea that separates Guiana from the Antilles would require seaworthy, staunch, large craft for while a stray canoe might be blown to sea and reach the islands in safety, still, in order to transport enough people to populate the islands, not one but many, boats must have made the passage. Any one familiar with the light, fragile woodskins, or the narrow, cranky, dugout corials of the Guiana Indians will be skeptical of the latter's ability to migrate in numbers to the islands in such craft. Even granting that this occurred, what then became of these types of boats when the wave-tossed Indians reached a safe haven on the Leeward coasts of the Antilles?

One would suppose that having made the journey in corial or woodskin the Caribs, who are preeminently canoe Indians, would have continued to build similar craft for use in their new home. But such is not the case, for woodskins are unknown in the Antilles and such dugouts as are used are peculiar to the Caribbean and are so totally distinct from all types of South American canoes that it is scarcely possible to conceive that they are merely evolutions from the corial type. And that these insular Caribs' canoes are not of recent origin is proven by the records of the European discoverers who described the canoes of the island Caribs as precisely like those of the present day. Staunch, seaworthy, swift and often of enormous size, the canoes of the island Indians could easily have weathered the seas of the Atlantic or the Caribbean and with little danger

could have reached the shores of South America in numbers. In fact it is my firm conviction that this is exactly what did occur and that instead of the South American Caribs migrating northward to the islands, the original Caribs were insular people and migrated southward to the mainland. There, finding a land of promise with forests teeming with game, rivers swarming with fish, and an abundance of inoffensive, timid people on which to prey, the fierce wanderers established themselves, and finding no further use for the sea-going heavy boats in which they had reached their new home, they gradually abandoned the type in favour of the lighter craft of the Arowaks and Warraus which were adapted to river and creek navigation. This theory, too, would account for the hammocks, the white feather tribal emblem and the other peculiarities of the mainland Carib which are non-existent among the Caribs of the Antilles.

Thus, in the islands, where there were no indigenous poisonous snakes, no carnivorous animals, no swampy inundated ground and few insects dangerous to man, there would be no necessity for hammocks or similar devices. So too, in the islands where all the inhabitants were of one race there would be no need of distinguishing tribal marks, even though the denizens of one island warred upon their next door neighbours. But once upon the mainland, conditions would be very different. Here, in a low land often inundated, where poisonous snakes were common, where prowling beasts abounded and where countless insect pests made sleeping on the earth dangerous, hammocks would be required and their advantage would quickly be grasped by the newcomers and the useful articles would be adopted for their own use. So too, in this land already inhabited and where the handful of warlike strangers was surrounded by hordes of other tribes, a distinctive mark of recognition was necessary. Why the white down of the King Vulture was selected is easy to guess, for this bird invariably flies alone and eats by itself while the common black vultures stand aloof, waiting until the King's appetite is glutted and he retires from his feast. And truly symbolical of the Caribs' ways is the mark they chose, for like the King Vulture, they were a race apart from the timid darker skinned natives; a race holding themselves aloof as superiors of the Warrau and the Arowak, as do their descendants of to-day; a people who "ate alone," for they had cannibal propensities and only the pickings they left from their forays or their hunts fell to the lot of their neighbours. To-day, the Warrau and the Arowak still looks upon his Carib neighbour as a superior being; to-day the Carib still looks down upon his fellow redmen and scorns to eat food touched or prepared by the Warrau, who, as of old, stands aside while the Carib, "eats like the King Vulture," alone.

But whether or not the Caribs spread from the islands to the mainland or vice versa, the question of their origin is yet unanswered.

Perchance, the ancient legend of Atlantis was no myth; the forest-clad volcanic peaks of the Antilles may be the last vestiges of that submerged land and the Caribs the descendants of its people. For aught we know, they may be of Phœnician or Mediterranean lineage, a race whose ancestors were carried by tempest or baffling winds across the wide Atlantic and who, unable to make headway back

against the trade winds, settled on the fair islands of the west. Or again, they may be one of the lost tribes of Israel who, wandering westward along the African coast, were borne out to sea and found the New World, ages ere Columbus set forth upon his perilous quest.

There are equally good arguments for each theory and it is idle to speculate. The chances are the truth will never be known and that long after the last of the Caribs has passed into the great beyond the origin of the race will still remain as much a mystery as ever.

THE PASSING HOUR.

SARAH SOLILOQUIES

BY J. VAN SERTIMA.

THE WAR AND ITS EFFECTS.

Well, de War is still 'pon we, an' aldo de Allies talkin' all ova dey face, de Kaisa is still 'pon de people (a). But he day will come: David did slay Goliath wid all he big-mannishnis, an' de Kaisa will meet it so sure as twice one mek two; an' den we gwine see how he gwine flee from de wrat' to come. Well, dis War mek we see t'ings we neva see befo' an' mek we bear weight we neva put 'pon we shoulda befo'. Wha' de British Guvment neva dream of doin' fo' de suga plantas of dey own colony, is dat wha' de Kaisa do fo' dem—gi'e dem good price fo' dey suga, an' prevent dem from suckin' salt t'rough a wooden spoon or tekkin a numba fo' a name in de Insolence Cote Office. But I wish to goodness de War was done ova. T'ings is unconscionable dear. I wasn't de 'oman to face de counta to buy a dress fo' de Chris'mas dis time; an' you know when such a calamity befall Sarah, t'ings mus' be in de ball-ball. I is reduce right down to me balla. (b) When clot' an' fineries gone up 30 per cent., me an' me dress-maka can only exchange de compliments of de day—nutt'n else. Me purse-string got mo' en' dan de War; an' I is not as young as I used to be. You know how? As fo' de food line (c) everyt'ing is raise', an' you appetite ent drunk to fo'get heself to grow by what it feed 'pon. Starvation in de lan'. My goodness, gracious! wha' we gwine do wid de Kaisa fo' distribution wha' he bring 'pon we? Me ent gwine use any razar 'pon he, but will leave he quiet in de han's of de Lo'd. "Revenge is mine saith the Lord." An' I content to leave he in dat Cote House. All de same, some people is ovadoin' de t'ing (d) I can understan' dat suga is dear—dey usin' dat in de War; an' why rice gone up; people in de islans get to believe in it same as we; an' de t'ings dat does come from outside in vessels. But you can tell me why a han'ful of peppas is for a half-a-bitt? an' you can't get a decent bunch a plantain for unda t'ree bitt an' a half? Well, to be sure; an' you should see de size of de plantain dat fetchin' price now! "Mary José plantain, twenty fo' a gill," tekkin a high place in de ma'kit now. Is really a case of de pint pot tu'n down an' de gill pot tu'n up.

THE COMBINED COURT.

Anodda case like dat you seein' in de Combine Cote. De absentee proprieta ent got neida representative deh. You see de t'ing? De pint pot tu'n down. An' you believe me, de Attorney General want to cry he eyeballs out a he head because dis is de case. But wha' de suga plantas is to he or he to de suga plantas dat he should want to tek up dey fiah rage like dat? As fo' de new Combine' Cote, me hawt bin in me han' 'bout how dey was gwine behave deyself, an' if de Schoolmasta in Downin' Street would a did have to gi'e dem a piece of he min' an' a flogging 'pon top de ba'gin. But tank Heavens, t'ings is disapp'int; wha' I tek fo' a 9 only tu'n out to be a 6. De horse guards ent call out, neida Maja May didn't have no occasion to carry de Fiah Brigade to out de fiah in de Demerara Riva. Now an' again I did fancy I did hear de Angel of Acrimony beatin' she wings, but nutt'n didn't come out of it. If de watas of discussion did want to bile up in a storm dey stop half way in dey intention. De Elective membas, it seem to me, was clementise—I mean hypnotise; an' all dose who went out to cuss Mr. Clementi remain to fin' out dat he wasn't such a blood t'irsty chicken after all. But de Session stan' too long, doh. I suppose dat is to gi'e satisfaction to de people who does fo'get dat while "Say Well" is a good wo'd "Do Well" is a betta. De membas talk so much English (good, bad an' indifferent) dat at lengt' an' at las' dey break out in Latin an' Foolishness. Dat ent so ha'd as it seem, for you can get de Latin out of a book, an' dere is always some-kin' of Foolishness in you' head dat you can len' you tongue to use. De Immigration Agent General (Mr. Stewart) get de Repo'tas' Prize—in fac' was a walk-ova wid he. De Vociferated Logic Prize go to de Schoolmasta from Ba-bados; also ran, de Guvna an' Mr. Brassington. De Guvna tek away de Guvment Secriterry wo'k, but still he couldn't keep up wid Mr. Thorne. Mr. Thorne get de advantage ova he, for flyin' fish an' eddoes is de t'ing dey does mek oratars wid in Ba'bados. De fiery an' untame' Mr. Brassington did itchin' for a fight, an' several times did square off to begin de battle, but as fortunately or unfor-

fortunately it does tek two to mek a fight, he was lef' like dat—all alone in he glory—brass befo' an' brass behin'; which sound like a cuss wo'd, but which is mo' like a compliment. I wonda when dem elective woodman cuttin' down dis an' cuttin' down dat, dey does rememba—specially wid de Public Wo'ks Depa'tment—dat dey does cut off a god lot of people from gettin' wo'k—de same people dey does go to aftawa'ds an' ask fo' dey vote. Cuttin' down fo' de sake of cuttin' down is li'le chilrun wo'k. You can believe me, you can't get Efficiency fo' two bitts an' a half; a straight shillin' is de price. Don't fool you'self in dis matta. An' wid all de people talkin' 'bout Guvment extravagance, wid all de Surplus Fun' gone towa'ds de steamas an' odda t'ings (dat is de colony borra money from itself because it can't get it outside in dis guava season), wid all de money wha' spen' fo' sen' away de contingents, dere is to be no mo' taxation. An' yet de Guvment gettin' a busin' off. Is a wondaful t'ing dat we ent call 'pon to pay mo' taxation, an' far an' wide de t'ing should be proclaim! Is all a case of "Wolf, wolf," when dere was neida wolf in de case. I hope an' trus' de people eye will open now, an' dey will see dat de Guvment is not so black as de electives was paintin' it—gwine 'bout de country an' mekkin' de people suspicious 'bout de Guvment.

THE SEA DEFENCES.

So we had a War all to weself—de Naval Battle off de coas' of Lusignan. De t'ree C's had it out—Case, Chance, an' de C itself, an' of co'se de Sea beat easy. Chance had a lot to do wid de result, but de electives bat dey ea's (e) at dat. Perhaps if de wo'k did undatake at any odda time it would a did go on easy an' successful. Mr. Case got de blame an' Mr. Buck got de blame, an' dis, dat an' de odda. Nobody ent t'ink 'bout blamin' de Sea; an' is jess as well for de Sea is no respecta of persons. T'ings is all confusion: de Attorney General say de colony got a case 'gainst Case. But is not a case de po' taxpayer want, but a sea wall to mek de sea know he place. Is not erosion we want, but evasion. We ent want to puzzle we head as to who is Case an' who is de Corporation. Is fo' de lawyas to distinguish de odda from which. Like Mr. Woolfo'd 'pon de track, but if when he lookin' fo' Case he only fin' a Corporation an' a name, wha' it will matta? A wall, a wall, half a million fo' a wall! dat is wha' we want.

THE RECALL MOVEMENT.

So I see de Recall Movement is dead. De elective membas so vex ova de deat' dat dey ent even got de mannas to keep a wake. What is decency comin' to when a wake is not to folla a deat'? We is gettin' uncivilise, it look like. One t'ing, when Mr. P. N. Browne see how t'ings

was gwine, he say "Not me, I ent in it. I know which lim' I clim'in' 'pon." Dis Recall Movement—everybody ent undastan' it. I hear a man tellin' anodda de odda night by de Telegraph Boa'd, dat de petition wha' people was axe to sign was to call de Guvna back to de colony—dat was de recall, an' dat is why so many country people was ready fo' scratch dey name 'pon de paypa. Howsoneva, de Secriterry sen' back telegram say "Hush strife an' quarrel, t'ings 'pon bump; I mus' be 'bout de Kaisa business; dis not time to mek bassa bassa" (f) So t'ings stan' quiet li'le bit. But de Offica Administerin' de Guvment tek up Guvna Egerton fiah-rage an' call de electives out of dey name, as dey say. He use long-tail wo'ds. Dis only add fiah to fury, an' for a time it did look as if a breach of de peace was gwine commit. Howsoneva, de expected ent happen. De Mountain Peelice is still idlin'. An' is jess as well in dis season when dere should be Peace on Eart'.

THE GRAND ENIGMA.

Well, Deat' bin busy wid we dis year, an' showin', as 't does always show, dat he is no respecta of persons. One lawya gone, de son of a martyr, de beara of a mighty name. Two magistrates call' away—what a strange t'ing—bot' of dem in de same year. One of dem dead at a age when he should be mekkin' he peace wid God; de odda was tek off when he didn't even reach ten o'clock in de ma'nin' of he life. An' bot' of dem die off sudden. Is a strange wirl we live in. Deat' got he enigma an' life got he enigma. We is all po' wo'ms. We don't know wha' we come from or wha' we come fo'. We don't know wha' is life; we don't know wha' is deat'; an' we don't undastan' de rules dat is guvnenin' we. Dere is somet'ing hide from we, an dere is somet'ing in we which keep we always anxious to know wha' is de t'ing hide from we. Dere is forces actin' 'pon we dat we can't see. De Great Powa is beyon' we an' we feeble powas. All we is to do den is to kiss de rod an' full weself up wid an abundance of fait'.

NOTES.

(a) Notwithstanding that the Allies are holding the language of confidence, the Kaiser still remains in position dominant.

(b) Almost self-explanatory; in straitened circumstances; phrase borrowed from the language of kite-flying.

(c) In regard to food prices.

(d) In creolese, as in Latin, "t'ing" (res) is used as a blank cheque to be filled in from the context to the required amount of meaning.

(e) Close their ears to the suggestion.

(f) Onomatopoeitic, recalling the sound of water being splashed.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

BY MRS. G. F. MESSERVY.

CHAPTER I.

"Dorothy, do hurry up, or you'll make us so late."

"Coming, but I can't find my racquet—have you seen it?"

"No, how could I when you lent it to Denys to see if he liked it better than his!"

"Why, you darling of a sister, so I did. I shall have to ring him up to bring it with him to the Club."

"Do be quick then, or we shall miss the next Bourda car."

The speakers were Dorothy and Mavis Pendered—two of the latest girls out from school. Dorothy was fair and inclined to be stout; Mavis was fair also, but very slender, in fact her nickname at school had been "Fairy." They were the life of everything they went to, and had that indescribable charm of girlhood merging into tender womanhood, or in the words of that well-known quotation—"standing with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet." Their father was the leading local Doctor, and their mother was of that sweet type of womanhood, who endeared herself to every one, and always looked on the bright side of life.

Denys Lloyd was a young lawyer who had returned to Demerara two years before the girls. They had all been friends from childhood. The Pendered's only son, George, had died when he was fifteen. He and Denys were at school at Harrow, and George had met with an accident at football, which resulted in his death. The Pendereds therefore looked on Denys as the connecting link with the son they had loved and lost so suddenly.

Already as is so usual in Georgetown, people were beginning to wonder to which of the two girls Denys would become engaged. He seemed to like both, and it was a harder puzzle than usual for "Mrs. Grundy" to decide. Denys himself knew he liked Dorothy better, but he never showed it in public.

Arrived at the Tennis Club the girls found Denys there, and with him a stranger, Philip Saville. He had just come out to the Suddie Rubber Co. as Manager, and though Denys had spoken of him to the girls, this was their first meeting. Their set was therefore complete, and after an enjoyable afternoon, Denys and Saville accompanied the girls home.

Mrs. Pendered, as was her wont, "mothered" young Saville, and told him to make himself feel he would always be welcomed in their house. Little did she dream what trouble would come to them through him.

Everything went well for six months. There were the usual surprise dances, an occasional concert, and the girls found their life very happy and pleasant. The Pendereds gave a dance for Dorothy's twenty-first birthday, and at it, her engagement to Denys was announced. To them life was *couleur de rose*, when like a bolt from the blue came the Declaration of War, and its attendant train of sorrow and sacrifice.

Denys felt he must at once go and join the Army. No reasoning would dissuade him, and so it was decided that he and Dorothy should get married. They lost no time, and in September, 1914, they were wedded, very quietly as they both wished, and after a brief honeymoon at Belfield, they sailed away as man and wife. Dorothy had an aunt in London with whom she could stay when Denys had to leave her.

Mavis was inconsolable without her sister, as this was their first separation. Her girl friends insisted on taking her out, and her mother was grateful to them for trying to cheer her.

It was not many months before Mavis and Philip Saville became engaged. The Pendereds willingly gave their consent. Saville was in a good position, and appeared to be really fond of Mavis, and their child's happiness was their first desire.

CHAPTER II.

The War Office readily accepted Denys Lloyd. He was a fine specimen of manhood, and it was not long before he was given a Commission in the Lancashire Regiment, then in training. In the same Regiment was a fellow, Harold Field, and he and Denys soon became good pals. Field was never tired of listening to Denys' tales of Demerara. It seemed strange to Denys that he should be so interested in Demerara, and kept asking him to tell him of his friends in Georgetown. One day he told Field that he had received a letter from his wife, and in it she told him, her sister had become engaged to Philip Saville. Denys said he knew Saville, and expressed his pleasure at the engagement.

"What does he do for a living?" asked Field.

"Manager of the Suddie Rubber Co., a very good position," answered Denys.

"Has he any other name but Philip?"

"No, I don't think so," said Denys, "but, what a fellow you are for questions. Why do you want to know? You have roused my curiosity now, though a man isn't supposed to have any."

"Between us Denys, I believe this is the man we are looking for."

"What do you mean? I've known Saville for some time before I came over here, and he was a jolly decent fellow. There's more than one dog called Pompey, and I'll swear this fellow is not the man you mean."

"But, I'll swear he is, Denys—fill your pipe, and let's talk it out."

"Right oh! but I'll be hard to convince. First of all Field, describe your man to me."

"Fair, straight hair, blue eyes and clean shaven, and of medium height."

"You're wrong in the hair Field. He has black hair and a moustache."

"Look here Denys, have you ever seen that man's feet?"

"Yes, we went up to the Lamaha for a week end once, and I confess it gave me a turn to notice he had only four toes on one foot, and he got a bit crusty when I ragged him about it."

"Now Denys, I'm going to tell you the whole story if you'll listen to me patiently, for it's a bit long. To begin with I loved one of the sweetest women, and she was poisoned by her husband, and I firmly believe I'm on his track at last."

"Saville is a bachelor, Field, what are you thinking of?" interrupted Denys.

"Now don't ask questions, let me just go ahead and then you shall ask whatever you like. As you already know," continued Field, "I was born in Australia. My mother died when I was young, and my aunt took charge of me. She had one little girl, Agnes, and when I left Australia at the age of twelve, for an English school, we decided in our childish ways that I was to return and marry her. We wrote regularly to each other."

There was a boy at College called Alfred Philip who was always up to some prank. He bet us one day that he'd disguise, and enter the Headmaster's room, and threaten his life with a razor. We refused to take up the bet, but Philip determined to have what he termed "his fun." He did as he foolishly wanted to, but got the worst of it. Our Master managed to wrench the razor from Philip's hand, and in so doing it fell on one of his toes nearly severing it. Eventually it had to be taken off.

Of course he was publicly expelled, and there the matter ended.

I finished my studies and set sail for Australia and Agnes. I determined to enter my uncle's business out there. I knew I should soon be able to make Agnes my wife for my uncle knew of our attachment to each other, and would, I knew, help me on for her sake.

Imagine my surprise to find as a junior clerk in my uncle's employ—Alfred Philip. He seemed very friendly with Agnes, but I thought there was no need to worry. Somehow Philip seemed to have my uncle completely under his control. He rose rapidly to a high position, and to everyone's surprise, his engagement to Agnes was announced. I pleaded with her to give up Philip—he was not worthy of her—but she confessed that though she loved me, she dared on no account thwart her father. She was duly married, and her father settled a handsome sum on her.

Soon after, Agnes died after a comparatively short illness, and though she had the best medical attention, her illness could not be diagnosed. It was then discovered she had made a will leaving all her money to her husband, who had suddenly left Australia. I besought my uncle to have Agnes' body exhumed, for it was now widely rumoured that there had been foul play. He consented and alas! our suspicions were correct. Agnes had been poisoned by her husband, to enable him to obtain her money.

We advertised in every paper for Philip, and stress was laid on his missing toe. I determined if I could help trace this man I would, and so avenge my loved one's death—for I *did* love her Denys. So far my search has been unsuccessful—now I hope I'm on my man."

"But Field what makes you think that Alfred Philip and Philip Saville are one and the same?" asked Denys after his long silence.

"It's not a case of 'I think,' it's a case of 'I feel sure.' I saw an advertisement for a manager of a Rubber Co. and it specified he must have had some experience of Colonial life. I was just too late, and was told it had been given to a Mr. Philip Saville who had lived in Melbourne. Somehow the idea possessed me this was really Alfred Philip, and now I feel sure my presentiments are right."

"What am I to do Field? Here we are under orders to leave for 'Somewhere' in two weeks. I feel as if I'd been to sleep and had a terrible nightmare."

"It's true, and no nightmare: and though I have never seen your sister-in-law, I pledge myself to help her from wrecking her life. Now let's turn in and sleep over matters."

CHAPTER III.

Early next morning the two men resumed their conversation of the previous night. Denys felt it hard to tell his wife, but he thought she ought to know. They decided to apply for two days' leave, and go to Dorothy who was with her aunt in London, and tell her everything and ask her advice. As is so often the case men can go a certain length by themselves, but sooner or later they instinctively turn to a woman for help and counsel. It has been so from their cradles, and ever will be.

About six that night the Lancashire Regiment was given orders to start for an unknown destination. Denys just managed to send Dorothy a wire bidding her good-bye, and in the stir and bustle they had no thoughts of Philip Saville then nor for many days to come.

They were sent down to Portsmouth by train and then over to France. It was bitterly cold, and before Field had been many days in France, he was the victim of a severe cold and racking cough. He refused to give way to it, until he was absolutely unable to continue his work. Then he collapsed with a severe attack of double pneumonia. With skilful care he was nursed from the gates of death back to life, only to find his chum Denys had advanced with his Regiment, while he lay unconscious.

He was invalidated home but seemed to gain no strength. Warily the days passed, and nothing seemed to rouse him. His disappointment at having done so little for his country was keen, as he had been told his one lung was so weak that he would never be able to return to the exposure of a soldier's life. At last his Doctor advised a trip to a warm climate. Field's face suddenly brightened as he told the Doctor "Right oh!" He wondered that Field had so welcomed the idea of a change abroad! He had felt sure he would have dismissed the proposal as absurd. He made arrangements to leave England as soon as possible, and booked a passage by the *Sargasso*.

Before he left he went to tell Dorothy good-bye. She had heard from her husband that day, he was expecting soon to be in the firing line, and bid her be brave. She was looking out for her parents and Mavis to come to England on the return trip of the *Sargasso*, and she was full of messages to them.

Field had kept his own counsel and not told anyone of his special reason for visiting British Guiana. There were other tropical climates he could have chosen to visit at less expense, but he had an object which he had set himself to accomplish. After a voyage of twenty-four days, the *Sargasso* duly arrived at daybreak on the 25th of

November, 1915. Field, who was now in much better health, was feeling much stronger, and was early on deck, to catch a glimpse of the land. What a flat country it was thought Field and what new-comer to Georgetown does not think exactly the same.

As the *Sargasso* steamed up to La Penitence Field wondered, however, Denys could have told him that Georgetown was not half such a miserable hole as it was often supposed to be. He was just turning to go to his cabin, when a voice behind him said, "Excuse me, am I right in believing you are Mr. Field?"

"I am," replied Field, "but you have the advantage of me. I am a stranger to these parts, and there is only one family I know of, and they are the Pendereds."

"Well, I'm the head of that family. We had a letter from my married daughter Mrs. Denys Lloyd a day or two ago by a quicker boat than yours, and she told us all about you, and so I decided to come and meet you. I have known what a miserable feeling it is to arrive in a strange place, and have no one to bid you welcome. Now, have you decided where you are going to stay?"

"Yes, Mrs. Lloyd told me she thought I'd be very comfortable if I went to Mrs. East in Main Street."

"Dorothy was always thoughtful, and I am glad to see she still is. As soon as we can get the Custom's Officer to pass your luggage! we'll be off. I expect you want to feel what it's like to be on terra firma after three weeks at sea."

"Twenty-four days to be exact, Doctor, but it was a pleasant voyage on the whole, the moonlight the last night or two being glorious."

They were soon through with the luggage and on their way to Mrs. East's house.

"Naturally we are longing to hear all about Dorothy" said her father, "and as we leave in a few days by the same boat, the time is short, and we would like to see you as often as we possibly can, and hear all the news before we go. I'll take you round to Mrs. East, and you can make arrangements and then you must come and have breakfast with us. The wife will keep you lively with questions about Dorothy, and though I should like to hear it all too, I'm afraid my patients want me. Unfortunately typhoid is keeping me busy. I have one or two rather anxious cases at present."

The Doctor told Field he would call for him again at 10.30, and take him to their house for breakfast.

CHAPTER IV.

Field, like everyone else, was at once struck by Mrs. Pendered's charm. Her husband idolised her, and it could be seen in a moment that she was essentially a "home maker."

"I'm afraid you find us all at sixes and sevens packing up, but you must not mind that," said Mrs. Pendered.

"Not a bit, it is good of you to let me intrude."

He told them how disappointed he had felt at his first sight of Georgetown, but the beauty of Main Street had already made him change his opinion.

"And mother you must make him change his opinion still further, by taking him for a drive this afternoon," said the Doctor patting his wife's shoulder. It struck Field that

they were lovers still after twenty-five years of married life, and he thought how beautiful it was to see it so.

"Mavis, please call out and ask the groom to send up my *Chronicle*. I left it in the carriage, and I want to see if the Band is going to play at the Gardens this afternoon."

"Why Dad, I thought you would have seen that by now. You always read every word in the *Chronicle* by this time in between your visits."

After breakfast it was decided that Field was to have a chat with Mrs. Pendered, then leave her to do some packing, and she would call for him in the afternoon, take him for a drive, and then bring him back to dine with them.

No one had mentioned Philip Saville yet and Field did not want them to suspect he had any interest for him, so he asked nothing about him, but he kept wondering how and when they would meet.

"And what do you think of our Band?" asked the Doctor, as his wife and Field sat chatting in the gallery before dinner.

"It's just grand," said Field enthusiastically, "and the Gardens too are lovely, and as to your Sea Wall, why, I feel like living there, it's so delightfully cool."

"I hope you are not very hungry, but we are just waiting for Mr. Saville. He is coming from Essequibo to-day, and as the steamer is seldom in before 6.30 we have to allow him time for a wash, and a brush up. Mavis, dear, don't look so anxious, Philip will soon be here now."

Field felt for the first time like a spy in the house. Here he was taking their hospitality, and yet wanting to make their daughter unhappy—no, it was not that—it would make her unhappy for a time, but he felt it was better than allowing her to ruin her life unknowingly.

"There you are Mavis, I hear his bell, run down and meet him, we'll excuse you," said her father.

Nothing loathe she took the hint and disappeared.

"Well, Philip what sort of a time did you have? You're sun-burnt enough. Let me introduce you to Mr. Field, he is a friend of Denys'. They went out to France together, but much to his disgust was invalided out of the Army, and as he saw Dorothy just before he left London, mother thinks he has come out for the sole purpose of answering her questions."

"Pleased to meet you," said Saville shaking hands. Field recognised him at once, and could hardly bring himself to shake his hand. It was quite evident Saville did not recognise Field.

Dinner over, they all returned to the gallery and chatted, and presently Saville and Mavis went into the drawing room to look at some photos Saville had taken recently of her.

Field was rather tired and left early, thanking the Pendereds for the pleasant time they had given him.

Arrived at Mrs. East's he was not long in turning into bed, but he did not sleep—he was puzzled. Saville had dyed his hair, but he was positive he was none other than the man who had killed his cousin.

Field wondered if Saville really did not recognise him, or was he playing a game of bluff? A brilliant idea struck him. In a day or two he would unpack his things, and put his cousin's photo on his dressing table and then

casually ask Saville to drop in and see him and watch the effect. Should he do this before the Pendereds left or after? No: he decided he would let them leave.

The *Sargasso* was due to leave at noon, and several of the Pendereds' friends had come to see them off for they were very popular. Mavis showed plainly she felt parting with Saville. Field felt he would like to expose him then and there for making this sweet girl suffer so. Love is strange, and Field wondered if Mavis would still love Saville when she knew what a villain he really was. Surely she would see he was unworthy of her pure love. They stood on the wharf and waved good-bye and then Field told Saville to drop in at Mrs. East's and see him when he felt lonely, as he was sure to do. So the two men parted.

CHAPTER V.

Field was sitting in the twilight in his cool room at Mrs. East's two days after the *Sargasso* had left, when there was a tap at his door, and the butler announced that Mr. Saville had come to see him.

"Ask him to come up," said Field. He cast a hurried glance at his dressing table. Agnes' photo stood in a prominent place, and so as not to make it too marked, Field had placed several other photos about his room. This was the moment he had waited for—how would things turn out?

"So you were tired of your own company and came to give me a look up," said Field "where will you sit?"

"Oh, here, thanks," said Saville, "I never let a Ber-bice chair go unoccupied in my presence."

The chair was placed so that as Saville lay in it, he could not see Agnes' photo. Field, however, did not let that worry him at present.

"I'm feeling awfully lonely, Field, without my little girl. She is a dear, and I often wonder how I come to get such a prize."

To himself Field wondered how he had, too.

The two men chatted on for some time, and then Saville said he must be leaving as it was dinner-time.

As he stood up to go he remarked, "You seem to have made yourself jolly comfortable in these quarters. Have you decided to live out here? Not such a bad place for a living, I can assure you—" then suddenly, his eye fell on Agnes' photo. Field saw him give a shudder, but appeared not to notice it. He was satisfied that this was the man: he had given himself away by that shudder.

"Good-bye," said Saville, "don't trouble to come down. I know my way out."

"No trouble, I'm going down to dinner. By the way, I'm keen on bathing. Is there anywhere you could take me to have a dip, Saville?"

Field didn't wish to run headlong into things, but thought the bathing would give him an opportunity of seeing Saville's feet and then—

"No: there's no place out here. It's a wretched hole."

"But you told me just now it was not a bad place."

"It depends on the mood you're in. Good-night, Field."

Saville evidently found it hard to control himself—hence his hasty farewell. Field felt like a man who sees his goal in view. What should his next move be? How often it

is that we worry over what course to pursue in some future action, and before the time arrives to fulfill that action we find things are quite different to what we anticipated, and all our worries were needless!

Field, in his case though, had food for thought!

The next day Georgetown had a topic of conversation. It was on everyone's lips—"Have you heard Saville has disappeared? the office safe was cleared of its contents! What could have been his motive? Poor Mavis Pendered, how will she feel?" These, and several other remarks were heard all around.

Field felt he was greatly to blame for not giving Saville to the police at once. He never thought he would disappear in a night. The detectives were hard at work. Everything pointed to Saville having committed the robbery, for the safe was opened with its own key, of which, of course, he was the owner, and left on a table was his hat.

Days passed and nothing transpired. Field wondered who would write and tell the Pendereds. It was plainly not his duty, it belonged to an older friend.

Two months passed, then Field received a letter from Dr. Pendered telling him how upset Mavis had been at not hearing from Saville, and asking him if he could explain his silence. The Doctor added that he told Mavis he was quite sure Saville had written, and she must make allowances for letters going astray in war time. He had also written Saville and asked him to cable, and so relieve Mavis' anxiety.

Field therefore decided to cable, and write full details. Mavis would have to know sooner or later, and in his opinion the sooner the better. He tried to break it as gently as he could, so he cabled: "Saville decamped." It sounded abrupt, but what more could he put?

He wrote full details to the Doctor and told him everything of Saville, and he said he felt he was to blame for bringing sorrow to Mavis, but his motive was to save her from such a future as his cousin. He also told the Doctor he had been offered and accepted the post of manager of the Suddie Rubber Company, and that it would need careful handling to retrench the loss it had sustained.

CHAPTER VI.

Dr. Pendered was enjoying his well-earned holiday. He thought Dorothy was not looking well, so he decided they should all go to Brighton. He would enjoy the sea bathing there, and he felt sure it would do them all good.

It was while there that he got Field's cable, and later his letter with details about Saville. He had had many hard things to tell people as a Doctor always has, for it is no pleasant task to tell a person he is the victim of some dread disease, and this often falls to the lot of a Doctor. He has to enter a sick room with a cheerful countenance, though often he is weary and tired himself, and who can tell how he feels when after a struggle with life and death, he sees death slowly retreating. Those are his happy moments of victory. Now had come his hardest job, to tell his own child that her future life would be different from her bright anticipations. Would she ever have faith in any man again after such a base deception?

Mavis was more like her mother than Dorothy, and she had the gift of looking on the bright side of life, so her parents feared less for her than they would have done had

the same sorrow befallen Dorothy. The two sisters had gone for a walk on the beach, and come back quite fresh, and ready for a good meal.

"Oh, Dad, you do seem quiet to-day," said Dorothy as they were nearing the end of the meal, "if you don't cheer up we shall take you back to London and see if that will put new life into you."

"All days are not the same, dear, and I know days when a certain little lady is quite anxious and quiet over a dear big husband away in the Danger Zone!"

The parents had thought it best to let Mavis have a good meal before breaking the news to her. She knew, of course, Saville had decamped by Field's cable, but she had refused to believe he had any motive for doing so; now alas! she must know all.

They were all in the sitting room and the Doctor felt he had an unpleasant duty to perform which he would like to have over.

"Mavis," he said, "come and sit beside me on this settee. I have something to tell you, but you must be very brave." Mavis turned deathly pale, but came at her father's bidding.

"Don't keep me in suspense, Dad. I'm afraid, it's about Philip."

"Yes, little girl—here is Mr. Field's letter—read it, and then you will know all."

"I can't, Dad, you read it to me."

The Doctor did so and Mavis remained unmoved when he had finished. Then she got up and went to her own room. Her mother followed her, hoping she would cry and so relieve her feelings, but not a tear did she shed. She walked about for a week like one in a dream, then a letter came for her from Philip Saville himself. For one brief

moment she let herself think he had written to declare his innocence, but it was the reverse. What Mavis read was this:—

Dearest Little Girl,

Just a few hurried lines to tell you I have been found out. I poisoned my first wife so as to obtain her money, and thought I should never be suspected. I have made a wreck of my life and brought sorrow to you. I loved you, Mavis, and am sorry I deceived you. I am just going to end my life with a dose of poison after posting this to you, so I will never worry you again. Forgive and forget a man who sinned.

PHILIP SAVILLE.

Mavis gave a scream and when her mother rushed to her she was lying unconscious on the floor. When she recovered consciousness and remembered all, she turned to her mother's loving arms and sobbed as if her heart would break. The Doctor heaved a sigh of relief—he feared less for her now that she had been able to cry.

Christmas Day, 1916, dawned bright and clear. The Pendereds had returned to Demerara, and with them Denys and Dorothy. He had done his bit, as was plainly visible by his empty coat sleeve pinned across his coat. Dorothy was proud of him and thankful to have him back.

Mavis had quite recovered from her trouble and knew now what a good man's love really was, for had not she and Field become engaged?

The Doctor felt he had a right to his daughter after what he had saved her from, and there was no one, he said he would like as much as Field for his other son-in-law.

WHEN MISS MARILLIA DRESSED.

BY LAVINIA GRAY.

The evening closed, a damp, drizzly day.

Marillia Matheson—better known as Miss Marillia—sat at her door looking out over her rosebushes, dripping with rain. She sniffed delicately the mixed scent of smoky, Georgetown mist, bruised herbs and wind-blown blossoms.

A damp puff of wind blew a strand of hair across her cheek and left it there dangling itself into an old-world ringlet. Miss Marillia herself was an old-world body. Her face was daintily oval—her nose and chin too unobtrusive to be critical or "strong-minded"—her mouth, gentle and sympathetic—submissive, one might have said if a whimsical quiver did not sometimes ripple across the sensitive lips.

One noticed how quick to quiver those lips were. A slight tremor on them often gave an index to Miss Marillia's thoughts. It was sometimes inexpressibly tragic like the involuntary shrinking of flesh from a wound—sometimes it was a quiver of enjoyment; pure physical pleasure, such

as only a native, passionate with the intensity of white fire, can enjoy—sometimes it was a whimsical tremor with no more meaning in it than lurks in the lazy lash of a kitten's tail.

Miss Marillia's hair was black with splashes of grey on it, left lightly as by fingers that caressed and fell away. Her eyes were brown,—a clear brown, that darkened or lightened with her mood. Sometimes they seemed to be alight within. When they were misty Miss Marillia dreamed dreams that had no end. They ceased to be. Like dreams that deeper sleep interrupts. But Miss Marillia's day-dreams were interrupted by a sudden return to every day life and every day people far removed from the People of Dreams.

It was Christmas Eve—a time for lonely people to regret that they are not set in families.

Miss Marillia's People of Dreams were all astir.

There was a tall man with languid eyes and a mouth like Miss Marillia's, but firmer set above a square chin. In

the dreams, he—father to Marillia—walked and talked with her, a girl of eighteen, slim and lither, black-haired and clear-eyed. She lived again all those pleasant days when he talked with her, "above her head" as his friends told him.

There was another Person in the Dreams—a youth of twenty years, who looked into Marillia's eyes—not Miss Marillia drooping this evening in her rocking-chair as dejectedly as the weather-beaten blossoms at her door, but a Marillia, young with gleaming eyes that gave look for look.

Suddenly, Miss Marillia looked up. She saw her own reflection in the glass door at her side. The sight shattered the dreams. She saw a shadowy lady, her head bent slightly, her shoulders bowed—not gracefully like a girl's but stiffly as old people stoop. With a start she drew herself upright. She realised then that Marillia of the dreams was gone. Another Marillia was here—one unknown to the Person of Dreams. Ah—the lad, too must have changed. He must be forty now, thought Marillia, probably he had married—no, not that—but, why not? Why should he remember a friend of twenty years ago. He had only been her friend, no more than that.

Christmas day had gradually become much like other days for Marillia except for a queer home-sickness that haunted her, and the visit she paid the Smiths, old friends of her parents who had known her for years.

Custom and what Mr. Smith described in his noisily, sentimental, uncomprehending way as "auld lang syne," made them give her a standing invitation to share their Christmas dinner. Miss Marillia had many duties to perform before she paid her visit.

There was the tiny cottage to tidy, the pigeons had to be fed, some of the shrubs in the garden had to be tied back to their props after last night's battering rain. These things had to be done, for on the little white gate at the end of the shelled path, there hung a board, very like an old-fashioned sampler, which bore the legend

Cut flowers for sale,
Young pigeons sold here.

It had not been easy to hang that board, but Miss Marillia did it when that dreamy father died unexpectedly, leaving her to fight her way in the world with a tiny income, and no weapons but his sayings, a knowledge of housewifery and a love of gardening. It was easy enough for friends to say teach. She had no idea of how one taught—she had never been taught herself. She gathered her knowledge as children gather flowers by the roadside. In some dim past she had learnt to read—perhaps the dead mother she could not remember very well taught her that art—but she could not remember having ever "learnt a lesson" in her life. "But" Mrs. Smith had said, (when she remonstrated with Marillia about her "mad ideas—just like her father's.") "You have such a lot of books, all quite clever, I am sure. Get some pupils—read the books at night, you know—and teach them out of our head next day."

Marillia's clear eyes looked guileless at Mrs. Smith, but a little devil of mischief was working in Marillia's mind—a little devil who showed her suddenly a vision of children who imbibed in school strange matter such as one finds in Thoreau, or Whitman or Ibsen.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Smith, in the authoritative tones that Marillia's friends naturally used to her, "You simply must live in lodgings. You ought to be old enough to take care of yourself, but you know nothing about the world—you simply must live with somebody—besides you can't afford servants. You are a little younger than I—aren't you?"

"A little," said Marillia.

She was not quite thirty-eight.

Mrs. Smith was forty-five. Her hair was not grey. She was a stout, preserved forty-five with traces of the once pretty girl in her mannerisms, though the lines of life, having fallen to Mrs. Smith in pleasant places, had covered the prettiness, with an air of well-being.

"About forty"—said Mrs. Smith in the manner poised midway between question and assertion.

"Forty," murmured Marillia, like a faintly loved echo.

"Yes, forty," said Mrs. Smith, "Quite old enough not to need a chaperone, besides, Marillia, men have never bothered you with attentions. You know you are so good and sensible, but I suppose your cleverness frightens them away. Then men like women to make the most of themselves. Of course, your poor, dear father did not give a thought to that sort of thing, but he was—so eccentric. A dear good man, the best of men. I do hope he is in Heaven, poor fellow—of course he did not believe in anything, but still Atheists repent so often on their death beds." Just then a pigeon flew past the window. Mrs. Smith stopped to admire it—"such a wing for a hat"—and let Marillia's "poor father's atheism" rest. "I never could see what your father saw in keeping all those pigeons—they don't pay, and one can't make pets of them. They smash all the ornaments in the dining-room—I notice you never have any to speak of—of course, you can't—you can't prevent the silly birds from coming in the house and smashing things. But I must be going. Oh, you need not thank me for coming to condole with you. My dear Marillia, I know what sorrow is. It makes one turn to one's friends. One knows then what a comfort it is to have a friend to talk it all over with. I know how it must have relieved you to pour it all out to me this afternoon. Good-bye, dear—and you must open a little school—I am going to tell all my friends to send their children to you. Of course, they are almost all "bad pay," you will just have to be firm with them. But I really must go now. You always keep me so when I come here—but then, we have such lots of things to talk over." Marillia did not teach the young idea to shoot.

She found a shabby little cottage that had a small patch of land on one side and a shop on the other. The shop lowered the rent of the cottage, and the shopkeeper, though did not teach the young idea to shoot.

The plants and the pigeons moved home to the cottage, and the board was painted laboriously and a little tearfully by Marillia. Plants have a way of responding to loving care. So have animals. The little venture flourishes enough to satisfy Miss Marillia's every day needs. The small income backed the venture and inspired the adventuress with confidence. Her flowers became "the thing" to have on one's table. Mrs. Smith's prattle helped to make them so.

"So refined and ladylike her baskets of flowers are—just like what you read about in books. I am sure I am glad she followed my advice and did not attempt anything that required push or anything of the sort. And she simply had to live alone—with such peculiar ideas, you see—her father was an atheist or something dreadful. Of course, I told her she would just have to turn her garden and her pigeons to some account. I am very practical, you know."

Omniscience seems to make the kind heart exert its influence even in the careless tongue. So Mrs. Smith's chatter did good—not perhaps, as much as she thought nor in the way she thought, but good nevertheless.

On Christmas morning Marillia fed the pigeons and tended her garden. To Marillia these duties were a very pleasant business. The pigeons lived in coops set in a tree in the shell strewn back yard. Marillia scattered corn and oats in the shell where the pigeons fed melodiously. The whim of their wings about her ears—the scraping of feathers on the shelled yard as the bullies surlily let down their wings and strutted in bellicose fashion round and round, gobbling the desired grain as fast as dignity would allow—the faint rustle of shell falling from flapping wings—the continuous 'rook-a-too-koo' of the puffed throats—all these were very sweet to Marillia's ears. The motley pink of the shell on the ground, the birds' plumage whose colour changed with every movement—the rhythmic motion of their haughty necks and fastidious feet—all these were very pleasing to her eyes. Only, she thought, with a sigh, one needed another appreciative person to help one enjoy good things like these. Once she had tried to find one in the black boy who came to do the heavy work of her gardening and pigeon-tending. She had said in her tentative, gentle manner:—

"The pigeons are very pretty, Sam." "They pretty in trut', Miss Marillia."

"Don't you like them, Sam?"

"Yes, ma'am, but they got a plenty bones for de little meat you finds on dem."

Miss Marillia's eyes twinkled and her lips trembled with mirth. She did need the other appreciative person more than ever to help her appreciate Sam.

"Oh, Marillia, that's you! So glad you came nice and

early. Don't mind the children, they are always noisy like that on Christmas Day. They have all got presents for you Marillia. Children do take to you. I suppose they can see through the outside as grown-ups can't. But I always hold that prettiness or plainness does not matter. I do like that cloth you have on Marillia, so becoming to your hair—What would you call it now? Grey, isn't it. Now I always say women should dress to suit their years unless they are—well, taking-looking, you know. You are so sensible, Marillia, in spite of all your notions."

Mrs. Smith prattled on. Marillia had ceased long ago to wince at the insistent blows of her friend's chatter, but today she seemed strangely grown sensitive again.

She hated to be told "You are old. You are grey-haired—you are wise to wear grey—you are forty or thereabouts—you have no home, no husband, no children like me. You are insignificant—you are good and plain, and sensible about most things, but a little queer. Of course, that's because you are an old maid. You could not possibly be even a romantic one,

because no man would notice a woman who does not make the best of herself."

All this Mrs. Smith did not succeed in saying. She imparted it to Marillia. She imparted it when she settled her girlishly, befrilled dress round her heavy figure, when she went to put the last touches to the dinner table, when she gave the maid who waited orders with the mysterious show of mummery so dear to the middle-class hostess who likes to feel herself responsible for every cog in the machinery of her housekeeping. She imparted it when she gathered one of the children in a capacious embrace, and asked Marillia if she still fussed over her pigeons. She imparted it when she plopped a resonant kiss on the sounding board of Mr. Smith's bald head. She all but said it a hundred times, it seemed to Marillia in that tiresome visit.

Marillia was relieved when Mr. Smith broke heavily into his wife's chatter with reminiscent gossip about the Browns who used to live near his home when he was a boy, and had such expensive toys at Christmas time.

"All as poor as church mice now—one boy died in one of the islands, I believe. Didn't you hear something about it, Alice?"—This to his wife who once more took possession of the conversation.

"Yes, I believe I did. It's surprising what changes come to families. Who would have thought the Browns would even come to want? Do you remember what expensive dresses the Brown girls wore—the mother never wore anything but silk whenever she went out. They were awfully proud and stuck-up too. Poor Mrs. Brown—how sad to think her daughters have to work for a living.

By the way, have you heard that Harry Wilson is doing awfully well in Canada. He is an engineer; you know—of all professions, the most unlikely I should have said for Harry. He was so very clever and dreamy. He used to be rather good at sketching. I cannot imagine Harry as an engineer—strong, practical people, I thought, were engineers. He used to be rather fond of your father before he went away.

Really Marillia, if it had been anybody but you I should have thought there was something between you too; but there wasn't after all."

"No," said Marillia quietly, "nothing at all. I don't attract men."

She stooped to pat the Smith baby that was playing at her feet. She was glad for the excuse to hide her flaming face. She did not like to talk to people about Harry Wilson. To her, he was the person in her dreams who had looked into her eyes, and, she used to think had found her good. But he had gone away. Only she was left with memories and dreams that ended in the reflection she had seen on the glass. "Of course, Marillia you could be attractive, but you don't make the most of yourself. Now, if you would follow the fashions a little and wear hats like other people's—but I must say, my dear, your head is a dreadful one to fit with a hat. It's such a queer shape. It's not at all bad when it's bare, but it is so impossible in a hat. I suppose it's the way you do your hair."

Marillia pressed her lips tightly together. Her eyes darkened with pain and anger. Once, long ago, the Marillia of the Dreams had heard the same criticism of her head in other words and another way.

"You have such a queer head, Mara. You really look awfully jolly bareheaded."

Harry had said it in his self-conscious boyish way, quite unlike a lover. He and her father always called her Mara.

Marillia's resentment against Mrs. Smith's criticism boiled within her. She was plain—she knew that as well as anybody else could. But if she were clad in the garments that became her old-fashioned type of womanhood, if she had been wooed and won in the old-fashioned way, if she had been protected in the old-fashioned home from the buffeting of the outside world—perhaps she could have been as good to look upon as most other women.

Perhaps she thought, rather resentfully, then she would have been still old-fashioned to Mrs. Smith, who would have used the word appreciatively, but as one who speaks of "old-fashioned" china or chairs or tables of another day.

For days after the Smith's dinner Marillia remembered angrily how her womanliness—or wasn't her femininity—had been impugned in the light words of a thoughtless woman. She laid an overwhelming desire to dress herself suitably—to don silk stockings, and shiny shoes, a hat worthy of the name, a dress, that had been subtly planned to set off her good points and slurr over the bad ones. For Marillia though her really shapely head carried a well-balanced train, was still a woman with all the feminine desire to be attractive.

Gradually her annoyance died away. One afternoon she was idly turning over the pages of a magazine when her eyes fell on an illustration on an advertisement page. The picture of the poster type—showed a young woman dressed in an obvious imitation of the fashion of another day. Her hair was smooth and neatly coiled at the nape of her neck where a bunch of curls bobbed demurely. Her shoulders drooped gracefully beneath the folds of a lace fichu, held on her bosom by a large brooch. The skirt was graciously wide.

"Fancy-dress costume," thought Marillia, "very pretty."

Then she remembered that at Mrs. Smith's last dance to which she had been asked that she might give a hand with the entertaining—she had seen several girls dressed like this girl in the picture. She had thought then how ill the dresses consorted with the free eyes, the would-be witty sallies, the romping movements of the present day girl.

"Do you know, Marillia," she apostrophized herself, as her loneliness had taught her to do. "You could look quite passably good-looking in it. Why not get one like it and show Alice Smith that you are not so very, very old nor so very, very unattractive. You could give it to yourself as a very special Christmas present, and look like other people just once. You could get Miss White, the dress-maker, to run it up in a day or two if you helped her, and there you would be just like everybody else." "Just like everybody else—I shan't be that. And I won't have it made here. I'll order it just as it is in the picture from the firm in England."

She gasped—a little in horror at her daring, a little with the delight of being silly and extravagantly feminine. The picture had beneath it and above it—87/6.

"That's four pounds seven shillings and sixpence. What's that in dollars," said Marillia.

She hunted out a scrap of paper and a pencil to work the intricate problem. The sum in dollars looked appallingly large.

"We'll call it pounds," whispered Marillia, a little frightened at herself. Marillia's eyes fascinated, returned to the advertisement.

"This design can be had in black, grey, rose pink, lavender, blue."

"I'll have it in lavender," said Marillia, "with a black girdle, with a silver clasp—mother's filigree buckle will be the thing. I'll do it."

And she did it, by drawing £4 7s. 6d. off her account at the bank—four pounds, not eighty-seven shillings, not that impossible number of dollars, Marillia consoled herself.

* * * *

It came—that wonder of a dress. Its arrival was announced by a special printed slip from the post office in which it was described as "Clothing."

"Clothing!" exclaimed Marillia. "Clothing does not cost eighty—I mean four pounds. Clothing one wears every day."

It had to stay in the post office till Marillia could collect the magnificent sum to pay the duty on it. She was afraid to tamper further with her account. She nervously called a cab to bring it home. She was horribly afraid lest anyone should meet her walking with what she felt was the open evidence of a crime.

Marillia with a dress!—Ordered from Engand!—Marillia!

If They—the great big They of a small community—knew where it came from, They would make of it a nine-days' wonder, this escapade of Marillia's.

She did not want to be the subject of ceaseless gossip. She only wanted to be considered as a feminine being.

Marillia's hands were shaking with excitement as she cut the strings, and lifted the tissue paper from round her dress. It was very lovely—very soft and shimmering. The lace looked like the design of a lace so fine were its meshes. Marillia had never been near such a garment before, she was sure. It was like the dresses she had seen at Mrs. Smith's dance, but it was different in a very subtle way. It was certainly simpler, apparently. "I'll never have the courage to wear it," moaned Marillia, but she knew she would.

She tried it on—oh, painful pleasure, that trying on! Her mirror only showed her one half of herself at a time. If she stood it upright on its supports, she saw down to her waist. If she slanted it, she saw her skirts and—horrors!—such shabby shoes.

She must get shoes and stockings to keep her dress in countenance. It was not quite right about the waist. It needed slight alterations. For days Marillia plied her needle patiently almost reverently, making the necessary changes. It was so beautiful, so lovely, even on the wrong side that she did not like to hurry over her task.

She fashioned a quaint girdle of black velvet. She ornamented it with embroidery of silver thread, and set in it her filigree clasp. All these tasks were done in exhilarating secrecy. She worked with her ears pricked lest a chance visitor should surprise her at her task.

The ceremony of trying on was repeated again and again. Marillia enjoyed it to the full. Especially en-

joyable she found it when she had added her shoes to her little pile of vanity.

The buckles on them were real silver. Marillia had ordered them from a jeweller in Water Street. She was horribly afraid lest they should "cause talk," so she said she wanted them for a bride. The "bride" stuck in her throat—it was so unseemly—so very dishonest.

She decided that her dress should make its debut at the dance Mrs. Smith always gave on Boxing Day. She was sure of an invitation—she was always wanted to help Mrs. Smith with her guests.

On Boxing Day Marillia mounted the steps of the Smith's house, with more diffidence than usual. Her cheeks were rather pink, she was a little out of breath from excitement. She wondered how Mrs. Smith would greet the dress. In Marillia's circle it was customary for women to reach very quickly the stage of friendship in which one says "How nice you look!" or the reverse, politely veiled, of course, as thus:—"What a lovely dress, but don't you think a frill there would improve it—or just a trifle more lace just here."

A dazed, nervous little servant took Marillia into the dining-room where Mrs. Smith hustled about between the tables laid for the informal supper. She was as usual giving the last touches to the decorations and final orders to the servants who grew more and more confused with the increasing urgency of their mistress exhortations.

"There you are, Marillia," was Mrs. Smith's greeting, "it was good of you to come early. I'll just show how I want you to help me. You look quite nice, quite lady like. Such a day I've had with these servants. After this followed an account of the trials she had suffered that day in preparing for the dance—the foolishness of her servants, the disappointing young men who had unexpectedly got ill and been forced to decline her invitation. "The girls always come to dances in shoals," she wailed. "None of them ever get ill. It's always the men." Marillia was quite accustomed to this state of mind in her friend. It always preceded the dance, on Boxing Day.

As a rule, Marillia soothed her with reassuring remarks, and promises of assistance with erring maids and shy guests.

To-night she felt the usual remarks did not come glibly to her lips. She felt disappointed, she supposed. She had hoped her dress would have been noticed a little more than it had been. She told herself not to be silly. Mentally she gave herself a shaking and set to work to help the tragic Mrs. Smith over the trying time that preceded the arrival of the first guests.

Mrs. Smith only needed a listener. Marillia sat passively but heedlessly while her tongue prattled on. Marillia started as Harry Wilson's name was called. Then she listened.

"He came back home a day or two ago—of course, he came to look us up, we were always good friends. I always had a very kind feeling for Harry. He is coming to-night. He looks quite young, Marillia, but he has got much bigger—He used to be rather weedy-looking as a boy. He said he came home because he was home-sick. I suppose he wants to settle down and get a wife, and he would naturally prefer one from home." Marillia spent the rest of the evening in a dream. She had thought of it, planned for it such a long while. She had hoped that at least, on that one evening They would think her nice-

looking and attractive like other women. But she forgot herself and the dress in the one thought that Harry Wilson was coming to the dance. She found herself watching the doors of the drawing-room for him to appear. Once she had a wild idea of running back home, but she put it aside as unfair to Mrs. Smith. She had promised to help her. She hovered about in the background, advising the distraught servants and helping shy people to find partners. Suddenly she looked up and caught Harry's eyes on her. He was separated from her by the dancers.

Marillia sat down on the nearest chair, because she could not stand. She longed to run away, but her knees trembled so.

"Marillia, here's Harry Wilson. He swore he would not need to be introduced to you. He said he was sure he would recognise you however, much you had changed.

I told him you were quite changed, you know. She wasn't grey, when you saw her last, eh, Harry? But poor Marillia forgets she can't do what she used to. She does not spare herself. But she has changed, hasn't she Harry?"

Marillia never heard Harry's reply. He never knew himself what it was.

Harry certainly had changed. Marillia wondered how much she had. To her Harry's changes were improvements. Harry's hair was touched with grey 'oo, but his greyness made his face look very boyish.

After their meeting the evening seemed to fly away from Marillia. Her duties of entertaining continued, with Harry to help—or hinder, for Marillia could not be just her usual unobtrusive self with a great big man staring at her so solemnly and strangely. Once he called her Mara and she tripped over her skirts. She felt awkward and silly and very tongue-tied.

There was no chance of being alone together until the party began to break up.

A servant was to see Marillia home—but Harry sent him away.

Marillia felt pleased and frightened at the same time. She kept telling herself she was old enough to be sensible. But evidently she was not. She felt horribly—fluttery.

At the foot of the stairs a group of giggling girls held them up. They were chattering in shrill, young voices that carried well above the general commotion.

"What a queer dress Miss Marillia had on to-night, girls!" said one.

"Yes, wasn't it. One of her own make, I suppose."

"It's a little like one Kitty Marshall had last Easter, but she is not Kitty."

"Did you see that old man stalking her all the evening? He seems quite gone on her. If she would only dress herself properly she would not be at all bad-looking. She can't be so very old." Marillia shrank involuntarily closer to Harry, who whisked her almost roughly through the crowd.

They never spoke until he reached her gate. There he suddenly took both her hands in his.

"Mara," he said, "don't mind those silly children. You look lovely. Do you know all the years I have spent in Canada I have been working for the chance of seeing you again—I wanted you, Mara, because you seemed—you were—just Mara. I should have come for you long ago, but I lost all the money that was to

have given you a home. I could not have come and seen you and gone away alone. So I waited and worked.

"But I wanted you dreadfully. I shall have you—say so, Mara."

"But will I do?" said Mara hesitatingly

"Do—what?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"I mean, I look so queer, and old and my clothes are never right—"

"You look lovely to-night, Mara. I love this quaint dress, dear. But that does not matter in the least. You are Mara."

Next day when Mrs. Smith was told that Harry had truly come for a wife and had found her. After her first outbursts of surprise, remarked—"Marillia will simply have to dress herself now. I must really get hold of that dress, she wore last night and brighten it up a bit for her. It could be made quite a decent-looking thing, with a little more trimming about it." So Marillia's dress was not altogether unappreciated.

HIS PROBLEM.

BY ANNIE E. SYKES.

"My Mother is English!" He threw back his head and looked at her defiantly.

"I don't care," she said coldly, "You are not."

"I am, I tell you," he repeated.

"You were born in Surinam and your Father was an out and out German. How can you be British?"

"I have been naturalized here. What more can I do? What more do you want?"

"Because it suited you to be," she retorted. "It is no use your talking to me, I tell you. Your answer is 'no,' now and always."

"I won't believe it," he said slowly. "Why should it be 'No' now, when for a year you have."

"That was before the War," she interrupted, "before I knew what your people were: Murderers! Butchers! Baby Killers!—Oh" she clenched her hands.—"If I were only a man, to go and fight them. Why don't you go? English are you—British?—Then go and fight for Britain like her other Sons;—don't stay here playing the fool and making love to me."

"My dance, I believe, Miss L'Estrange," drawled a voice near them as a tall fair-haired man sauntered up to the table that they were having ices at, and had drawn a little apart from the "crowd" on the well-kept lawn of the Georgetown Cricket Club.

"I have had such a time hunting for you," he continued. "Will you come with me now? I am sure I deserve a dance?" and he offered her his arm.

"Surely," she said smiling at him. "I can finish my quarrel with Mr. Smith another time. Will you excuse me, please Frank?" she added turning to her companion.

"I suppose I must," and he smiled at her in his turn as she went off with the intruder and left him sitting there, lighting a cigarette to calm his troubled nerves.

A "German," am I? he thought bitterly as he smoked it. Well, I suppose I am. I had better go and fight for them and give these people some reason for treating me like they do. I have a good mind to—

He finished his cigarette, strolled up to the Pavillion door and looked at the dancers for a few minutes, then

suddenly resolved—as he caught a whisper of "that German," from a couple whirling past—to go home and get out of it all as soon as he could.

Serve 'em right if I do go to fight for "Wilhelm," he told himself again. "I believe I will. Since they insist that I am German I certainly ought to." Leaving the Moonlit ground, with its gay crowd and cheerful music, in bitter disgust with everything and everybody, he whistled for a cab and went to his home in Camp Street sullenly,—at war with himself and all the world.

"But," his Mother pleaded the next day, "What is going to become of me, Franz?"

"You'll be alright," he said cheerfully. "I can't help it anyway. Even if you don't want me to, I must go. I have put it off long enough,—as long as I could, in fact.—It isn't as if you needed me to support you, or anything like that.—You have all you can possibly want."

"You are the only one I have left, Franz, and I am getting old now, remember."

"You! Not a bit of it. You are younger than I am, any day of the week. It is no use talking Mother," he went on,—unconsciously repeating Joan's words to him of the night before,—"I can't help it, I tell you, I am going."

"Where and when?" She asked sorrowfully.

"To New York by the next boat, and after that—anywhere. To Canada, or England,—or Germany perhaps."

"But you are not strong enough to be a soldier," she persisted.

"Then I'll get strong. Look here Mother, give it up as a bad job, will you? I am going to tell you."

"But what about Joan L'Estrange" she asked.

"Don't talk about her," he said roughly, and afraid to venture further, his Mother gave it up at last, knowing well that when her Son's mind was really made up, her words were useless.

In a Cabin of the *Mayaro*, two people who had slipped away from the crowd unobserved to be alone for a few moments together, were saying goodbye.

"Goodbye, Joan," he said holding her hand in his.

"Goodbye, Frank," she tried to smile bravely. "I am sorry you are going."

"Only because you think I am going to fight for the Germans?" he asked her jestingly.

"You are not," she said quickly. "I take it all back Frank. You're no German. Don't let what I said make you go—I am so sorry I said it—"

"Too late now," he said grimly. "And at any rate I am still a German to the rest. Look how they treat me sometimes. Besides—I am one to myself—every now and then."

Joan threw her arms round him suddenly.

"Don't be a German, Frank," she begged—not realising the absurdity of what she said in her grief at his going.—Don't be, "They are not good. Oh please Frank, don't be one. Oh I can't let you go like this."

"I will write," he said as he held her close to him, "and after the war—"

The bell clanged out to warn visitors to go ashore, and as so many have had to do since the cruel war began,—she too, had to say goodbye to Frank and let him go whether she would or not.

* * * *

The German Consul to the United States looked at the young man before him keenly through his round tortoiseshell rimmed glasses.

"Why do you want to go to Berlin?" he asked sharply.

"To volunteer for active service," he answered.

"As what?"

"As an Aviator."

"Humph! What do you know about it?"

"I have been training at Brooklyn for six months and hold a first class certificate," he said proudly.

"Where did you say you were born?"

"In Dutch Guiana. Here is my birth Certificate."

The Consul studied it carefully. "Your Mother is English I see. Where is she now?"

"In British Guiana. I was naturalized there."

"Why did you leave the place then," was the Consul's next question.

"The people there behaved rottenly to me," he said passionately. "Called me a German and ostracized me."

"Humph! So you left British Guiana six months ago. Any English relatives besides your Mother?"

"None. She and I are alone in the world."

"Then how could you leave her there by herself?" asked the Consul.

"We had a quarrel,"—he told the lie boldly,—"that was one reason why I left. She sided with the British, you see."

"I see." The Consul looked thoughtfully at the applicant. "Come back next week, he decided at length. "If we accept your services I will arrange a passage for you by the *Nieuw Amsterdam* which from here leaves for Rotterdam on Saturday week. She won't be torpedoed, I know. See that you bring your Flying Certificate when you come back to me,—and be sure you take your naturalization papers with you to get you safely past the British,"

"Hoffmann," he instructed his Secretary, as the door closed behind Franz Arthur Schmidt—otherwise known as Francis Arthur Smith,—"Cable at once to British Guiana—you can with them communicate through Dutch Guiana or Surinam,—and ascertain if the young man speaks all the truth."

"Yah, Mein Herr, I will so do at once," and the Secretary hastened to obey his Chief.

The "*Nieuw Amsterdam*" was anchored off Falmouth, waiting for permission to pass, from "the Mistress of the Seas."

With her Country's Flag, brilliantly illumined with electricity, flying night and day, and her name and destination in letters two feet long, studded with lights, along her side, and with passengers and crew of many nationalities aboard, she had come safely through the dangers, seen and unseen, of the Atlantic and was now landing her British passengers here before commencing her perilous up channel voyage.

"What nationality are you?" one of the three officials detailed for the examination of passengers asked as Franz filed past them in his turn.

"Naturalized British.—Here are my papers."

"Where are you going?"

"To Rotterdam," Franz answered briefly.

"Where were you born, and what are you going there for?"

"In Surinam or Dutch Guiana. I am going on business."

"Are his papers all in order?" one official asked the other.

"Yes. Everything correct.—Pass on," and Francis Arthur Smith—or Schmidt—passed on to join the passengers who had been already released, on their way to lunch.

I want to volunteer for service and to be trained for Zeppelin work," Franz said in passable German. At last putting his determined wish of many months past into words.

The German Consul at Rotterdam looked down at the papers he held and then up at the man before him.

"Why do you wish that kind of service?" he asked.

"Because I love flying with all my heart," he answered,—and the other machines are not good enough. They are 'of the earth, Earthy,' I want to fly." He stretched out his arms suddenly as if he would fly that way if he could, and the Consul looked startled for a moment.

"Your mother was English?" he asked, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"Yes,—but we do not speak to each other. I hate the English," Franz replied.

"Good! And you speak both the English and the German well. I will think about you, Mr. Schmidt. Get ready to cross the frontier to-morrow night if all be well," the Consul concluded.

Outside a Zeppelin Shed at Frederickshaven Francis Arthur Smith—now Franz Schmidt—bent over a carburettor he was testing, then looked in for a moment affectionately at the monster airship lying within the shed.

"Not of the earth,—this machine," he thought. A creature of the air. A dream of the ages.

He loved every part of her: From the twenty-four water and gas proof ballonets—formed of strong silk rub-

ber-coated fabric and divided into pairs by meshes of slender web-like wire—that held her stores of gas, to the Maybach 240 h.p. engines in the four gondolas hanging beneath the ballonets—that supplied the Zeppelin's driving force. Every part,—with one exception.

In the front Gondola of the airship was a keyboard formed of sixty buttons that released hooks when they were pressed, and if one of these hooks was released—and a lever withdrew a shutter below it,—something fell, with reddish yellow flashes of light, and reached the earth with a sullen roar or dull boom, and these buttons were the parts of his beloved Zeppelin that Franz Schmidt knew that he hated.

Would he ever have to press those buttons anywhere except over a lake or field where the bombs he dropped could do no harm? Could he do it when he had to? Over and over again had Franz asked himself this question, lately.

"Flight Commander Schmidt to report at once for active service." He read the telegram over twice and stuffed it in his pocket as he turned away to get ready to go for further orders.

Meanwhile, away in far off British Guiana Joan L'Estrange was just then reading a letter which had been handed to her an hour before by an Officer from the Dutch boat then at anchor in the Demerara River—*en route* to Surinam, later on.

"I can hardly believe it," she muttered aloud. "*Frank* going out to murder babies in their beds?"—"in command of a Zeppelin?—I can't believe it."

"I am going out on active service very soon," he had written. "I can't say where, of course, but if I succeed as well as I am expected to, you will hear how much I like the British. Will you then believe that whether German or British I love you,—now and always?"

Joan sat with the letter in her lap for a long time, then she carefully tore it up and as carefully burnt every little bit with lighted matches,—which somehow seemed to relieve her feelings,—before she dressed and went out to tennis as if she had not a care in the world.

"Do you ever hear from Frank Smith?" A man asked her carelessly the same afternoon. "I suppose he is fighting the Germans by this time, eh?"

"I expect so," she lied bravely. He was determined to have a shot at them when he went away, I know," and the subject dropped there to her great relief.

Up in the air, far above the clouds, a cigar-shaped monster airship floated gracefully, while her officers took their bearings before descending nearer to their prey,—the beautiful English City they reckoned was spread out directly below the Zeppelin's keel.

The airship had no way on her as she hung there. She was almost motionless and anyone looking at her would have found it very hard to believe that she could rush through the air between sixty and seventy miles an hour, at will.

In the Gondola in her bows her Captain, Franz Schmidt, was standing, with his face set and stern. In an hour's time he would have to descend;—to press those buttons that he hated. To wreck those homes below with people sleeping in their beds. True his orders said nothing about wrecking houses—but he knew right well that this was bound to happen when he tried to carry out his instructions

to wreck those Colleges of Oxford that were England's pride and boast. Magdalene or Christ Church—and the Iron Cross was his,—the Kaiser himself had written it.

As he stood there, looking steadfastly through the little celluloid window of the Gondola into the vast space beyond and around, a girl's voice was ringing in his ears. Again and again he seemed to hear it. "Don't be a German, Frank," it begged. "They kill babies and are not good. Please don't be one."

Why was he here to try to kill defenceless people? What devil had taken possession of him? He was British and hated the Germans for their cruelty. No, he was German and hated the British because they bragged so much. He hated everybody and everything—except his ship,—and Joan. His father seemed to have taken her place now and his voice was urging him to carry out his work. "Descend, Franz," he seemed to urge, "Descend and do your duty. Wreck Oxford as she sleeps below. They have brought it on themselves, these English. Descend! my son, and make me proud of you."

Automatically Franz touched the wheel that controlled her elevating steering rudder—and brought the big ship lower, in obedience to the voice he seemed to hear. Then suddenly he brought her to an even keel again, with her horizontal rudder wheel, and gazed through the little window with unseeing eyes.

"Come to supper, Captain," sang out a voice below, "I will take the wheels." And Franz gave them up to his Lieutenant, after instructing him to keep her steady just as she was for the present, and crept through the aluminium framed trap door and along the narrow gangway,—planked with strong thin boards on aluminium girders and "walled" with grey cotton and rubber fabric that ran along the whole length of the Zeppelin's keel,—to the Gondolas hanging amidships in which her stores were kept in little aluminium cupboards neatly arranged in rows, "for supper."

No one else was in the Gondola at the moment and as the Captain realised this, his face lost its stern look and he smiled.

"Drinks for the crowd to-night," he said to himself in English, and hasily unlocking one of the cupboards he took out a big flask of aluminium. "They shall all drink to the Kaiser's health," he muttered, "and in honour of our first trip to kill babies."

No one saw him take something out of his pocket and pour it steadily into the flask, but a good many of the crew heard him shout in German, as he replaced it: "Drinks for the crowd to-night, boys."

Supper was over and Franz was back at his place by the wheels. The drinks ordered had just been served out to all and now only the subdued hum of the Zeppelin's engines and the whirr of her propellers, could be heard, as the Captain signalled for half speed ahead and changed his course slightly.

A few minutes passed,—then the Zeppelin began to descend quickly. Lower and lower she dropped and faster and faster her engines raced.

"Where are you going, Herr Captain?" the wireless operator from his little room in the same Gondola asked drowsily, as he mechanically turned on the apparatus to produce the clouds of smoke that hid the airship from eager eyes below,—but Herr Captain made no answer. Straight

ahead through the window he gazed into space—and the Zeppelin dropped lower and lower as he turned the steering wheel.

"Mein Gott! Captain," the Lieutenant's head appeared below the trap door opening—"the crew are all drunk."

But the Captain made no sign of hearing and the Lieutenant hung there swaying perilously.

What was the matter? He saw the wireless operator's head slipping lower and lower till he fell in a heap in his little room, while the Captain stood there motionless, and still the airship dropped lower.

What was the Captain doing? What was the matter with his own head? It was reeling and he could not climb up through the trap door to take the wheel away from Franz Schmidt. Treachery! This was treachery! He and the crew were not drunk but drugged. He must get up. He must! Still the Zeppelin rushed lower and lower, and far below blue lights began to flash out and crackling sounds could be heard. Then a sharp explosion—and a shower of shrapnel burst beneath her.

With a mighty effort of will the Lieutenant dragged himself through the trap door at last, and clutched the Captain by the collar.

Meanwhile the Zeppelin wavered uncertainly in the wind. Her engines throbbed louder and louder and her propellers hummed so that people below heard them and shudderingly expected her death-dealing bombs to drop among them at any moment,—and as she came lower and still lower, in the Gondola in her bow two men fought grimly,—forgetting in their struggle to note how near the earth was growing to them.

Then there was a crash,—an explosion,—a flash.

The airship shivered from stem to stern. Her engines throbbed less loudly. Her propellers revolved slower and slower, as,—groping, whirling, fluttering, like a wounded bird, she came slowly to earth in a great expanse of fields and lay still at last, with little bursts of flame here and there.

London was aflame with the wonder of it.

"A Zeppelin had come down on Hampstead Heath!"—"No,—in Essex!" "Come down of its own accord it seemed." "The fires caused by the explosion had been put out at once. Before much damage had been done." "The crew had been burnt alive!"—No, they had been captured."—"There were no crew at all. "She had flown over from Germany alone." "The crew were drowned!" "No they were drunk."—So the different stories went,—while the monster airship, —700 feet long,—closely guarded, lay sprawled across three fields of Hertfordshire, like a bird with broken wings, while her crew of twenty living, and two dead men were being taken in covered Motor Lorries to London Town.—All but the Captain, who was in Flight Commander's Robert's motor car with him, at his Major's request.

Nearly all the crew had seemed dazed when they were rescued and taken prisoners, and two of them,—who were covered with cuts and bruises and had all their uniforms torn,—were unconscious for some time after their fall. Then to the great surprise of all around, as soon as they recovered consciousness, these two Officers of the Zeppelin—who seemed of the highest rank,—had to be kept from flying at each others throats, by main force.

"A traitor he is that man," the man with the waxed moustache said violently, shaking his fist at the other,—who was certainly very young to be in authority over so many older men.—"He drugged all, and steered for the earth the ship.—Place him from us apart,"—and he tugged at his moustache fiercely and glared at Franz.

The High Official in charge of the proceedings, although not understanding the reason for this request, obligingly complied with it and told one of the Flight Commanders present to take the object of all this wrath,—who said he was the Captain of the Zeppelin,—to London in his motor car and so keep him separate from the other prisoners.

You speak English too?" Flight Commander Roberts enquired courteously of his companion as they started off on their journey.

"We all do," the Captain responded briefly.

"And who is the one that charges you with being a traitor?"

"He is my Lieutenant," Franz answered, adding quickly, "I know not what he means. My steering gear went wrong and I could not control my ship."

His companion nodded. "Of course," he said cheerfully, "We all know you did your best. "You speak wonderfully good English, Captain?"

"My Mother is English,"—

The Flight Commander instantly repented of his friendliness.

The man was a traitor after all,—Dropping bombs on his own Mother's land.

"Where does she live?" he asked gruffly.

"A long way from here,—in one of your Colonies,—British Guiana," Franz replied, as gruffly,— "And as you are so good to me, Sir, I will be greatly obliged if you will kindly have a telegram sent to tell her of my capture to-night, and safe custody in your hands,—at my expense of course," he added.

Much against his will Flight Commander Roberts felt compelled to promise this and undertook further to cable also an address through which Mrs. Schmidt—or Smith,—could communicate with her son in England if she wanted to.

Alone in the little room allotted to him in the Concentration Camp to which he had been sent, Franz Schmidt was brooding over the problem that had kept him awake for so many nights since the War broke out. Was he German or British?—Had he been a traitor to the Kaiser—or to King George?

To all questions from the English Officials he had given the same answers;—and so was kept in this so-called "Prison."

"He was German although his Mother was English."—"Something had gone wrong with his steering gear and so he had lost control of his ship for a while that night."—"His Lieutenant had attacked him from behind—he knew not why,—and so they had reached the ground before he had time to destroy the Zeppelin's vital parts as instructed by the Kaiser."

"Am I German or British?" he thought again and again, as he sat there.—"After the War perhaps."

"A letter for you, Herr Captain." As the door closed behind the Orderly who had brought the letter in, Franz held it with a hand that shook in spite of the steady nerves he had always boasted of.

Joan's writing at last. He stood there afraid to open it.

His Mother had telegraphed to say that she was glad his career of wickedness had been cut short and his life spared for the present—but that was all. What had Joan written to him?

A minute later Franz knelt before the chair he had pushed against the door to keep out possible intruders:

"I am British now and forever," he vowed, as he knelt there, and read her words again and again:

"I don't care if you are German or British, Frank," Joan had written, "I love you just the same."

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS.

BY ALFRED REIS.

Revolving earth recalls to us,
Once more, the blessed morn—
When Angel choirs their Carols sang—
The day that Christ was born.

When Bethlehem was all en Fete;
Bright shone the Star on Earth;
Three Eastern Kings of wisdom came
To greet the Saviour's birth.

The Message sent rang through the air;
Men's hearts were filled with mirth;
'Twas "Glory be to God on High,
"Peace be to men on Earth."

For Centuries has the Christian world,
A living Faith, indeed!
Observed the day as one of Peace
For God has it decreed.

And with the eyes of Faith we see,
To-day, the King of Kings,
As on the day that He was born
To us, salvation brings.

Let's then rejoice and Carols sing;
To Him all homage pay;
Uplift our hearts with thankful joy,
For this is Christmas Day.

YULETIDE MEMORIES.

BY REV. M. A. COSSOU.

Beside my open window
I sit on Christmas night.
The crowd beneath keeps passing by
With merry faces bright.
They pass with mirth and music,
Ah, well, let them be gay.
For Christmas comes but once a year
And this is Christmas Day.

My thoughts go back to past years:
It seems just yesterday
When with noisy shout and riotous rout
We kept the Festive Day.
Fond hearts spoke love in corners,
And games were for the young.
And stolen kisses softly passed
Where mistletoe-knots hung.

But Time has wrought his changes—
The years have ta'en away
The merry blithesome hearts which once
Made happy Christmas Day.
Fond memories crowd upon me
Methinks I see them smile—
Those "angel faces which I've loved
And lost long since awhile."

Old ago hath made me silent,
But youth must have its way,
I hear them calling me to come
And "keep up" Christmas Day.
I'll join them in their revels,
And chase them round the floor
But oh, my heart is yearning quite,
For the Christmas days of yore.

THE A.B.C.D. CUBE PUZZLE.

\$25

For Correct Solution.

ON the opposite page will be found a diagram of the A.B.C.D. Cube Puzzle, and below the instructions.

The Competition is bounded by the following conditions :--

The name and address of each Competitor, clearly written, must accompany each competitor's solution.

If there are two correct solutions sent in, the prize of \$25 will be equally divided. Should there be more than two correct solutions the prize will be awarded to the first one opened after the competition has been closed. The Editor's decision will be final.

The Competition will remain open until the receipt of the last post on the 10th January, and the name of the winner, together with the correct solution, will be published in "The Daily Chronicle" of the 14th January, 1917.

INSTRUCTIONS.

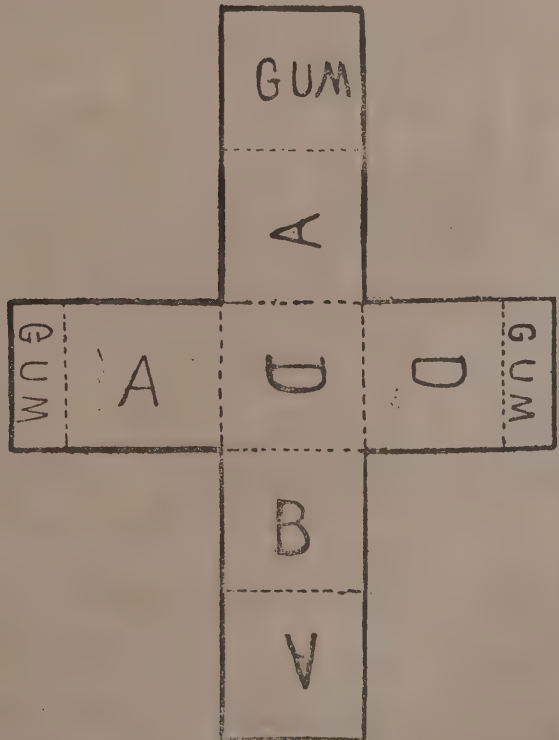
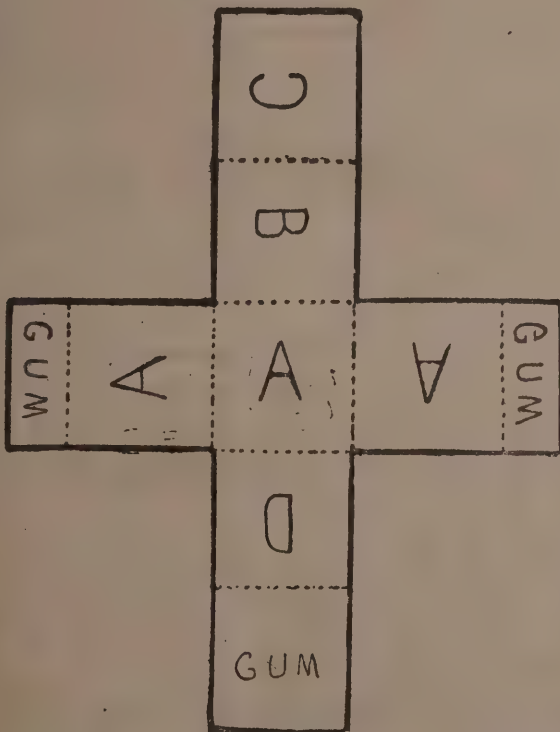
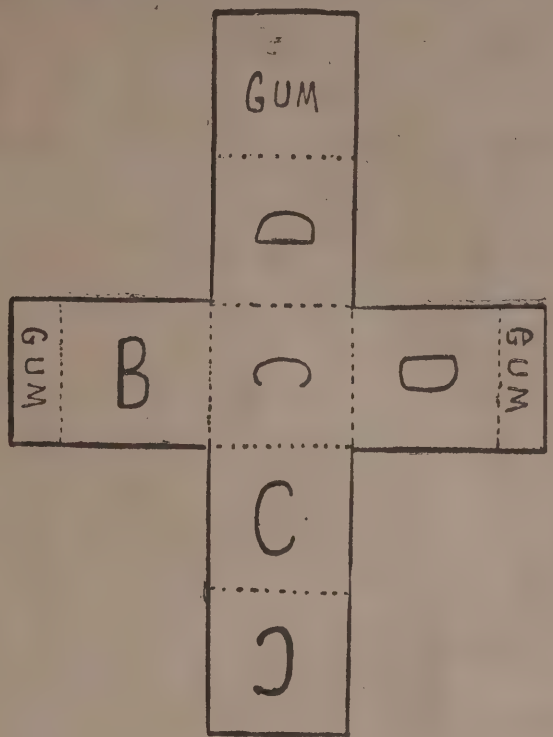
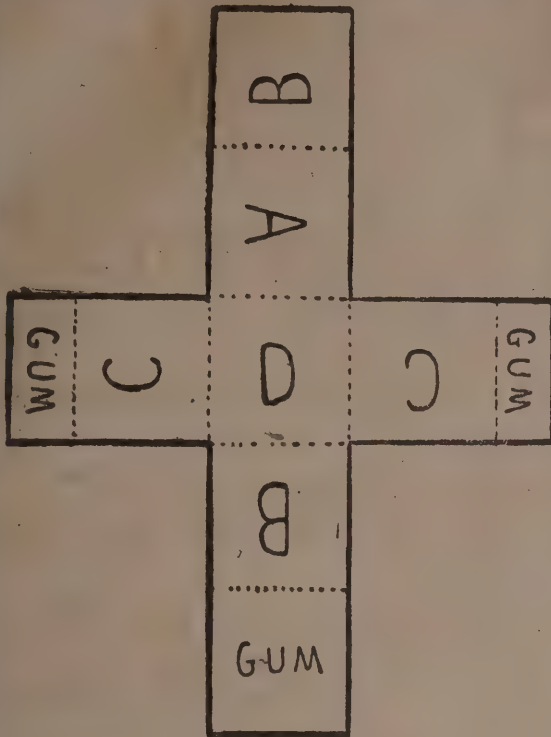
Cut out the four diagrams, bend across the dotted lines, and fold to form four cubes, gumming the ends, (marked "Gum") to make perfectly secure. It will be advisable to paste the whole sheet to a very thin card before cutting. Or, better still, re-draw the diagrams on fairly stiff drawing paper, and then cut out and make up.

The object of the puzzle is to arrange the cubes in a row, so that the four letters, A.B.C. and D. shall be contained in each of the four rows, namely the top row, bottom (or underneath) row, and the two side rows. The letters in each row may be **all** vertical, **all** horizontal, or **all** inverted, but it is not permissible to have, say, one vertical and three horizontal letters in a row.

The diagram below, shows two sides of the row of cubes with the letters A.B.C.D. appearing on each. (The other side and bottom, of course, will also contain the four letters.) It will be seen that the letters may be in any order, provided the four letters all appears in each row.

NOTE.—This diagram is not in any sense a key and does not necessarily represent the actual arrangement of the individual letters in the solution to the puzzle :—





COMPETITIONS.

No. 1. CHRONICLE QUOTATIONS, OR GIVING THEM FITS

In this competition competitors were asked to select a quotation not exceeding twenty words which they thought most proper to apply to the names of the following well-known members in the community:—The Hon. C. Clementi, the Hon. J. P. Santos, the Hon. R. E. Brassington, the Hon. A. B. Brown, the Hon. P. N. Browne, the Hon. E. G. Woolford, the Hon. F. Dias, the Hon. Nelson Cannon, and Mr. A. A. Thorne. A large number of entries were received, and a very high standard of excellence was obtained. After the first weeding out process, there were still many competitors left in the field. Some of the names, however, seemed to afford most of the competitors considerable difficulty. For instance, there were very few who seemed to get a really apt quotation to apply to the career of the Hon. Francis Dias, whilst the Hon. E. G. Woolford, seemed to be a fairly hard nut to crack. Most of the quotations applying to Mr. Clementi were apt, as also to Mr. P. N. Browne. The others revealed rather more divergencies in merit. After careful consideration, we have awarded the 1st prize of \$5 to Mr. Alfred Phillips, of 103, Carmichael Street, Georgetown, and the 2nd prize of \$3 to Mr. C. S. Holder, of Buxton. Their quotations appear below.

1st PRIZE, \$5: ALFRED PHILLIPS.

CLEMENTI.

Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward.—
Proverbs, 22-5.

SANTOS.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.—

Proverbs, 22-29.

BRASSINGTON.

His heart is as firm as a stone. When he raiseth up himself the mighty are afraid.—

Job, 41-24/5.

BROWN, A. B.

I've been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.—

Psalms, 37-25.

BROWNE, P. N.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.—

Psalms, 16-6.

THORNE.

For I am full of matter; the spirit within me constraineth me.—

Job, 32-18.

WOOLFORD.

The wildest colts make the best horses.

Plutarch (Life of Themistocles.)

DIAS.

He flew swiftly upon the wings of the wind.

Psalms, 16-10.

CANNON.

Deeds are better things than words are; actions mightier than boastings!

Longfellow.

2nd PRIZE, \$3: C. S. HOLDER, Buxton.

CLEMENTI.

You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.

Shak. Timon of Athens, Act III. Sc. V.

SANTOS.

I am no orator but . . . a plain blunt man
They know full well,

That gave me public leave to speak.

Shak. Julius Cæsar Act, III. Sc. II.

BRASSINGTON.

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.

Andrew Marvell—A Horation Ode,
Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.

A. B. BROWN.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past
And totter on in business to the last.

Pope—Moral Essays, Ep. I.

P. N. BROWNE.

Uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.

Sir John Denham—Cooper's Hill.

WOOLFORD.

For though you are not splenitive and rash
Yet have you something in you dangerous.

Shak. Hamlet, Act V. Sc. I.

DIAS.

Who after his transgression doth repent
Is half, or altogether innocent.

Herrich-Hesperides—Penitence.

THORNE.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer
than the staple of his argument.

Shak. Love's Labour Lost—Act V. Sc. I.

CANNON.

A man who's not afraid to say his say
Though a whole town's against him.

Longfellow—Christus, Pt. III. Act II. Sc. II.

COMPETITION No. 2.

The best acrostic on the words "The New Combined Court."—Although the entries for this competition were very numerous, the standard of excellence was not so good. There were a few very excellent attempts and the selection of the 2nd prize winner called for careful consideration. We award the 1st prize to Mr. S. E. Wills, 18, High Street, Georgetown, a formidable competitor; and the 2nd prize to Mr. M. Stormonth Jackson, Den Amstel. Their contributions appear below.

1st PRIZE, \$5: Mr. S. E. WILLS, High St.

T ethered and cramped in short acrostic grounds,
H ow can I breathe the thoughts with which my brain
 abounds,
E re all the letters of my string run out?

N ew is the Court, with all its members brave
E ager to save, yet eager, too, to spend to save:
W ise men who clearly know what they're about.

C ombine ye all; continue you to do well,
O bliterating self and letting merit tell;
M uch undue comment you may have to face,
B ut never mind it, so each heart is in its place;
I n all you do let conscience be the guide,
N or let some naughty Neptune on a flowing tide
E ffect an entry on the under side,
D emolishing your wall of moral strength and pride.

C ombine ye all; and do your level best;
O nly Omnipotence can do the rest;
U nite, so that your dim-dawned lustrum yet may see
R ich fields and avenues of industry,
T elling of many happy years to be.

2nd PRIZE, \$3:

H. STORMONTH JACKSON, Den Amstel.

T empt not the country's scorn. Be charged with zest,
H old fast; hurl rude oppression to its rest,
E licit from both far and near,—'The Best.'

N ow at the bidding of stern duty's call,
E mploy the pruning knife on such as fall
W ithin the pale of castle, coast or wall.

C ombine ye talents of most high renown.
O ccasion no unnecessary fight;
M ark a distinctive epoch, nobly bright,
B edeck with lustrous gems Guiana's crown.
I nvest thy gifts for ay! thy country's good,
N uture, protect her as true statesmen would
"E'er forward!" let your fiery watchword be
D rink to the Colony's prosperity.

"C ombined Court," oh! glorious epithet,—
O ld warriors and new hopefuls joined and sat,—
U p, up and check the mighty, rushing "C."
R ise, rise and smother that Oxonian pride
T hat fails to recognise Guiana's hope in thee.

COMPETITION No. 3.

The best humorous description of the opening session of the Combined Court in creolese.

In this competition Mr. J. Van Sertima, Town Clerk of New Amsterdam, very kindly volunteered to act as judge, a position for which his extensive study of the creole tongue eminently fits him. We submit his report and award below, and offer our best thanks to him for acting in the capacity of judge.

I adjudge Mr. Bollers's essay the best of a poor lot. I place "Cuffy" second. The creole psychology has not been caught, and so of quaintness and humour there is none. The spelling is atrocious. To write taxashan "for" "taxation" and "tung" for "tongue" is not creolese at all; it is simply phonography. Creoles never drop their "h's," nor do they misplace them.

J. VAN SERTIMA.

New Amsterdam,
12th December, 1916.

CREOLESE ON THE OPENING SESSION OF THE COMBINED COURT.

Since me muddah lan' me in dis sinful wurl, ah cant rememba seein' mo' spote as de day when de las' Combine Cote did open. As far as me mem'ry can sarve me, we good actin' Guvna went to de Eve Lary Barricks pon a Sundy aftanoon to preach to de "Front Boys." Now he really didn' mean foh talk to dem at all, beca'se some odda gentleman did appint to do de needful, an' besides, he did tek he spell a' ready. He sole objic was to get a chance foh 'buse de Combine Cote membas beca'se dey did sen' a purtishan to de Sekatery o' States foh axe he foh move out Guvna Heggatan from de Calany. All de time befo' dat, dey always use foh keep de "Front Boys" sarvice in de big hall upsta's in de Barricks, but dis time, de actin' Guvna sen' an' tell de off'shals at de Barricks foh hol' de sarvice outside 'pon de big lawn, an' to invite every baddy in de tong. Dey even put on de Milishee ban' to attrac' de crowd. Well as people sometimes say, "You app'int but de La'd dsapp'int." De spote was befo' de sarvice commence, sich ah rain begin foh fall, dat de whole outside show spile up and dey had was to go back pon de same ol' place whey dey use to keep it. But de actin' Guvna was detarmin foh dem Cote membas for trough all de drenchin' rain, he fin' heself at de Barracks an' afta' ta'kin' a few words 'bout de war he sta't to peppah dem Combine Cote membas. He call dem all sort ah names and end it up by sayin' dat dey was a set ah "pestilenshal allegetas." De wurd dem is so hard foh call, dat ah feel a strain pon me tung jes now. Now, when de news bruck out in de papah 'pon de Tuesday ma'nin', de whole country was in a huproar. Dere was vexashun all ova de lan? People say, he wan' foh tek up Guvna Heggatan fire-rage. I eita pan letta begin foh pass between he and dem membas, dem try foh mek he beg pa'don, but no use. He say he wont draw way one wurd wha' he talk and dey can do wha' dey like. Alright den. Dey wait dey chance. He mash up de 'ole Cote an' call foh new membas foh farm anadda Cote, but de people sen' back de same allegetas dat was dere before. When he fine dat de people was 'pon de side

ah de membas, he get in a hell ov a rage. But de bes' ah de spote deh behin! De day when de new Cote was foh open, all de Valantares an' "Front Boys" march from dey Barricks an' farm up in front ah de Public Buildin'. Ah big crowd was upsta's in de Hall. Den de Guvna carri'ge drive up, wid he an' he wife. De gentl'man gat sich a funny name dat ah can hardly call it. Ah tink he name is Mr. Clementi. Is a very funny title, but ah hear he ent full Hinglish. Some ah he fambalay belong to Hinglan' and some come from some place lora dung de wurl. At any rate, when he march heself in de Hall wid he wife an' some odda great mens, lo an' behol' only one big fat stout memba was in he seat. De Guvna look so dumfounded dat he didn' know wha' foh do. "Well me La'd" he say to heself "Is wey deh dey?" Whey de Combined Cote membas? Is dis de trick dey means foh play pon me?" Dis time, he still lef stan'in up. When he come to heself he tu'n to he right, an' mek a sluttarin kin' a bow to de judges and Bishop Parry an' some oddas. Den he frunt heself, mek anodda funnicurious kin' of a scrape to de empty chairs befo' he, an' den he tu'n to de lef' an' gi'e he head to de huffshals by he side an' suddenly drap in he seat. "O! where art dey me La'd?—Where art they?" he was sayin' to heself, when de Cote gentlemen begin foh file in one by one, an' mek straight foh dey seat. Dey ent even as much as gi'e he a side glance self—dey ent voomps 'pon he. If cut eye could ah did kill people, de whole pack ah dem would ah did ratten an' stink in La Pantare Berrin' Groun' a'ready. Well when evry baddy did expec' dat de goodly gentl'man was goin' foh sympathise wid we in we sufferance and foh tell we wha' he was going foh do foh lighten de burden ah taxashan wha' killin' we, inch by inch, he begin foh praise up Guvna Heggatan. Evryt'ing de Guvna do, he say was right. All de wurks he construck is good an' all wha' he distruck was bettah still. He kote figah 'pon figah foh show what a great sums-man he is—but nuttin' doing! Some ah de people in de Hall was so disgus' dat sleep was tekin' ova dey carkis. When he done wid all he praisement foh de Guvna, he tu'n straight 'pon de membas, put he han' ah he towis packet an' tell dem dat he will have dem to be 'pon dey bes' behaviah or he will know wha' foh do wid dem. Well me La'd. Look 'pon trial! All de membas stare he good in he face but dey ent ansah he a wurd, but when de Cote meet again de nex' week, den dey tek dey chance 'pon he. Dey tell he so much brigah wurd dat ah sure, he wont fo'get dem till de day ah he deat'. Ah tell you what if dis goodly Guvna was foh get ah Hirish promoshun now he would be too glad foh tek it, beca'se ah know he don't feel comfatable at all in de Company ah dese Cote membas. As t'ings is now, ah believe, he prayin' night and day foh let somebody—(he don't care who) relieve he of dis actin' jab.

BY CUFFY.

He hawt bin jumping boop, boop, boop,
 War time na time foh fight;
 So w'en de membas cut down vote—
 He tell dem say: "All right!"

No soonna de Gen'ral 'lection ova, dan the New Combine' Cote open, an' of co'se, as seben ab de membas bin

did com' back to de New Cote; an' as de same bery membas did bin kick up a h—l ab a row wid de Offisa wha minista de Kallanny ab British Guiana becausin dem disloyalty, you can guess how narvas an' anxious—feber hot—de people did bin feel foh see wha bin gwine 'appen w'en de New Cote open Friday marnin', Novemba de 4th wha pass.

De day com'; the sun shine bright; an' de Public Buldin', upstai's an' downstai's, bin full wid nuff nuff people. Deh bin deh since marnin' time—ebery man gat he own 'tory foh ta'k—till market Clack strike 'leben. an' lille afta, de Milleeshee ban' wid wan hundred ab awee soja boys, ma'ch strait in ah Public Buldin' ya'd, whey deh stan' up strait lik' arrah, den, Lef'tenant Johnson hal-lah say: Lef'! right! Lef'! right! Shun! stan' at ease! an' w'en de Gubna com'—five minutes late—de Lef'tenant again halla: "Shun! Presen' Arm! the Millishee ban' strike up "God sabe awee gracious King." No mistake! awee boys show up good! de ting bin grandiferous! It bin a great spote. Well! de Gubna an' de Executive Council Membas wa'k up togetta ah de Cote ah Pallacy Hall, an' de only memba ('lective memba) who bin deh foh meet he, bin a P.N. Wan minute pass, two minute pass, t'ree minute pass, de Gubna all dis time ah stan' up ah wait foh de membas, w'en wan com' in, den, two com' in, den, all com' in. Den, de Gubna sta't foh mek he speech. He can prappaly ta'k. He gat Oxfo'd Eddication. He mak' ah gran' speech! He say t'ree Combine Cote a'ready come since Englan' a fight foh libatty an' justice! All awee! no' what' gwine 'appen; who gwine win.

Up to now we gat five Offisa wid de Military Cross put pon dem.

De contingun wha awee sen' foh go fight all ah dem ah do good wo'k ah Egypt an' Eas' Africa, whey deh tak 'way all de German lan' a'ready. Annada Contingun me mean (dem wha deh downstai's) deh gwine soon lef' awee foh go join dem matty ah de fighting line. We got foh vote mo' money again foh get annada Contingun foh get ready soon. De Kallany giv' nuff, nuff money foh Red Crass Fun'; an' nuff clothes foh Queen Mary Society.

De Kallany gat foh pay Town Taxes de same lik' any odda body Five Tousan Five hundred an' Sixty dolla. Den he sta't pon de Sea Defences, den he sta't pon de population, den re sta't pon Eddication, an' las', but no' leas', he tell dem again—"Me hope ayou gwine behave ayou self. Rememba de War ah go on! You mus' keep dah ah ayou' mine! Ah look pon ayou who swear foh show good example an' you mussin tun dislayal.

De Finanshal position ab de Kallany is A.1; prappaly good, indeed!

De end ab 1914 de Reserb Fun' bin stan' ah de Kallany Chess ah 415,990.45 dis berry good indeed, an' if nuttin fudda appen wid awee dis year, we gwine get nuff nuff surplus—"Wha' com' so do!"

Ayou 'no' ayou bin prappaly 'rong foh cuss ayou Gubna Egerton wid stragavancy—dah na true, 'tall 'tall, ayou mus' 'memba he can' spen' money, supposin' ayou na vote am, so you can' blame am only, ayou 'rong foh true!

De speech bin tek lang lang time, wan hour, an' we'n he bin done, de Gubna com' downstai's, walk roun de soja boys, den he go inside he ass an' trap, den de Millishee Ban, strike up "God Save awee Noble King. Den ebry t'ing ova. Den ebry body go home.

COMPETITION No. 4.

The best suggestion or series of suggestions not exceeding 500 words for improvement of the *Daily Chronicle* which will still further enhance its value to its ever-growing body of readers.

In this competition most of the entrants paid us much appreciated compliments upon the continued improvement which has taken place in the *Daily Chronicle* during the year now drawing to a close. From the suggestions they have favoured us with we shall in the coming year draw much inspiration for the benefit, we hope, of our readers. After the most careful consideration, we have decided to award the prize of \$10 to Mr. H. L. Palmer, Bagotville, West Bank, who was run very close by several other competi-

tors, but who yet, we think, well merits the 1st prize, by reason of the wide variety, number, and richness of his suggestions. For reasons which will be well appreciated by all readers of the Annual, we do not propose to publish any of the contributions of the competitors, but we may assure them that we shall make the best use of their suggestions.

As soon as this competition was announced an excellent suggestion was made to us by a gentleman who was not a competitor, Mr. James Rodway, Curator of the Museum, that we should divide our leading articles into paragraphs, following the natural conditions into which a leading article should fall, as has now been adopted by all the leading papers, including *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, etc., etc. It will be observed that we have now adopted this suggestion.

THE SIMPLE FAITH.

BY S. E. WILLS.

"Pity my simplicity": so runs the infant phrase,

In that dear hymn we used to love to sing ;

But ah! the gloomy reasoning of later days,

What change of thought and feeling do they bring!

O for the golden dawn of life, when all seemed clear,

And Earth was one long beauteous fairy show ;

When faith had no alloy, and Heaven seemed so near ;

And all we knew was: "Mother told me so."

Those verdant days wherein the heart did rule the head,

How gladly would we have them back again ;

The days when life's great book lay open, but unread,

And we believed no hopes could e'er be vain.

"Pity our perplexity" should be the suppliant cry

From this, a world now fraught with woe and tears,

A cry intense, impassioned, to the Throne on High,

For rescue from a maze of doubts and fears.

Our tree of faith, through this distressful, harrowing time

Is suffering rude assaults ; and though it stands,

Its roots are strained ; for two foul monsters, Lust and

Crime,

Have swept it with their blasts in Christian Lands.

But we will grip our Faith withal nor let her go,

And summon Hope to aid us in the task

Holding her more tightly, so she shall not say us no

And pray for strength to Him Who hath said, "Ask."

To Him Who hath said "Ask, and I will surely give"

We'll pray for light to solve the doubts of life,

For what is best to do, and think, and how to live

Until the Reaper comes to end the strife.

So that the Faith of many glorious centuries,

Commencing with the Great Redeemer's birth,

Shall live to see the last of all the Christmases

Permitted to the citizens of Earth.

Georgetown,

15.12.16.

THE NEW YEAR CALL.

BY REV. H. W. GRANT.

Let us go upon the ridge,
To see the last red sun go down,
And there survey the busy town,
The echoing streets, the sounding bridge.
For 'tis the last of all the year,
The last red sun to sink this year.
We might not see the like again,
Nor, living, breathe the air of men,
Then, let us go, while we are here
Upon the ridge, above the plain,
Before the crimson fades out there,
And see the sun dip in the main.

The city's heart is wild with zest,
Its music trips and trills with fun,
But o'er the death bed of the sun,
A brooding silence calms the West ;
The sun is sinking ; say ' Goodbye,'
Shake hands to him, let fall a sigh,
" Goodbye, my friend, you lived a year,
A jolly year, unsown with care,
And now you die upon the sea,
So sweetly pillow'd on the wave,
But soon in dear eternity
The folding shades shall close thy grave."

The sun is dead, the great red sun,
He who was once my bosom friend,
Who deftly sketch'd the even's end,
Who made me feel, when life is done
There is a sweet serener home
Beyond this beauteous skyloft dome,
Whose porch of jasper gemm'd in gold,
And wrought with sapphires manifold,
A-striving to paint at eventide
All through the livelong rolling year,
With strange insatiable pride,
He roug'd Hesperia's cheek so fair.

And now the Artist's dead and gone,
A full-faced one to-morrow morn,
Out from the Orient will be born,
And it shall be a glorious one ;
But who can tell the horoscope ?
Can augury of priest or pope
Predict the course, smooth-groov'd or rough,
How soft the times, or fang'd or gruff,
Or, cross the intervening sea,
Which surges round our human strand,
And there unlock the mystery,
With bold omnipotence of hand ?

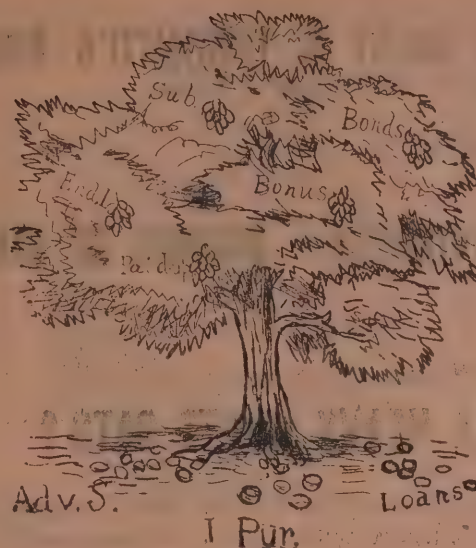
Old Year, what hast thou done for us ?
For some, alas, a friend is gone,
For some is writ the last headstone,
For some life's lease is amorous,
For some a cherub come to stay,
For some love's planet orbs the day ;
But what, my friend it did for you ?
What old truths hath it spoke to you
While on your life's outswelling tide
The channel'd waters hasten'd you,
With many a tortuous curve and wide ?

A voice from yonder death-bed speaks ;
List ! catch each word, hang on each strain :
" I fain would live my life again,
Though all this life is full of freaks ;
For some I rue my certain death,
I rue I have no other breath,
But some!—come death—I gladly die,
For my fair light bedimm'd their eye,
My beauty in the amber morn,
Ambrosial with purplean vine,
My bounty and o'erflowing horn,
Did not their hearts to praise incline.

" But this same night, my royal son,
Deep in antipodal waters born,
Shall rise to rule the New Year morn,
And circle, ere his course is done
The utmost of his starr'd domain,
From rise to rise, from main to main ;
With him shall ope new chances fair,
New buds of hope bloom in the air,
Then, rise, O friend, arise, and see ;
Bathe fresh thine eyes with morning dew,
The New Year soon, with breezes free,
Shall burst magnificent on you."

" The future's dim : yet God is there ;
Shake off the false, embrace the true,
And with a bold step in the new,
The Border cross and breathe the air ;
Then up the hillside, manly climb,
The drum-beats of thy heart keep time,
On ! while the sun is new and low ;
Shine ! and thy heart shall finer grow ;
Trust to thine own impregnate will,
Trust thou the blue above the hill,
Trust the future, and God's will,
Trust the heaven, it smileth still.

“It is easire to climb down a tree than to climb up, which explains why the top is never crowded and why there is always room there.



BUT
The B.G. Building Society, Ltd.,

Will help you get to
The TOP;

Just make the effort
To CLIMB,

and once started, the Society's system will push you up.

CLIMBING PROCESS—

Pay monthly \$1.00 or \$1.50 or \$2.60 when the top of the Subscription Tree is reached in 7, 5 or 3 years respectively, you will pluck \$100.

Pay \$71.00 or \$78.00 when the top of the Paid-up tree is reached in 7 or 5 years respectively, you will climb down with \$100.

Additional profits are given to the 7 or 5 years' effort—this fruit is called a **Bonus**.

Pay monthly \$3.50 or \$2.50 or \$1.75 and there will be an Endowment Investment fruit for any child you may desire to benefit, after 5, 7 or 10 years respectively ; \$50.00 for each successive 5 years—useful for its Education, eh ?

Pay \$25.00 down or more, and for each \$25.00 the Investment Bonds Tree will yield you 5 per cent. interest every January and July—a truly luscious fruit.

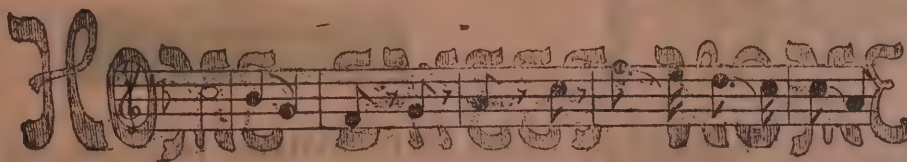
HELLO! ITS THE HOME TREE YOU DESIRE TO CLIMB—HERE YOU ARE !

The Tree Advanced Shares, saves you the energy of climbing, the fruit is scattered on the ground : (to illustrate),

	10	12	15	years.
\$500.00 can be sold you, paying	\$6.20	\$5.50	\$4.90	monthly.
\$800.00 " " " " "	9.92	8.80	7.84	"

But the Tree for you is known as the Instalment-Purchase—this is the poor man's tree, and he sits under soliloquising, "the fact that the Landlord lives off his rent collected, should teach me the value of getting my own Home."

Just so, he acts promptly and at once sends to the GARDENER for the copy of



Don't delay, get a copy before the stock is exhausted.

COME ALONG! CLIMB THE TREE!!

OFFICE—HAND-IN-HAND BUILDINGS,

High Street.

GEORGETOWN.

W. SIEVEWRIGHT STOBY, A.C.I.S.,

Secretary.

MR. BAKER—

Are you using

CREAM OF THE WEST & TORONTO'S PRIDE ?

Best Baking Flour.

MR. PROVISION DEALER—

Are you selling

"CRESCENT" & "FAVOURITE" BRANDS OF SUPER FLOUR ?

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Do you feed your Horses, Mules, etc., on

CAMPBELL HEAVY WHITE OATS ?

If not, you are falling behind the times. Get a supply on order at once. If you don't know where to get them, we'll tell you.

Agents:—

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Campbell Flour
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R. G. HUMPHREY

For Christmas Presents.



SOLE AGENT FOR THE

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A Large Assortment of GRAMAPHONES
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Prices from \$10 to \$110.



SILVER BRUSHES, from \$2.50.



SILVER COMBS, from 50c. to \$3.

The Largest Selection of new SILVER GOODS
in the Colony.

Call and See.

**FREE PRIZE-DRAWING for the Young Patrons of the HAIR DRESSING
SALOON, on Tuesday, 19th December, 1916.**



Ask your Chemist for it.

Wholesale Agent - -

ALEX. RUSSELL,
15, Holmes Street.

A. C. V. GOMES & CO.,
(Corner of Regent & Hincks Streets.)

FOR THE
Christmas Holidays,

We beg to offer the Public our famous brand of **MUSCATEL, MALVASIA WINES and LEITE and NOGUEIRA PORT**, all at prices to suit all pockets.

Also we have Stocked a Special Line of **CRAB-WOOD BOARDS**, both dressed and rough.

Noted for our selection of **MALT**—we offer the best brands and some exquisite **TOILET ACCESSORIES**

AND
XMAS CARDS.

We shall be opened as usual late during the **CHRISTMAS SEASON**, when our patrons will receive all attention.

Telephone 268.

P.O. Box 59.

*Photographs are Better Remembrancers
than Christmas Cards.*

SPECIAL 1916 OFFER.

J. H. GREENIDGE, Jnr.,
OF THE

Eureka Photo Gallery, 62, MAIN STREET,

will now sell you a Ticket for **ONE SHILLING** which will entitle you, on presentment, and payment at the time of sitting of a further sum of

ONE DOLLAR,
to three beautifully finished **HALF PLATE BROMIDE, FULL SIZE PHOTOS**, and six nicely finished **VICTORIA MIDGETS.**

THIS OFFER IS AVAILABLE TO 31st DECEMBER, 1916,
After Then—Business as Usual.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHS. ARTISTIC MOUNTS.
ENLARGEMENTS DONE ON THE PREMISES. NO FOREIGN BUSINESS.

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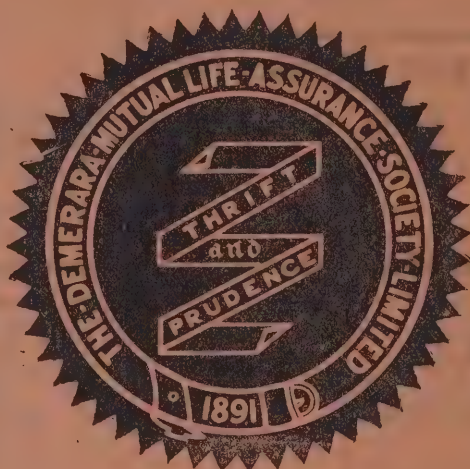
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THE DEMERARA LIFE, THE COMPANY THAT PAYS.

The Company whose total Bonus Additions on mutual profit-sharing policies for its past four valuations have not been exceeded by any Company doing business locally over a similar period.

The Pioneer of Home-Purchase Business Locally.

Home-Purchase is a comprehensive scheme that gives the poor man an equal chance with his richer brother and secures his home to him at not much greater cost than the rent he pays; the



inclusive premium covering repayment of capital; interest on a decreasing scale, according to the reduction of debt yearly; life assurance on the mortgager; and fire insurance on the property.

THE COMPANY THAT HAS
BROUGHT DOWN THE COST OF LIFE ASSURANCE LOCALLY;

In the words of the late Actuary, Sir GEO. F. HARDY, F.I.A., K.C.B., "The low rates of premium charged by the Society in themselves are equivalent to a substantial immediate Bonus."

For Life Assurance Rates, Terms of Mortgages (Home-purchase or Ordinary), and any other information, apply to

H. B. SADLER, Secretary.

THE DEMERARA LIFE,
Hand-in-Hand Buildings.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

HUMPHREY & COMPANY, LTD.,

The Popular Pawnbrokers,

5, ROBB & HIGH STREETS.

We are offering the stock of Silver & Plate and other Imported Goods at Bargain Prices, having closed that Department.

We hold a large stock of Unredeemed Pledges for sale at lowest prices. It will pay you to inspect our selection before deciding to purchase.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR CHRISTMAS.

HIGHEST RATES OF ADVANCE ON ALL KINDS OF GOLD AND SILVER JEWELLERY.

Loans on Good Security at moderate rates of Interest.

All our transactions are conducted in the strictest confidence.

G. C. LEARMOND,

Secretary.

WEBB BROS.—Are General Selling Agents!

WEBB BROS.—Have been Established since 1910!

WEBB BROS.—Respectfully ask to be allowed to thank their many friends and well-wishers in EUROPE, CANADA and AMERICA, for all their favours and kindnesses in 1916, and they take this opportunity of wishing them all a Prosperous 1917!!

WEBB BROS.—Motto is: always ready to serve; faithfully and well.

LOT 6. HIGH STREET.

December, 1916.

FOR MEDICINES

YOU WILL DO BEST AT

BRODIE &



RAINER'S,

Water Street,

Georgetown.

THEIR GOODS ARE RELIABLE.

THEIR PRICES ARE REASONABLE.

BRODIE & RAINER

Chemists to Estates, Hospitals, Outfitters for the Interior, Gold & Diamond Fields,—Shipping Supplied.

MEDICINES OF ALL KINDS.

SURGICAL REQUIREMENTS, APPARATUS & APPLIANCES

For Assaying, Analysis, Sugar Testing, &c.

HYDROMETERS, SACCHAROMETERS, FILTER PAPER, TEST PAPERS.

TEST SOLUTIONS, CYANIDE, BONE ASH, CRUCIBLES, ACID, ETC., ETC.

BRODIE & RAINER, LTD., Chemists.

EYES TESTED AND ACCURATELY FITTED WITH GLASSES.

TYRES!! TYRES!!

FERREIRA & GOMES,—The Hardware Bazaar.

We have just been appointed SOLE AGENTS in this Colony for the sale of Motor Car Tyres made by the

BELDAM TYRE COY., LTD.,

BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX.

Their "BULL DOG" Tyre is worthy your attention, they have been used in this Colony with great success.

BULL DOG	OUTER COVER	" 30" x 3	"	"	"	"	"	"	\$ 13 00	each.
"	"	" 30" x 3½	"	"	"	"	"	"	19 00	"
"	"	" 32" x 3½	"	"	"	"	"	"	21 00	"
"	"	" 815 x 105	"	"	"	"	"	"	28 00	"

¶ We have a few Michelins in Stock : 760 x 90, 810 x 90, 875 x 105 and 32 x 3½; also Inner Tubes, and Cycle Tyres made by the Palmer Company. We have just received a Shipment of Bicycles in Men's and Boy's Sizes. We have a "Daisy" Carpet Sweeper in Stock—Price, \$10.00.

Ferreira & Gomes.

Water Street.

December, 1916.

THE FIDELITY DENTAL OFFICE,

69, MAIN STREET.

What you do is all that counts.

A man passes for what he is worth, very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown, i a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it as good as anyone else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgement of that fact by all persons the world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped.

"What hath he done ! is the divine question which searches men and transpires every false reputation.

A fop may sit in any chair of the world, nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington, but there can never be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings, when we seek the truth and practice it, pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor drove back Xerxes, nor christianised the world.

MAN'S PROGRESS NEVER REACHES A CLIMAX.

One of the soundest elements of success is alertness, readiness to take advantage of opportunity, it means simply keeping in touch with what is going on—in politics they call it "Keeping your ear to the ground"

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

The reply comes "the morning cometh !" In the heart of the night is always the morning. Back of the storm is the sun, and in every world — Cataclysm has concealed a purpose, that purpose is development.

The answer to the riddle of the universe is not Heaven, the quick culmination of hot hopes, it is not Hell, nor any final crash—it is growth.

The story of mankind is not a tragedy or a comedy ; there is no climax ; the tale proceeds forward, there is no curtain. Humanity is a growing thing like a tree ; like the great tree Ggdrasil in the Norse legend, whose roots are deep in the past, whose branches wave in the Sky of the great future. John Fiske said that the essential characteristic of man is his improbability, this is equally true in the race. It should be equally true in the practice of Dentistry. Humanity is not a tremendous accident ; it is a plan of God. The unlocking word of history as far back as the records run, is progress ; the world has bumped, weltered, smashed and wobbled along through the centuries. But it has always wobbled—but we have never returned to stay to any quagmire, we have wallowed through.

Things are advancing in the dental profession all the time ; new methods of practice are finding expression and adoption, the Science that underlies them is developing wider and wider avenues for practical work. If you know what is going on, you have the opportunity to discern what is coming and prepare for it.

SLAVERY TO TRADITIONS.

Too often people allow themselves to be shackled by the chains of tradition, they worship the established and place undue value upon incompetent so-called "authority." Some blind with the astigmatism and myopia of fatuous training, others are sunk in grooves worn by the habit of not thinking deeply. Now logic is an exact science, give it certain facts and it will compare them and draw correct conclusions. But there are many counterfeits of logic which so closely resemble the genuine as to be hard to detect, and these, of course, should be called fallacies.

You will no doubt admit that it is impossible to be able to read without first learning all the letters of the Alphabet, then correlating them into words, then grouping them into sentences, then uniting them with the products of intellectual action of memory and of imagination.

Well, what about those teeth that have been reminding you of having them looked after by the throbs and aches from time to time ? Why go on putting off until perhaps the only alternative will be extraction ?

Please bear in mind also that the Surgeon who spares the knife, and saves the limb, ranks highest in the Seientific World of to-day and so with the Dentist.

Count that day as lost,
Whose low declining Sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done.

JOS. N. FOX, Dental Surgeon,

HOWARD UNIVERSITY, U.S.A.

69, Main Street, next to Roman Church.

HOURS: 8 A.M.—12 NOON. 1—5 P.M. DAILY.

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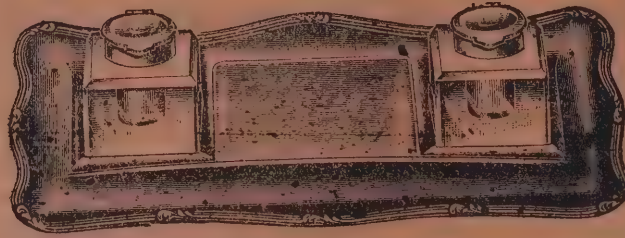
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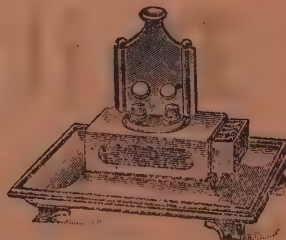
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REGISTERED
"Fums Up"
in Silver.

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Printing Establishment, like the Chronicle Newspaper, is going stronger than ever, and this - - - - -

CHRISTMAS

Finds it in a position to execute Better Work than before, and at Lower Prices. Whenever you want anything that a Modern and Up-to-date Printer can do, always get an Estimate from us. We are confident that once you have tested our Quality, your Order will not be an - - - - -

ANNUAL

One, but that you will bring *all* your Work here in the future.

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General Merchants & Commission Agents.

SUPPLIERS OF

Rice, Sugar, Coffee, Cocoa, and all Colonial Produce.

IMPORTERS OF

**Flour, Indian Foodstuffs, Seeds, and Brassware; Fish,
Onions, Garlic, and all kinds of Foodstuffs.**

PRICES STRICTLY REASONABLE.

**10, MAIN STREET,
New Amsterdam.**

TELEPHONE No. 27.

**NEW AMSTERDAM
TOWN COUNCIL.**

**CHEAPEST LIGHT IN THE
MARKET.**

We are offering

MAZDA LAMPS

at the following prices :—

	Each.	Per doz.
40 Watt	25 cts.	\$ 2 88
25 "	28 "	3 12
15 "	32 "	3 36

R. Clarence Haynes,

ACCOUNTANT & AUDITOR.

ESTABLISHED 1904.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

"IVANBURGH,"

17, Lad Lane, New Amsterdam,

BERBICE.

Christmas, 1916.

- A -
Merry
Xmas.

YOU ARE WELCOME
AT
"Lade Store."

- A -
Happy
New Year.

Est.
1848.

'Phone
19.



1916-17

P.O. Box
110.

Call, 'Phone, or Write your requirements.



Milliners, Haberdashers, Fancy Dress Goods, Wearing Apparel.



House Furniture, Tables, Chairs, &c. ; Earthenware, Glassware, Hardware,
Enamel and Tableware.

"The path of satisfaction leads to our door."

JAMES LADE & Co.,

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PETER CHUNG TIAM FOOK,

GENERAL WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANT,
18, STRAND, NEW AMSTERDAM AND SKELDON, CORENTYNE,
Importer of British Goods of High Grades.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is well stocked with everything that's good: HAMS, CHEESE, Table and Cooking BUTTER, Potted MEATS, Etc.

ALWAYS IN STOCK:—A full supply of LIQUORS, in CHAMPAGNE, WHISKIES, BRANDIES, GIN, WINES, LIQUEURS, BEER, STOUT, Etc.

BEST ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL ORDERS.

Last But Not Least:—

MOTOR CARS

Also for Hire: One 5 Seater Studebaker, one 7 Seater Studebaker, Competent Chauffeur. Prices Right.

T. D. HOUSTON,

The Popular Cutter,

LATE OF JAMES LADE & CO.

Specialises in every Garment. Keep abreast with the Times.

Nothing to beat his famous Peg-Top Pants.

To be Tailored by him, is to be on the Tip-Toe of Fashion and Style.

Try him and be convinced as others have been.

Lot 19, Strand,
New Amsterdam.

LEEDS LEATHER WORKS.

The only BOOT FACTORY in New Amsterdam.

SUPPLY A LONG FELT NEED.

Manufacturers of the best Sole Leathers, Unglazed Kids, Box Calf and Vegetable Leathers in all shades.

BOOTS, SHOES, and GENERAL REPAIRS, &c., executed by competent workmen at prices to suit the times.

OUR MOTTO IS—The Quick Cent and not the Slow Dollar.

Patronage Solicited.

J. M. KENDALL,
Proprietor.

35, Stanleytown,
New Amsterdam.

M. De MENDONÇA,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL SPIRIT DEALERS,
WINE & TOBACCO MERCHANTS.

At Lot 14, Strand, and Lot 8, Main Street, New Amsterdam.

Begs to announce that he stocks the very best Liquors and Wines
to be procured in the Colony.

The following are some of the leading lines he can recommend with confidence :

Hennessy Brandy * * *, Hennessy V.O., 15 years old, Hennessy X.O.,
40 years old, Madeira Wine from the very best to a medium quality.
Sherry, Clarets, Margaux, Medoc, Mendonca's Special Old Port, and
Fine Old Tarragona Wine (best quality), Whisky from the very best
quality at \$1.92 per bottle, to a medium quality in different Brands.
Blankenheym & Nolets Gin, different size flasks and jugs. Blankenheym
& Nolets (Extra fine) the very best quality; Bols Gin, Liqueurs, Dom,
Creme de Menthe (green), Apricot Brandy, Cherry Brandy, Amour Parfait,
Curacao, Angelique (yellow and green) Maraschino, etc., etc.

TEOFANI'S EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES, different brands,
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES & TOBACCO; CIGARS.

Stretton Natural Mineral Waters ; Jewsbury & Brown's Aerated
Waters, including Dry and Aromatic Ginger Ale.

Heidsieck's Dry Monopole Champagne, quarts and pints ; Vermouth
Falernum, and Royal Dutch Lager Beer, etc., etc.

Just Received—

Port Wine of the very best quality and Bucktrout Cigars.

We also keep in stock our now FAMOUS OLD BERBICE RUM.

J. P. SANTOS & Co., Ltd.,

11, Strand, New Amsterdam.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL PROVISION & HARDWARE MERCHANTS.

General Dealers in

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FOODSTUFFS,
MADEIRA AND LISBON GOODS, WINES,
SPIRITS, MALT LIQUORS AND HARDWARE
OF ALL DESCRIPTION.

Sole Agents for—

BUCHANAN'S "RED SEAL" and "BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY.
J. DAVIS HY. MOUNIE & CO.'s BRANDY.

Our Tavern, Modernly Constructed, is Replete with all kinds of Drinks.

Phone No. 38.

Esther Mahadeo,
PROVISION MERCHANT.

DEALER IN

Local and Imported Goods,

Viz:—

FLOUR, RICE, POTATOES,
SUGAR, TOBACCO, ETC., ETC.

**Only Articles of a High and Reliable
Standard Stocked.**

Everything fresh for Xmas.

R. RAMDEHOL,
PROVISION AND HARDWARE MERCHANT.

Wholesale and Retail.

Provision Dept. is fully stocked with all necessities for the Season; Also Wines and Malt Liquors.

Hardware Dept. is replete with Ropes and Twines, Corrugated and Plain Galvanized Sheets, Nails, Bolts, Hinges, Locks, &c. Also Wallaba Posts, Shingles, Paling Staves. &c.

I beg to thank my Customers and the general public for their patronage in the past and beg to solicit a continuance of the same. Wishing all a Happy Xmas and a very Prosperous New Year.

10 Strand, New Amsterdam.

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OUR NEW DRY GOODS BRANCH STORE

Is Now Open and Going Great Guns!

FANCY GOODS! DRESS GOODS!! MANCHESTER GOODS!!!

For Men, Women, Children.

TOYS—MILLINERY—HABERDASHERY.

Gent.'s Outfitting and Tailoring—

BOOTS and SHOES,

For One and All.

COURTESY—CAREFULNESS—COMFORT.



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NEW
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(Next to Municipal Market and Town Hall.)

Your
Druggist,



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BOOKERS' DRUG STORE FOR NEW AMSTERDAM.

All Druggists' Sundries: All Family Requirements.

PATENT MEDICINES; PROPRIETARY MEDICINES;
HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.

GROCERIES; SMOKERS' REQUIREMENTS;
WINES and LIQUEURS.

NIGHT and DAY ATTENDANCE.

PENKNIVES, HAIR AND TOOTH BRUSHES, TOILET SOAPS,
TALCUMS, TOILET POWDERS, PERFUMES, SHAVING SOAPS,
CREAMS AND POWDERS.



Bookers' Drug Store.

MAIN ROAD, NEW AMSTERDAM.

S. DAVSON & CO., Ltd.,

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LADIES!

We have just opened some excellent lines in the latest Dress Materials, Embroidered Voile Flouncing and All-overs. An excellent assortment of Swiss Embroideries.

A special selection of HATS in all the latest shapes, trimmed and un-trimmed; also

CHILDREN'S HATS.

Ribbons, Flowers, Ornaments, Feather Mounts.

Our Manchester Department is fully stocked with **Excellent Values**

in White and Coloured Calicoes, White Cambrics Madapollam. Cotton Sheetings, 70 to 108 inches wide; Table Damasks, White and Coloured Cotton and Linen Bath and Face Towels.

GENTLEMEN!

We have opened large and varied stocks, including—

Ties in all Colours and Styles.

Sporting Collars—Mercerised and Silk.

Half Hose—Silk, Cotton, Lisle and Cashmere.

Tailoring a Speciality.

Our **BOOT DEPT.** is fully stocked with all the latest styles and makes for—

LADIES, GENTS, MISSES AND CHILDREN.

NOTHING

has "caught on" with the average housewife as quickly, as thoroughly, as firmly, as the products we carry in our **GROCERY DEPARTMENT.**

Every Steamer brings us New Shipments; our Goods are Fresh and marked at Moderate Prices.

WRITE OR 'PHONE US.

OUR MOTTO IS COMPLETE SATISFACTION, HIGH QUALITY AND LOW PRICES.

SMOKERS will find Comfort in our Tobacco Department; we have just received some of the following:—

State Express Cigarettes, His Majesty Cigarettes, Nelestia Cigarettes, Nilometer Cigarettes, Sweet Kiss and Black Cat, Garrick Smoking Mixture, Evening Star, Craven Mixture, Red Monogram Cigarettes and Tobacco.

Sweets for the Sweet—McIntosh's Toffee de Luxe' Cadbury's Chhocolates?

ALL THE ABOVE MARKED AT MODERATE PRICES.

S. DAVSON & CO., Ltd.,

Berbice.



The Strand Jewellery Store.



OUR LARGE STOCK OF JEWELLERY COMPRISES:

Soft Collar Pins ; Finger and Ear Rings ; Brooches ; Studs ; Links ;
Alberts ; Bangles ; Purses ; Silver, E. P. and Nickle Watches.

CHILDREN'S GOLD
FINGER RINGS.



THERMOS FLASKS,
JAPANESE TEA SETS,
MILK TESTERS.

SPECTACLES AND EYE GLASSES.

Eyes Tested Scientifically.

(See handbills which are now being issued.)

THE STRAND,
New Amsterdam, Berbice.

December, 1916

THE PEOPLE'S PHARMACY, (BESS'S DRUG STORE.)

PITT STREET, NEW AMSTERDAM, BERBICE.

Has been enlarged and renovated in up-to-date style with all conveniences, and well stocked to meet its Customers' wants.

There is a full stock of Fresh Drugs. Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Colognes, Cosmetics, Powders, Soaps, Stationery, including Writing Paper, Writing Pads, Foolscap Paper, Envelopes and Official Envelopes. It is useless to mention the tremendous supply of Xmas Goods which include Currants, Raisins, Prunes, Citron, Chocolates, Sweets, Fancy Biscuits, Toys of all description, and an excellent selection of Xmas and New Year Cards of the best quality, too numerous to mention.

Call in and inspection will convince you.

The People's Man—Mr. R. T. BESS,

knows their wants, and is a qualified Dispenser and Chemist of some years' experience. He devotes personal attention to the Compounding and Dispensing of Prescriptions, day and night, on the premises.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.

Do Not Forget - -

BESS'S HAIR IMPROVER,

the wonderful Hair Restorer, which is the cheapest and best Hair Grower and Tonic known for beautifying the Hair is *Still going Strong*

At 12 Cents per Bottle.

Attention Please! BESS'S PAIN LINIMENT

is the new and sure Remedy for Pain including Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Aching Joints, Stiff Joints, Stiff Neck, Cramp, Swelling, Sprain and Cold Feet. As a matter of fact, it relieves any Pain in any part of the body. To begin to use it, is to begin to get rid of your Pain. Price - - - 24c. per Bottle.

SOLD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. FOR ALL PARTICULARS APPLY TO

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The People's Pharmacy, Pitt Street, N. A., Berbice. Strand, New Amsterdam.

T. MOOK SANG,

General Merchant and Retail Spirit Dealer.

At Edinburg Village and Pin. Mara,
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PROPRIETOR OF

The New Amsterdam Saw Milling Coy.

Saw Milling and Rice Hulling done at
Moderate Rates.

COLONY WOODS OF ALL KINDS SUPPLIED.

Prompt Attention Guaranteed.

BRODIE & RAINER, Ltd.,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS.

The Best House for all Family Medicines.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded by a First-Class and Efficient Druggist.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is Up-to-date with all the Necessaries for the Housewife.

A Large Assortment of

XMAS GOODS

To Suit all Classes.

Strand, New Amsterdam.

The Popular Store,

**MAIN STREET.
New Amsterdam, Berbice.**

We beg to thank our numerous patrons for their unflinching Support during the year 1916, and hope for a continuance.

We prove our ability to supply the need of the general public by the past and present support of the people.

Ladies and Gentlemen take it a pleasure to call on us because we supply the very latest fashions—

and further, another improvement—

The Popular Stables

now on the premises of the ex "Eldorado Stables."

We have lately opened the above Stables and mean to push business for all it is worth—We run our Stables on a Modern Principle—ask us to supply anything for Weddings, Christenings, Funerals and Drives. Motor Car on the spot.

Call anytime, Day or Night, or 'Phone No. 20 and you will be right on to the Popular Stables and Popular Store.

We wish our Patrons a Happy Xmas and a Prosperous New Year.

C. C. Rodrigues,

Manager & Proprietor.

JOHN CHUNG TIAM FOOK,

General Dry Goods Merchant,

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Always Up-to-Date with the Latest
DRESS MATERIALS:

In VOILES, CREPE CLOTH, FLOUNCINGS, MUSLINS, Etc.

— A NICE SELECTION OF —

HATS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS; also RIBBONS,
LACES and GENERAL TRIMMINGS,
IN TIME FOR THE XMAS HOLIDAY.

TRAVELLING BAGS, SUIT CASES, CARPETS, Etc.

SEEING is BELIEVING; therefore COME and SEE.

Our **BAKERY** in Main Street,

Late of Ho-a-Hing, Ltd.,

Is the Place where you can get the Best BREAD & CAKES.

ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Guiana Logging & Milling Co.

Government Contractors, 1917.

SAW MILLERS, RICE HULLERS AND GENERAL TRADERS.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
COLONY WOODS, BUILDING MATERIALS, HARDWARE AND BOAT-BUILDING MATERIALS.

Get all your Materials at one place,

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Prompt attention Guaranteed,

H. A. WISHART,

Manager.

12 & 13, Strand,

New Amsterdam, Berbice, B. G.

Julio de Freitas & Co.,

LOTS 14 & 15, MAIN & PITT STREETS,

New Amsterdam, Berbice.

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, WINES & SPIRITS.

Importers of

WHISKIES, BRANDY, GINS, WINES,
Etc., Etc.

Holder of Certificate of merit for their

OLD RUM.

JULIO A. de FREITAS,

Proprietor.

The "Hub" Drug Store

IS THE BEST HOUSE FOR MEDICINES.

Prescriptions accurately and carefully compounded
by our competent Pharmacist and Druggist,
Mr. C. R. Cust, at all hours.

Best DRUGS used, best RESULTS
are obtained.

Our Stock is replete with everything suitable
for the season, including CONFECTIONERY,
CHOCOLATE CREAMS, SANTA CLAUS,
etc., TOYS and a choice selection of XMAS
and NEW YEAR CARDS.

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Quite a Variety of Xmas Goods also in Stock.

Wishing you the Compliments of the Coming Season.

 An Invitation is afforded you to see our Stock.

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LEATHER DEPARTMENT:—This is stocked with the best Australia and Colony made Leather

Metal Filament Bubbs and Artistic Lamp Shades

A SPECIALITY FOR

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"Dover" Scotch Stoves with parts. Fish Hook, Lines, Wrapping Paper, Garden Hose, Iron, House Paints, Oils, etc. "Frescata Marbeline," the poor man's House Paints, in all colours. Mixed with water.

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UNIQUE HOUSE for FANCY GOODS.

THIS DEPARTMENT is teeming with recent arrivals for the Xmas Trade

 Friends are invited to give us a call and prove this for themselves.

GENT'S DEPARTMENT

is replete with a large assortment of Gent's Shirts, Ties, Silk Half Hose, Collars, Silk Mufflers, &c.

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IS NOW PREPARED

to execute orders for all descriptions of Building Requirements, such as

BLINDS, COOLERS, SASH WINDOWS, CASEMENT WINDOWS, FRET AND SCROLL WORK OF EVERY DESIGN, ALSO BRACKETS, ETC.

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Table and Chair Legs, and every other Household Furniture Material, Bulasters, Naves, Pillars, and Columns, &c., &c.

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Blind Flaps and Mouldings in any widths.

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Always on Hand a Well-Selected Stock of Furniture—

Chairs, Rockers, Fancy Tables, Corner Chairs, Berbice Chairs, Bamboo Furniture, Etc., Dinner Ware, Tea Ware, Toilet Sets, Glass Ware in great variety, English-made Venetian Blinds always on Hand, Crabwood Venetian Blinds made to Order at any Size required and at Short Notice.

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Our Workshop is fitted with the Latest Machinery, driven by Electric Power, and with Workmen trained by Ourselves, we can undertake and do work, equal, if not better, to any imported in the Colony.

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Come and see our ROLL TOP DESKS, entirely made on the Premises, of Colony Wood equal to any imported ones.

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OUR WORK IS FIRST-CLASS AND PRICES ARE REASONABLE.

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NEW AMSTERDAM.

Bright Pictures, Up-to-date Films.

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ARE SCREENED HERE.**

The Premier Picture Palace in Berbice.

UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT.

Comfortable Seats at Popular Prices.

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Large Stock of TYRES & SUNDRIES at Lowest Prices.

Sporting Requisites in Great Variety.

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THE LEADING HOUSE FOR

Fancy Millinery & Drapery, Men's Goods, HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

In spite of the difficulty of procuring English, Fancy and Staple Goods, have succeeded in opening for the SEASON every one of the lines which by experience we know our CUSTOMERS will require ; and inspection will disclose the agreeable fact that our Prices are as usual !

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This Department is quite full of Good Things at Old Prices—

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RIBBONS, FEATHERS & FLOWERS in
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A few pairs of SPECIAL DOOR CURTAINS.

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A GOOD SERGE, TWEED, TUSSORE or DRILL SUIT,

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Whenever you need a Sail or Power Boat of any size or type, get my designs; you'll have an abiding satisfaction if your boat is designed, i.e., her shape throughout, weight, etc., is mathematically worked out and geometrically laid down exactly to suit intended purpose. That my boats reached their expectations goes without saying.

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Thousand and One Novelties
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**For QUALITY and CHEAPNESS; We
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YOUR doctor fights disease with medicine. If the medicine is not right, he cannot conquer disease. If the druggist does his duty the medicine will be right, and your doctor will stand a fair chance of winning the victory.

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RECEIVE PROMPT AND PERSONAL ATTENTION.

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THE ROYAL PICTURE PALACE'S ALPHABET.

A stands for Adam, the very first man
Who lived in the ages before pictures began.

B stands for Bumper, our programme you know
Which causes much laughter at every show.

C stands for comfort that you always get
At the Royal Picture Palace on fine nights or wet.

D stands for daughter who so loves to go
To the Royal Picture Palace twice weekly, you know.

E stands for excellent; no other word's right
For naming the pictures we show every night.

F stands for flicker that you never see
At the Royal Picture Palace, wherever you be.

G stands for Generator that creates the light,
That gives you clear pictures and makes them alright.

H stands for Hurrah, that the children all shout.
They enjoy the films greatly of that there's no doubt.

I stands for Indians; the kiddies like these;
With Cowboys and horses, midst prairies and trees.

J stands for junk as old films are named:
We show all new stuff, that's why we are famed.

K stands for Kinema: the best in the town.
Is the Royal which daily wins praise and renown.

L stands for Lounge, and ours as you know,
Is the best the Theatres in Georgetown can show.

M stands for Mirroroid-Screen, such a treat
Showing Pictures so bright no other can beat.

N stands for natural colours so clear
It's a feature of ours which we specialise here.

O stands for "Ondit" and you know what they say,
The Royal Picture Palace is the best, every way.

P stands for Pleasing, and its pleasing to know
We give pleasure to thousands who visit our show.

Q stands for Queen and you'll agree with me,
Our pictures are fit for Queen Mary to see.

R stands for Reputation; a good name we've won,
Our position is clear, for its second to none.

S stands for Science which has brought in its van
Up-to-date Kinematograph, deny it who can.

T stands for the Treat Keystone Comics now give
Young and old they enjoy them, so long may they live.

U stands for Unanimous and every one praises
Our programmes, our pictures, our accommodation, like blazes.

V stands for Variety, for this we are named,
We show all the best, and screen films that are famed.

W stands for Winter, warm weather and all,
If the weather is cold or hot, it's nice in our hall.

X stands for "Xtra" the word don't you know,
You'll hear said of our programmes wherever you go.

Y stands for Young men who shall take this advice;
Bring your Sweethearts to the Royal, they like it—
it's nice.

Z stands for Zenith the top-most point in height.
Please note that we lead in the strenuous fight.

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CAESAR
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The First Three Letters in the Alphabet. Isn't it, Eh?—Equally so is the undermentioned Stores.

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A VISIT TO ANY OF THE ABOVE STORES WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT IS NO IDLE BOAST BUT TRUE FACTS.
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Don't be Jealous Gentlemen! I have not forgotten you with your White and Coloured Shirts, Palm Beach Shirts, Collars and Ties, Boots and Shoes, Hosiery, Felt and Straw Hats, Tweed Caps, Etc., Etc.

Also a Large Assortment of XMAS and NEW YEAR CARDS and Post Cards, in Silver, Hand-painted and Celluloid Flowers, Cheaper than anywhere.

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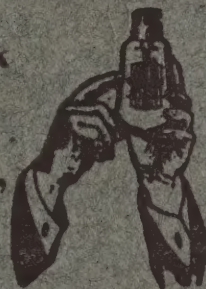
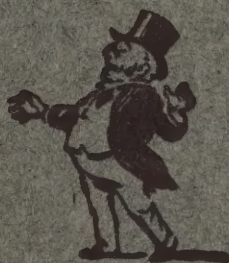
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GRAMAPHONE NEEDLES, 8c. per 100. *ENGLISH.* Don't pay more for Needles shipped to the States and a fancy name put on.

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As a Sign of the Times, one of the two large American Gramaphone Makers, now that their supplies from Hunland are cut off, are featuring a British Made Gramaphone.

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Best Value. Good Appearance. Easy Riding. Most Durable. Regular supplies have come the last six months and are promised from now on.

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Good stock at lowest current prices.

Repairs including Brazing and Enamelling.